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THE ARENA

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They master us and force us into THE ARENA
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
—H.

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT
Edited by PAUL TYNER.

Vol. XXI. JANUARY, 1899. No.

CAROLINE FLINT RIMMER Frontispiece Portrait

THE NEW PARTY

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WHAT IS THE NEW THOUGHT? Horatio W. Dresser

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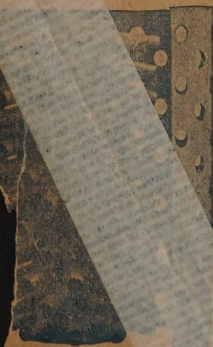
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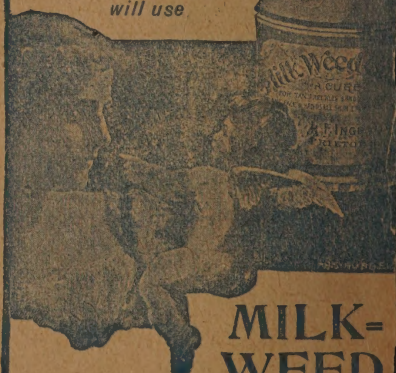
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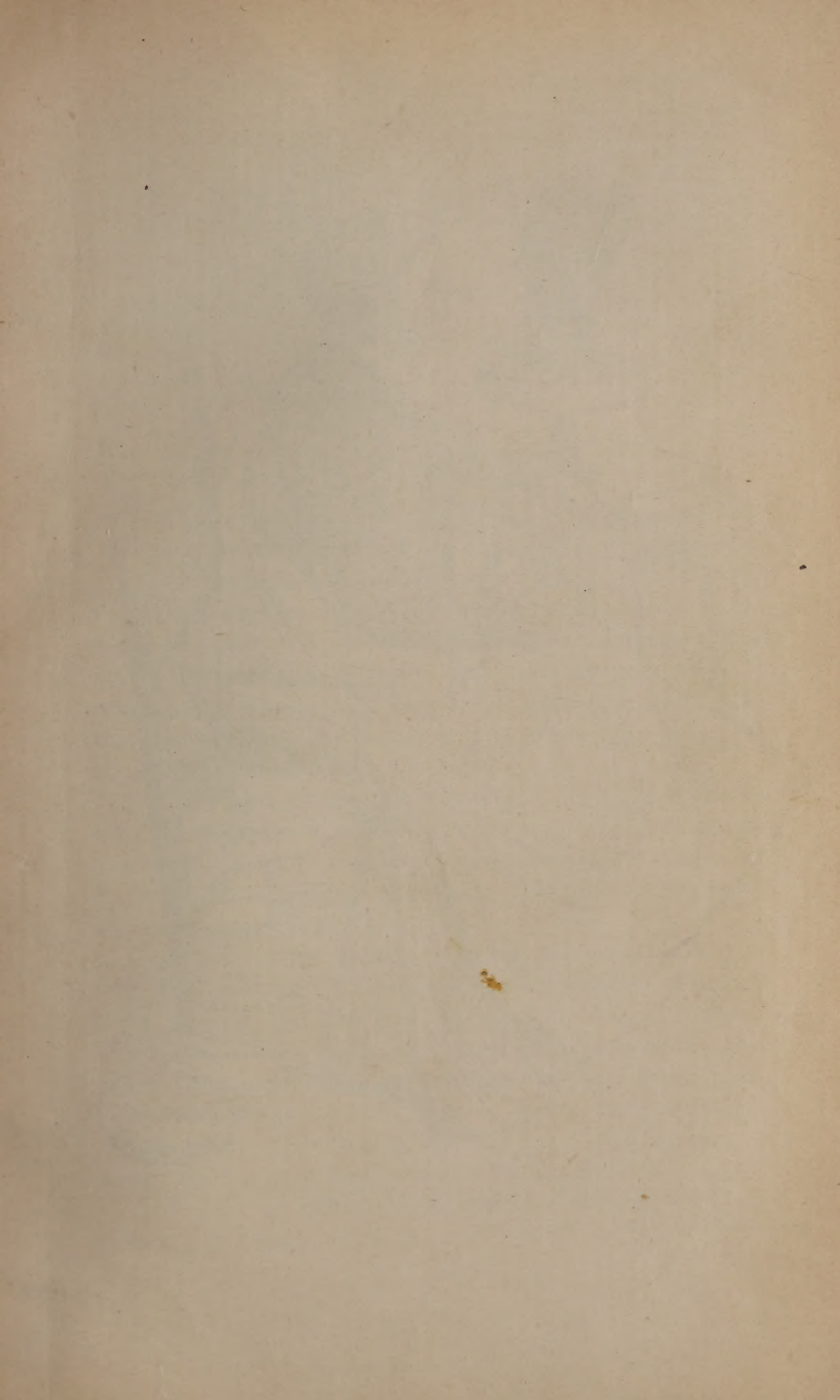
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"MISS RIMMER TAKES CLAY FOR HER MEDIUM."

Workers at Work Series, No. 1. (See page 72.)

THE ARENA

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 1.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE new time has come like a thief in the night, or better, like the dawning of the day. With little heralding of trumpets, without observation by many of the mighty and wise and noble; silently, irresistibly, brightly as the morning it has come. A new term in the universal formula has been discovered, and is forcing upon us a new expression of religion, education, and politics, and a new social and industrial development. In this dawn it is "bliss to be alive; to be young is simply heaven."

The new term, stated in philosophical language, is Altruism; scientifically, it is called Uniformity of Law; in social expression, it is Brotherhood; in politics, Democracy; in industry and commerce, Co-operation; in education, Progress; and in religion, Love.

These words have been used before, but we are now putting into them such a new and practical content as causes them to seem real and vital for the first time in history. There never was a more important practical question proposed to man than this, "What does this new spirit mean when applied to politics?" Some of us are ready to answer unhesitatingly, "It means a New Party, and that in a deeper sense than the word Party was ever known before."

This might be partially expressed in the words of Lord Rosebery in 1894:

"I am certain that there is a party in this country—unnamed as yet—that is disconnected with any existing political organization; a party that is inclined to say, 'a plague on both your houses! a plague on all your parties! a plague on all your politics! a plague on all your unending discussions that yield so little fruit!'"

And that can be more fully described in the words of Andrew Reid:

"Its body is being grown—it cannot be made; it will become the most comprehensive, picturesque, historical, ideal, ethical, political party, which has ever stepped foot upon God's earth; universal, as well as national; its commanding and baptizing faiths are social. It is the Party of the Inspired Peoples."

I do not mean that one of the now existing parties may not be re-born to meet the present demands; but, if that should be the case, it would be so complete a transformation that its former devotees would not recognize it, and it certainly would not recognize them. For one of the first indications that we need a New Party, is that the old parties have become deadened in their moral nature, and linger only as unburied carcasses full of offence and miasma.

The Republican Party is drunk with wealth and power; possessing few convictions that are not born of selfishness; haughty, arrogant, corrupt; bound by the lowest traditions, and disregarding the highest ones; descending to infamy in order to retain power; hypnotizing some people, and throttling others, by money and intimidation; the slave of the rich and enemy of the toiler; and yet in moments of lucidity caused by the shock of sudden reverse, from the fear of being robbed of its spoils, making frantic efforts to lull the people to sleep by administering the soothing syrup of grotesque and puerile attempts at pseudo-reformation.

In our greatest state it elects as governor an honest man, by the will of one of the most un-American men in America. In the next most important state—after seemingly conclusive proof of his criminal conduct—it bows its neck to the

yoke of another unhangd boss ; and in the highest national places it puts men in power for unholy political reasons, who, willingly or unwillingly, tolerate the meanest frauds, and permit the cruel, unpunished murder of American soldiers at the hands of their own countrymen.

In spite of these things, I recognize the fact that many of those who in their personal lives are among the most moral people of the nation, count themselves as members of the Republican Party. I think this may be explained in four ways : First, one natural tendency of partizanship is blindness to the defects of the organization ; second, thoughtlessness ; third, the exalting influence of former great issues is not entirely lost,—all great parties that have largely controlled the destinies of men have been created by some great moral impulse ; and, fourth, men have not learned as yet to distinguish between private and social morality. The world is about to get a new conception of morality, based upon the idea of the unity of the race, and we are beginning to perceive such a vision of society as will make the present character and processes of the Republican Party seem unworthy, and directly athwart the path of progress.

The Democratic Party it is impossible at present to define, or characterize. We do not know whether it is in the agonies of dissolution, or undergoing regeneration. It has always been nearer the heart of the mass of the people than its adversary. Whatever we may think of the currency question, I pity the man who does not recognize the moral quality in the mighty enthusiasm of the Chicago convention ; the first large national body to be moved in such fashion since the abolition of slavery. I know the utter venality of many of its former leaders, and the unspeakably corrupt methods by which it has gained many of its victories ; but I am not sure but that its moral choice of 1896—whether wise or unwise—makes possible such a thorough regeneration and reorganization as may fit it to become the leader of the hosts of the coming commonwealth.

I have not the heart to speak as severely as I might of the

so-called Democracy, while the organization lies bleeding from its recent disruptions ; but it certainly will require a seriously different medicine from bichloride of silver to effect a cure. And even if this might be, it would be so altered as to be recognizable only in its deep sympathy for the people as people, and in its historic name — which certainly would be an appropriate title for the New Party.

On the other hand, none of the newer parties give evidence of being the coming political organization. The Prohibitionists are filled with great moral enthusiasm. Any one who has seen them assembled in their conventions will realize that here are men who would willingly die for the sake of what they regard as a great moral idea. But, as a party, it has been narrowed and limited in its endeavor, and able to see only a fragmentary symptom, which it has taken for an expression of the whole disease. Our best sociologists of today agree in saying that poverty is not so much caused by drunkenness, as drunkenness is caused by poverty. And the Prohibition Party itself has been split into several fragments, on account of divergence of opinion as to the desirability of the platform being limited to a single issue.

The great Populist movement of the middle West and South has not been comprehended in its full significance in the East. Certainly it is one of the great signs of our times. It is the most American party that has ever existed in America. It was organized in our most intelligent and honest states, containing the greatest proportion of native-born Americans. Through crude and impracticable, but still significant, theories it has worked its way to a noble social platform, and is now in control of some of the best states, morally considered, of the Union. At its St. Louis convention, however, it modified its convictions for the hope of power. The Populists do not believe in a gold and silver standard for the currency, but rather in the issuance of what may be called, for lack of a better name, credit money; and when the convention decided to desert its principles in this respect, the picture of Peter Cooper, one of the fathers of

the greenback movement, which hung behind the platform, was turned with its face to the wall, and the next day was removed. Whether this organization has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage so that afterwards, so far as its national prosperity is concerned, it can find "no place for repentance though it seek it carefully, and with tears," or whether, being so distinctly sectional, it can ever gain a national triumph is an unsolved question. But while we may well recognize the immense contribution to the education in economics, and the development in righteousness of a large section of the country, which has been rendered by the Populistic party, and while its leaders and constituency will doubtless form a large proportion of the Conquering Party in its early experiences, I do not see a large hope of its triumph in its present condition and administration.

The Socialist Labor Party has almost an ideal program. It occupies in relation to the social question the position of the more radical of the old Abolitionists in the days before the war. It is possessed of an heroic enthusiasm, and it appears to have engendered the power and sacrifice that accompanies the birth of a religion. But, in strange contrast, it seems to be practically without soul! It seems to aim exclusively at the establishment of an economic democracy, and lacks the vital conception of rational, unselfish spirituality. It may be criticized because it will not take anything if it cannot gain all that it wants, and because it is intolerant of other agencies working towards similar ends, instead of co-operating with them so far as possible.

The Social-Democratic Party is not strong as yet, but is largely composed of noble souls, some of whom have suffered almost martyrdom for their convictions. It is struggling now for organization, and, while I cannot speak hopefully about its prospects in its present form, I regard it as on the right lines, and probably to be a constituent portion of the New Party which is to gain the victory.

But none of these present parties — old or new — give promise, in our present conditions, of being the leader of our country into its future heritage.

In the third place, the spirit of the times demands a new political organization. The New Party is to be new not only in program, but also in spirit, and by this expression I mean what we rightly call "the social spirit."

The origin of parties in the United States was in the year 1787—in connection with the debate concerning the formation and adoption of the Constitution. At this time there were developed two distinct views: one, championed by Alexander Hamilton, who represented the party desiring an emphatic expression of our national characteristics, and called the Federal Party; and the other, led by Thomas Jefferson, endeavoring to protect the rights of the people, and of the different states, with the idea that the United States was rather a federation of states than a homogeneous nation. This division continued until 1830, when the Federalist Party was succeeded by the National Republican, or Whig Party, which was itself succeeded in 1860 by the present Republican Party, the Democratic Party having continued in existence from the adoption of the Constitution.

This contention as to whether the United States was a nation, or a federation of nations, seemed to be settled by the Civil War, but it may be doubted whether the issues therein contained had been entirely melted into perfect harmony until the time of our present war. What really settled the question, however, that the United States is a nation, rather than a federation of states, was neither the Civil nor the Spanish war, but the growth of this same social spirit, which now is demanding a new form of political expression. We see this not alone in the United States, but throughout the world; as, for example, in the unification of Italy, the federation of Germany, and the great political conquests of Great Britain. We see it also in the socializing of industry and commerce everywhere, but in victorious and conscious forms in the political realm of activity.

When we come to consider what the New Party should be, we may answer the question both theoretically and practically. Until now, in our political expression, we have

been largely emphasizing the value of the individual. That is a holy thought, and has rendered great service to the race: men needed to learn to say "Mine," before in any just sense they could say "Thine." But this filled the world with a conception of the doctrine of human rights which found its political utterance at the close of the last century in the Declaration of Rights of the French Revolution, and in the Declaration of American Independence as to the right of man to "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." Very slowly indeed, but surely, we have come to see that society is not what we had thought it to be; it is not an aggregation of units; the affinity of its particles is neither accidental, mechanical, nor chemical, but rather organic; it is not like the scattered sands upon the seashore, or a building planned by a wise architect, and erected by a master-builder; but rather a living organism, in which all must suffer through the defects of each, and in which the hand may not say to the foot, "I have no need of thee." The word of Pascal is true, that "Humanity is a man that lives and learns. Men live and die; but they only live in so far as they contribute to the growth of humanity." This is the basal idea of the coming politics; and the New Party means nothing less than the organization of society on the basis of human brotherhood. It will necessitate equal opportunities for all, and an equal measure of responsibility for all. As Mazzini says, its inspiration will come from the conception of duties born of association, rather than of rights: it will consider the welfare of all its chief concern. Our so-called Governments have thus far only been experiments to teach us what we can do and how to do it without government. The very idea of government is to vanish from the thought of the race, and the self-education of humanity will take its place. This will produce a co-operation in public affairs, through public agents, in which the politicians shall be the servants rather than the masters of the people. We have learned our lesson, by experience, of monarchy, oligarchy, aristocracy, and republic; and the day has now come for a pure, genuine democracy.

We have never had a pure democracy in America, and what we have called by that name has failed only so far as it has not been a democracy. A keen observer said recently, that one man like Thomas Jefferson could do what he pleased at the present time with America. It may be, but I do not exactly believe this. Someone says that the political doctrine of the rights of man necessarily culminated in a man—Napoleon. But our great conception of the unity of society and the duties of man will require as leaders only such men as may draw to themselves and assist in expressing the best common thought of all the people. Let the dictator go! and give us for the future men who are truly *leaders*, rather than governors, because they are the genuine expression of the common consciousness of the growing race, and also prophets of the paths in which the race should walk.

We come now to the important question of the practical development of the New Party. Its fundamental principle, as has been said, will be Fellowship. This will apply, in the first place, to the "Government," or central political administration. This is not true now. For one thing, the will of all the people is not represented in the election of our officers, as more than one-half of the intelligent adult population is disfranchised, largely because of an expression made centuries ago disparaging to the intelligence of woman. Even considering those who are able to vote, we find them unable to register their will—especially in the election of our highest officials. For example, ten and one-half millions of voters might cast their ballots for a candidate for the presidency, who would be defeated by one receiving three and a half millions of votes; so that the votes of three and one-half men would control those of twenty-eight men and women. We also shut out from political influence and authority all those whose ballots may have been cast upon the less powerful side—even though the minority may have been almost as great as the majority.

We are not able directly to control our executive officers: our agents may prove unworthy, and it is almost impossible

to call them to account. All of our officials may — if they please — act on exactly contrary principles to those in which the people who elected them believe. We do not control our legislation: we are able to register our will concerning only a few laws, and can initiate none. Our little aristocratic senates, with their long term of office, also tend to frustrate the will of the people. It is extremely difficult to change our Constitution, which was put in its present stable form largely through distrust of humanity. We cannot control our judiciary: we have a great mass of precedents, so that the bewildered judge must make his decision in accordance with laws recorded in hundreds of volumes, and possibly following some old precedents expressing essential injustice in the light of the modern conscience. Some day we may hope for rational courts, and for the simple administration of what seems to be justice at that time; but now we certainly ought to do away with our great mass of laws that were fitted to a former time, but may have no application for the present. Under a proper system, with a direct control by the people, and opportunity for the expression of their will, no such wicked juggling as, for instance, the income tax decision, nor such infamous use of power against the rights of citizens as we have come to call "Government by Injunction" would be a possibility. Under a genuinely public "Government" the courts would stand among the greatest and most helpful instrumentalities for the growth of true justice and human fellowship, while now they seem to many wise lovers of America sometimes to be the greatest organized enemies of human liberty and progress.

There is a simple way to rectify all this — by methods which are conceded to be wise by at least a large section of all the political parties — in the use of what is called proportional representation; and direct legislation, including the imperative mandate, the referendum, and the initiative. No party in America opposes these reforms, and all acknowledge them to some extent, though some leaders do not seem to see their far reaching importance. There is a call

for haste in their adoption. And then, when our senates shall be abolished, and the Constitution made subject directly and speedily to the will of the nation, and the supreme court controlled by living people, rather than by dead precedents, and responsible to them by the use of the Imperative Mandate, we will be in a position for real political progress. The people will learn only by their own experience, with direct responsibilities resting upon them.

In the second place, the people are to possess and control their own money. The silver and gold contention will serve only to excite the pity of the wise men of the near future! One of our financiers has recently pointed out the ridiculous character of the argument that the Government of the United States may not wisely and justly issue money depending for its value upon the nation's credit, from the fact that it gives this power to private banking institutions upon their depositing securities, which securities are simply promises to pay on the part of the Government, without any intrinsic value behind them. If, as a large proportion of the people believe, the Government should control monopolies, then it should certainly control its own money, which is a monopoly of monopolies, and is now based on the value of gold and silver, which neither the banks nor the Government can control.

In the third place, the community will possess the land. This is now true in theory, but not in practice. The cry "America for Americans" is yet to be almost universally heard, not in selfishness, shutting out the poor and the oppressed of all lands, to whom our invitation shall still be extended with brotherly freedom; but in opposition to an America which now belongs to the land owner and the railroad king and the mining monarch and the captain of industry; and "America for the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people."

In the fourth place, we are to see a mutual ownership of wealth. What individual ever "made" great wealth? Our enormous private fortunes have been created by peculiar

opportunities, fortunate investments and speculations, and the private control of monopolies. Even where an individual is especially marked for his personal ability, who is he that he should reap the results of the development of the past ages alone? What has he that has not been given him—and that has not been given him as a trust? In the practical attaining of these results, there can be no question of robbery or injustice that could compare with the unrighteous burdens that are now resting on great numbers of the people.

In the fifth place, the people will control all other monopolies. At the present time, while in some respects the interests of the owners of monopolies and that of the consumers are one, in other important particulars they are in direct opposition. Even if we might anticipate great difficulty in learning how to control and administer our great natural and artificial monopolies, the experiment ought to be immediately and energetically tried. But it would not be difficult and it would not be an experiment, for we know now that railroads and telegraphs, for example, can only be well and justly administered for the people when controlled by a Government that itself is controlled by the community. Then oil, coal, gold, silver, and all the natural treasures, will contribute themselves to the public welfare. Beyond this, the people will do for themselves everything that they can collectively do better, than individuals can do for them; and it may be questioned whether this will not eventually include almost every conceivable associated employment of man.

In the sixth place, the associated people will solve the labor problem by the application of this principle. For some time we shall probably have to support the defective or criminal classes of the people, which should be done wisely and kindly; but the great multitude of our unemployed, at the present time, are the victims of conditions over which they have little control, and are neither criminal nor defective. The community must regard itself as responsible for the furnishing of remunerative labor to those who could not

obtain it without such intervention, until the reconstruction of our industrial system provides continuous work for all.

We have not approached these conclusions from the economic side; but they will be found in harmony with the soundest economic theory, as anything in accordance with the true brotherhood of man must be.

I have not attempted to outline a detailed program. That will be easy enough when the people are fully inspired with this great conception. I listened to a sermon of able presentation of our social condition and prospects; but at the close, the speaker took all the force from his previous remarks, for many of his auditors, by saying that we must remember that this was not a battle to be fought, but a question to be studied, and intimating that we need not have any fear that any great overturning would come in our time. He would better have said that it was a question to be studied, and, also, a battle to be fought; and, instead of praying, "Give peace in our time, good Lord!" have tried to stir the people with the great exhortation, "Let it be done now!"

A new kind of a crisis is nearer than many think. The atmosphere is already electric from the near approach of conditions that might have developed into revolution two years ago. Suppose, instead of an intricate question concerning the currency, which the ordinary people did not understand, and could not regard as directly concerning them, we should have some one, simple issue, regarding the reconstruction of society, or some more or less comprehensive program looking toward practical, social regeneration. I believe people would learn more in a political campaign of this sort in one month than in many past decades, or even several centuries. The theoretical economist has never led the world: the men of faith and action are the men of the greatest value for our time.

The crisis is not only approaching, it is here. There is a resplendent vision; the path is plain; the proposals are practical; delay or hesitation is becoming almost criminal.

The New Party will have the brain and culture of the best of the Republicans, without the demoralizing selfishness of the others. It will have the oneness with the people, and sensitiveness to their will, of the Democrats, without their venality. It will possess the almost sublime determination of the Prohibitionists, without their limitations. It will be inspired by the broad sympathies and visions of the Populists, without being embarrassed by their earlier characteristics, and their later mistakes and compromises. It may appreciate the great program and greater devotion of the Socialist Labor Party, without its bitterness; and the purpose and spirit of the Social-Democrats, with the wisest leadership and the most statesmanlike methods.

What it may speedily accomplish is almost beyond thought. To quote from Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, in his thrilling address on "The New Conscience":

"The new conscience is that in a man which rises up in him to protest against the things which are, in the interests of the things which ought to be. An adequate money reform would go far to employ the idle labor of the world. And if the idle labor of the world could be employed,—if the idle soldiers of the world could be set to work, and if all the other idlers could be turned from their idleness, we could do anything in the world that we wanted to do. The first year, we could take the women and children out of the shops and factories, and send them home, to stay home. The second year, we could buy up all the monopolies, and begin to administer them for the benefit of the people. The third year, we could rebuild the slums in all the cities of the world. The fourth year, we could give every child the beginnings of an education, which could go on to college and university. The fifth year, by applying labor adequately to cleanliness and isolation, and proper nursing, we could abolish all the contagious diseases. The sixth year, we could pay all the national debts in the world. And the seventh year! the seventh year, we could do what we are told the Creator of the Universe did after his six days' labor of creation. We could rest, and look upon our work, and behold that it was good."

And, finally, this is to be a truly religious party. The New Religion and the New Politics are to be one. And in

the divine fellowship of humanity and the ministry of the nation to all the other nations of the world will be discovered the great religious inspiration for which the world is now groaning and travailing in pain. Such a nation will regard itself as the brother of all others, and endeavor to lead the world by its service and sacrifice into the same holy fellowship of peace.

Other nations are approaching this conception and its practical expression, as well as we. We are not as far advanced in many respects as some of the others; but we need to hear the words of the great prophet of Democracy when he says: "Each of the peoples is able to begin the great work; and the first among you to give the signal by commencing the common duty, will become the Initiator-People of the epoch, and be hailed throughout long ages, by mankind, as glorious and beloved."

And while we, as Americans, have some deficiencies, we have certain great characteristics that may well bring to us this crown of crowns. And some of us pledge ourselves that when our ideals win, as they will win, that so far as men can control their own future, we will endeavor to keep the New Party true to still advancing, progressive ideals. And if it fail in these respects, no matter what the temptation, we will desert it for a party more progressive, and better adapted to the need of the days then at hand.

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

Cambridge, Mass.

THE MAKING OF CRIMINALS.*

THE matter in hand is not one of sentiment; it is a very practical question which we have to discuss. It is perfectly true that the members of this organization have been for a long time laboring with no selfish purpose. Many of them, some of them noble women, some of them noble men, have carried this burden on their hearts until it has seemed that they could carry it no longer. With pure sympathy and with the most unselfish purpose this association has labored until almost all the machineries for the execution of the penalties of broken law have come to understand pretty well what it, over a quarter of a century ago, expected to do, and the machinery of justice to some extent has come into sympathy with the sentiments of humanity.

And yet no appeal will be altogether effective, and perhaps rightly so, that is not addressed to self-interest. The first thing I have to say to you is, that prison reform just now is largely an economic and educational problem. The two obstacles, at the moment, to prison reform are public indifference and the sentimentalists of the country. For it so happens that when, out of the goodness of their hearts, the fine people we call the public do begin to pay attention to a problem of this sort, the rational efforts, the philosophic efforts, the economic efforts of those behind it are apt to be more or less frustrated by the visionary schemes of people who have enthusiasms for the reform of humanity, which they think can be applied without the aid of mathematics, without the aid of science. So it happens now and again that the worst enemies the prison reformers meet are the sentimentalists, who fritter away the accumulated energy of the public in false theories, and in a treatment of the subjects which is as deleterious to the people treated as it is to the community at large.

* An address before the National Prison Association Congress at Indianapolis, Oct. 18, 1898, stenographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

Another obstacle, I have said, is indifference. That is calling it by a very mild name, though when you think about it, there is no subject in the whole of your civilization which confronts you so nearly in your pockets, or so nearly in your comfortable living in this world. As a matter of fact you are tyrannized over by a comparatively small number of your fellow citizens. You live behind locks and bars, you are in continual apprehension and some danger of loss of property or of personal injury, and you suffer this as if it were somehow an order or law of nature, that somebody should be permitted to prey upon you. A very small proportion of your fellow citizens require you to live in this species of terror. You are in danger of the burglar. You know that he exists, the police in the city know it, and the burglar has his portrait in the rogues' gallery. He is looked out for, though the police are looking in the other direction sometimes, when he is going their way. But there is more or less vigilance, there is a great machine set in motion to watch for him, and to watch the others of his class. You live under the surveillance of the rascals who are seeking to injure you, both in your property and your person, and you, not cheerfully, but thoughtlessly, pay the taxes for this performance. You know that a large police force is necessary. You pay this enormous expense for taking care of comparatively few people. There are some seventy millions of us, and about forty thousand in penitentiaries now. There are only a few comparatively in a place. When we had the draft riots in New York, and the police were indiscriminate in clubbing, they rid the city of about two hundred bad characters, and New York was a peaceful city for some time. But New York, a very large city now, lives in constant terror, women and men alike, simply because we choose to let these people remain at large. There are comparatively few of them, but they have a very definite aim in life. They have a very definite business. I am speaking now of men who have adopted a certain profession just as clearly and intelligently as you have adopted the profession by which you earn your

living. They are not simply professional criminals, they are professional in their business. They will not work, they will only live in that way, and you pay the expense of it.

Now we often hear that a person has lost so much money, that his house has been entered, that he has lost a lot of silver, or that a bank has been broken into and a great sum of money stolen, and for a moment that makes an impression. But that is nothing; those little losses to society are nothing at all compared to what it costs to keep these people employed in this way. The real loss is one which you can perfectly well avoid, and it seems the strangest thing in the world to me that we are so patient under this infliction. You read now and then that such a person has been long watched, but he is not apprehended. The reporters make a good deal out of it, and the papers are full of interesting accounts of such distinguished burglars and sneak thieves. The story is sensational, but the man has been before the public perhaps thirty or forty years, and it is perfectly well known, yet he is not apprehended. If one is apprehended you know what happens then. He is arrested, and, if you can find a jury that has never formed or expressed an opinion, and is incapable of doing either, he may be tried. The man is defended by able counsel. All the safeguards of the law are thrown about him. If he is convicted under the general laws, he is sentenced for a certain term in the penitentiary, where he is now, under our humane system, very nicely taken care of, and after he has served three, or four, or five, or six years, he gets his release and goes out, and goes into his business again, and we go through the same rounds, paying the bills all the while. You know perfectly well that we could better afford to take all these people who are, as I say, limited in number, and board them for life at the Denison Hotel at five dollars a day, and make money at it. That would be an economic stroke for us.

The economic argument, of course, is a very strong one, and if it ever gets through the heads of the American people that they are being cheated and abused and run over in this

way, it will have its effect. That is, if they ever stop making money long enough to consider the fact that it is a little easier on the whole, especially as interest is getting low, to save money, than it is to make it, we shall stop trying to run a race with the rascals and burglars and pickpockets, and see if we cannot make money faster than they can swindle us out of it. We business people content ourselves with saying these men ought to be punished, and pay no further attention to it. We are too busy. We have to make money to pay our taxes and keep up this state of things.

This is a little part of it, but that is not all that we are doing. It is really a small part of what we are doing. We are all engaged in a larger operation; we are making these criminals. That is a truism. Here is a young fellow or a girl or a man locked up here tonight. Well, the fellow is not himself a Sunday school character. He is not a model, or she is not. Her indulgent mother may have thought she was, but she is not; but this is her first open step. You know what is happening this minute in this lockup in Indianapolis. It needs only an hour of that to get that person into a pretty bad state. The next step is still worse. If the offense is venial—I am not speaking of felony, but of misdemeanors—we have put the person into the most ingenious place for making him worse, that we could ever have imagined. We have that very well perfected indeed. That is a place that is dead certain to make that person the worst kind of boy or girl in less than a week. There is no failure. We make very few failures in that direction, I must say. If you like that kind of thing, that ought to please you; the perfect way we do that. It is further a graded system. We are all talking of graded systems now; this is about as perfect a graded system as you can find. We pass them along after the primary or district school of the city jail, into the county jail. I should say that would be the high school. Then it is another easy step to the university which is up on your lake shore. By that time the convict is well fitted for that. We have not done a thing in any way to interfere with or stop

him. We are perfectly responsible as citizens for that sort of thing. It is all very well to say that human nature is bad. We admit that. We have priests and churches and a lot of other things to save ourselves. We recognize the fact that we are some of us worth saving—and some need it very badly—but we bend all our energies to the manufacture of these people who, by and by, terrorize over us.

Do not misunderstand me. I suppose people are born who would commit crime if they were not in jails, prisons, or places of that sort. There are plenty of people crooked by nature. What I mean to say is, that the larger proportion are good. You would agree to that if I were talking about the care of dependent and young children. But for the felon we are largely responsible. We are wittingly submitting ourselves to great expense, and we are unwittingly doing the most serious injury to the social organism of which we are a part.

Now I want to speak a little further of the relations of society to this question. The people who encourage this, and who submit to it, are probably unconscious of what I have been saying, because they are uninformed. It has been part of the work of the Prison Association to draw public attention to these facts. When we go further, we see that the economic problem is not simply an economic problem, but a scientific and a humanitarian problem. Now this is getting to be a very scientific age, and we are applying to almost all the affairs of life the work of experts, people trained in certain directions. We say, in a general way, when we come to deal with this class which has been created by ourselves, or let to grow spontaneously, that we have a right to deal with them for the protection of society. That is perfectly true for the security and protection of society. All I have to say about that is, that this system does not protect society. In the first place, it does not relieve us of the onus of expense, and, in the second place, after you have paid your cash you do not get protection. You get protection for just a little while, for just the short time for which this person is removed from the

community. You are safe so long as he is locked up, and that is all. If the argument is that we have a right to deal with the prisoner for the protection of society, then I say that society is not half protected by the present method.

We do not apply the method which I have been intimating, elsewhere in life. We have come to deal with the other problems of life, in a different way. If we want a watch made, we do not go to the blacksmith. If we expect a prayer or a sermon, we call on the priest or pastor. If we are ill, we send for a doctor — sometimes we are sorry and think we ought to have sent for the other one. If anything serious is the matter with us, we no longer trust to our own ignorance and unaided judgment, but we call in an expert. When anyone has lost his mind or is insane, we consult a specialist in insanity. We do it altogether now. That is a very recent thing, and that is one of the great improvements we have made. In almost all these ways we proceed with a scientific purpose and intent.

As to the treatment, however, of the person who is not only in a way insane, but who is thoroughly diseased in mind and body and estate, instead of turning him over to the doctor, we have, until quite recently, turned him over to the politician to be treated. Now I undertake to say that the most difficult problem that human civilization has to deal with is, that of restoring a man who is diseased and twisted and warped, who is what you may call made of the slag which civilization throws up in all the great centers. It is a complete problem, requiring all the science which we have, to deal with it. An individual who has become impaired physically, who has become corroded morally, whose helm is unshipped, so that it does not steer him, bumps about like a torpedo, ready to do evil to everything that touches him. There is nothing worthier the attention of the scientific world, more important than that problem, and we are just beginning to understand it and to appreciate the fact that this person is, after all, a man. One of the profoundest things that Coleridge ever said was something in his Table Talk, namely, that

woman is altogether an animal. There is in every man something by which he is either going upward to be an angel, or going downward to be a devil. Of course, *we* are all good — at least, many of us are, and as for the others, they have not all found out that we are not. You remember the little girl who came from Sunday school and asked her mother if her father ever lied. "Why, what a question, my child," said the mother. "Why, certainly not—why, no—sometimes—why,—he does not, of course—you have to be different, you know—he says things, of course—you understand." "But, mother," the child protested, "do *you* ever lie?" "Why, no, my child, of course I don't—of course, you have to say—you have to make some impression—you don't exactly mean." "Well, mother," said the little girl suddenly, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Why, that is queer talk," said the mother, "for a little girl who has just come from Sunday school. Why don't you want to go to heaven?" "Because I don't want to be alone there with God and George Washington." We are all of us a little in that way, so we consider scientifically there is a pretty fair basis to work on, and while it is perfectly true that it is difficult to find a man like George Washington, it is just about as impossible to find a man who has not any good in him. I believe Mr. Brockway has been a long time in search of the incorrigible. If he would look long enough he could not find them. Many seem to be incorrigible, but it is the experience of most experts that they do not know a man when they can call him incorrigible. If they have a good deal of patience and keep on trying, the chances are that they will find a spot in him that they can reach, so that it is becoming a very unsafe thing to say of any human being that he is absolutely incorrigible. One method will fail, another will succeed. A short time will answer in one case, a long time in another. I would a good deal rather be responsible for a mistake about his incorrigibility than condemn him outright. I do not think there is any man absolutely without any divine spark. I do not think any one has been created that way yet. There may have

been, in the old period, when the tail was still on, but now it seems to me that all of us are furnished with some divine spark somewhere, and it is a fairly economic and scientific duty for us to find that out, and blow it up into a little life, and see what we can do.

Then the question immediately comes in your mind to be a sort of humanitarian question. It is still an economic question, because the worst thing, it used to be said, to do with a man was to hang him. I do not know whether it was always true, but it is the worst thing you can do with a person who is capable of producing anything in the world, to make a non-producer of him. That is an economic truth. The more people we have producing wealth, or producing the means of comfort, the better off the community is. That is a simple proposition.

I think it is a notion of Froebel that the awakening of one's powers turns on a certain creative activity, and that in connection with some other person or persons. That is a fundamental notion of Froebel. The only possible way of reaching a person for his own good, or for the good of the community, is by making him do something. Now it could be stated like this: If you will tell me what your belief is, I will tell you what your occupation is. That is to say, what you do, in the great majority of cases, determines your belief as well as your sympathies.

Just the other day I was talking with a lady who was very sympathetic about the war with Spain, and would not listen to any criticism on the administration of the war. She cut quite short any inquiries about whether the army might not have been better managed here or there. She was a most thorough patriot — we call everybody a patriot who goes blindly for anything — I was a little puzzled in talking with her, because a few weeks before she was down on the war with Spain. She thought no war was necessary, and her belief was just as clear that we were in the wrong. I wondered what the matter was, and I found out that her only son had enlisted in the Naval Brigade. The son's occupation had changed her belief instantly.

It is the fundamental thing in Froebel's system of education that the only way to awaken powers is by creative activity, not by a senseless activity, but by an activity that makes something, that does something. Now the thing in prison reform, the main notion, is that you have got to do something with the prisoner to make him do something. That is the whole problem of education, any way. You have got to make the person educate himself. You simply give him a chance, and he must work out his own salvation ; if he does not, he amounts to nothing.

Now the criminal, we have found out, must be put in a position where he can be educated. What we call education, in the popular sense, is stuffing people with knowledge. We do not mean the kind of education that trains the man and awakens all the faculties and disciplines the character. That is the sort of education that is to be applied if we expect any regeneration of the criminal.

The best method for the treatment of the criminal is coming, rightly or wrongly, to be called the Elmira system. The prison at Elmira is the most interesting spot in the world. It is the most interesting place to study all this problem of psychology. It is worth while to understand the underlying thought which makes the experiment at Elmira not only so interesting, but so successful. It is based partly on the notion of Froebel, and also upon the further notion that we are creatures of habit, so many of our acts are automatic. A child soon gets a habit. He does not have to be told that he must keep away from the fire. One-half of our habits are automatic. When an act is performed, a sort of registration is made on the brain, and when the act is repeated the impression is deepened, and the fluid, or essence, or whatever it is, follows the line of least resistance into the same place, until the habit is formed. That is what we call the formation of a habit physiologically. The whole Elmira system is based on that ability to form, and to change, habits. Everybody knows that it is useless to try to change a person, to deprive him of a bad habit, unless you give him a good habit in the

place of it ; nature will not have a vacuum. That is the significant thing in the Elmira system. It goes on the principle that if you keep a person long enough doing a certain thing, he will form a habit of doing it, so that it shall be easier to do that than to do something else. A great part of the good things as well as the bad things in our lives are matters of habit. As a matter of habit, we behave ourselves, we do not have to stop and read a code to know what we can do. We grow up in the habit of behaving like ladies and gentlemen, of being respectable and decent. It is the growth of long generations, engendering a habit of doing that thing. Now, as I said, when a bad habit is forcibly expelled, a good habit must be put in its place, and there comes in the principle of education in what we call the Elmira system.

Now, the Elmira system is not an attractive one to the criminal. I read somewhere today that criminals would be very well satisfied if the whole of punishment, as it was called, was reduced to education, so that all a man had to do was to commit a crime, get a certificate, and go to a first-class college to be educated. That was about the idea. Evidently the writer of that did not know the man he was talking about. There is nothing so disagreeable, nothing from which he so reluctates, as to change his bad habits for decent habits. I believe the majority of criminals, if given the choice of undergoing the hardships of an education such as they must go through at Elmira, would prefer to go to Sing Sing and have done with it. They understand that perfectly well. I spoke, when I began, about sentimentalists. I am not going to aggravate sentimentalists especially, but I want to say, however, that in this system at Elmira, and in any other system for the betterment of mankind or society, there must be absolute discipline. I am not going to talk of the question which has been discussed here somewhat, as to how that discipline should be applied. Every soul is individual and different from every other soul, and I doubt if any legislature, or any set of men, is wise enough to prescribe the disciplinary treatment necessary in every individual case. I

should say, as to that, that our way out was the same as it has been in other directions. It is the same with medicine and with insanity. We have educated some experts, and we turn such matters over to them. Now, in order to treat successfully a confirmed criminal, you must turn him over to an expert, to a person who understands how to treat him.

Well, now, whether in the course of that discipline which is absolutely essential you shall use, or shall not use, physical force, I am not going to say; only to say this: that I do not know any successful administration of law anywhere, divine or human, that has not force back of it; and I never knew any law anywhere that was successfully administered, unless there was known to be back of it an adequate force of execution. You know perfectly well that our own law-abiding community largely rests upon that belief, and the reason we do not have outbreaks is because it has become well settled in the public mind that the law is backed up by force, and is not a farce, and that the force may be forthcoming.

To revert a moment to the criminal class. I am going to make a rather radical statement. I believe in human liberty when it is deserved, and I know that we have no right to deprive a man unjustly of his liberty; but I also know that the community has a right to its own freedom, and that no man has a right to indulge his own liberty at the expense of the liberty or comfort of others. Now, when you come to the criminal who, by his crime, has convicted himself of belonging to the criminal class, and who has confessed that he has made that his object in life, his whole business, he is at once an enemy acknowledged and confessed. You say, "How are you going to tell?" Well, you have been making jumps and guesses at that before now. I think you can tell after the third sentence. That looks as if it were confirmed. I have lately been thinking you can certainly tell after the second sentence. Suppose you look at it from the point of view of the man. When a man commits a felony, whether he is led to it by hereditary tendency, of which I don't think very much, or by his bad association, of which I think something

more—though he has committed that felony and violated human law, that really means a state of mind which has become either very much inclined toward going into the criminal class, or indicates that he is in the criminal class. Let us give him the benefit of the doubt. To a great many young men the criminal life has many attractions; just as the tramp life has attractions. They love the life of risk and danger. They take chances; just as people like to hunt and kill things—game, Spaniards, Indians. That is very interesting. We have not yet got rid of the desire to kill things; we shall some time. The criminal has that sort of passion. A good many of them like that way of life; it is a game. They take the chances and the risks. Under the old system it was very risky, but, if convicted, they served a definite term, and, after being well-fed for a certain time, they went about their business again when they were free. We could not let a man do anything worse for himself than that. I am not talking about society now, but about the man. What is the best thing to do for the man? I should say, "My dear sir, the first felony you have committed is the last one you will ever have a chance to commit, and we do that for your own benefit entirely. That is not a career any more. There is no outlook for you in this direction; there is no thoroughfare." What takes the place of it? Why the scientific treatment that will make a different person of him. That is the whole of it. I should say—you will not like it; you will like it about fifty years from now, when you are all dead—I should say for the first offense I should send the person to an institution to remain until he has entirely changed his nature. If he does not change his inclination for that sort of life, he should continue to stay in prison at labor. Do you not see in the majority of cases that is the man's only salvation. It is not cruel.

Now, under the expert examination, people can tell you about conduct quite as well as they can about education. You have to adopt some such method as examining men for college. Such a man as Mr. Brockway is not once a year

deceived by any one who professes to be better than he is. You see in the Elmira system a man is put to severe tests—the school test, the work test, and the conduct test—tests equaling those at West Point. He has to walk straight in these three relations. Now a man, if he be a very smart fellow, might be able to do that. You say educating a man makes him a brighter criminal. Let us give up the whole business of educating then, if that is so; if he is going to be a criminal. It does happen that people graduate from college who go into the penitentiary. Education is no safeguard; but the training there is not that kind of education. It is moral, physical, intellectual, and it is of so severe a description that no person can be submitted to it for a long term of years and not be radically changed. So, then, for this very first offense, this very first conviction, I would give the poor fellow a chance, no matter if he is fifty or sixty, to be reformed. If we do that, we are freed of all doubt about the indeterminate sentences. The indeterminate sentence is sending a person to one of these institutions until he is fitted to come out. That is the true indeterminate sentence. I have thought about it a great deal, and I cannot see any injustice in doing that. I cannot conceive of any treatment so good for the individual and for society. You have ended his career as a criminal as soon as he begins.

I am very much obliged for your attention to my very rambling remarks. They have seemed more rambling because this subject is so complex that, while I think of one thing, a thousand others press into my mind. There is no education that you cannot use upon this problem. It is certain that you have to create a race of experts to deal with these mixed conditions, and physically, morally, and mentally to educate the criminal. It is as necessary to have experts there as it was for the American navy to have them in order to destroy Cervera's fleet. That was a good stroke. We should not have made it but for that absolute devotion of the naval officers who knew what they were all about, and yet we were all the time grumbling about spending our money for such expert service.

You will not come to it tonight. You don't believe it yet, but you will come to it by and by, and we shall have a more comfortable world to live in then. We shall have this problem settled on a rational basis. We shall still have prisons, for human nature is not going to be remodeled even by the Bertillon system or any other system. We are not going to get rid of evil, but we shall make a brave step towards our own peace and comfort when we make up our minds to treat this subject in the rational way in which we treat other mental and moral problems.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IN THE SOUDAN.

"From seven to fifteen thousand fanatics were slain in the great fight."

—DAILY CHRONICLE.

Killed, killed, killed!

And poets and orators praise!

Killed, killed, killed!

And O, for the piteous days,

The dreary nights and the lonely tears,

The dull, hard ache of the lagging years,

What careth the world, if the end be gain?

What careth the world for the grief and pain?

"Saul slayeth his thousands" (how oft is the story told!),

But David is greater than all, he is brave and bold,

And smiteth his thousands of thousands, hip and thigh!

Bless ever the valorous David, O earth and sky!

Kill, kill, kill!

Where hideth the pitiful God?

Kill, kill, kill!

O, is there a pitiful God?

O priests, there is blood on the altar-rail!

O kings, there is blood on your crown and throne!

Woe, woe to the priest when his followers fail,

Woe, woe to the king when he sits alone!

ISABEL DARLING.

WHAT IS THE NEW THOUGHT?

IT is sometimes difficult to justify the terms in which a new sect formulates its message to the world. Its terms are apt to involve invidious distinctions, or assume novelty of doctrine, when its revelations are in large part restatements of ancient wisdom. But, however this may be, the young aspirant steadily presses forward, let purists and conservatives say what they may. Such has been the history of the term "New Thought," now the accepted appellation of a doctrine which has differentiated itself from the general theory known indiscriminately as mental science, metaphysical healing, spiritual therapeutics, mind cure, and christian science; and become the representative teaching of those who, while endeavoring to assimilate all that is good in the mental healing movement, are not worshipers of personality, are not bound to certain books, but prefer to remain independent, to be true to the spiritual wisdom of all ages. It is emphatically the common sense, rational phase of the mental healing doctrine. It is moderate in its claims, and does not deny the existence of the physical world. In fact, it stands for that phase of thought which has survived in the struggle for existence, since the time when the mind cure, owing to its irrationalities and abstractions was called the "Boston craze." As such, it is worthy of the recognition of those who found neither sense nor reason in its predecessor. I therefore propose to give a brief outline of its teaching, and in later issues of *THE ARENA* point out certain directions in which the new faith may become more broadly scientific and philosophical. I undertake this discussion as an independent truth-seeker, who believes the New Thought has made an important contribution to the knowledge and practice, the life and thought of our time.

What, then, is the New Thought, and what is the secret of its marvelous development? In the first place, it is both a philosophy of life and conduct, and a mode of healing. It is in the latter phase, as a method of treating disease, that it is

generally known. In fact, the converts to it are almost without exception those who have been healed of disease by the mental method, while many of its leaders are successful healers with a large and lucrative practice. But to its most ardent disciples, the mode of life it inculcates is by far the larger and nobler part of the New Thought. The application of its principles to the study and cure of disease is, indeed, but one of its spheres of activity. It aims to be as broad and inclusive as life itself, to consider all the problems which our rich social and intellectual life suggests. In order rightly to estimate, or even comprehend it, it is necessary to approach the new faith in the light of the age out of whose demands and complexities, eccentricities and conflicts, it has grown.

Our age is, first of all, the age of mechanical invention and discovery, of painstaking and minute inquiry into the constitution, order, and development of nature. It finds external causes for things, so far as it can, while the new science, physiological psychology, looks upon the mind as entirely dependent upon this external or physical constitution of things. The scientific theory of disease is also largely physical, and the multiplication of names for our ills has been accompanied by a corresponding development of physical methods of cure.

Against all this materialism of the age, the New Thought is a revolt. The interest centers almost entirely in and about the inner world. It is in large part an attempt to bring the inner or mental world into due prominence, as the seat of the thought forces, which shape our outer life, and the assembling point of impressions and mental influences coming from other minds. It is also particularly concerned with the effect or influence of mind upon the body, since it is primarily as a healing or curative principle, that the laws of thought-influence are studied.

From the historical point of view, the New Thought bears closest resemblance to philosophical idealism. It is, in truth, rather a phase of the great transcendental movement of the century, than a separate philosophy. None of the fundamental principles on which it rests are new. They can be paral-

leled by quotations from the mysticism of India, by the teachings of Plato and Neo-Platonism, and by the doctrines of Kant and Post-Kantian idealism. Its novelty consists rather in the minute persistence with which its followers have applied well-known principles in fields untried before. In order rightly to place it in relation to other systems of thought, we have only to recollect what the transcendental movement is, then pass on to a consideration of its specific application.

As used by Kant, in his "Critique of Pure Reason," the term "transcendental" was applied to the philosophy which investigates and unifies the principles by which we know; that is, the faculties in us which make knowledge, and therefore experience, possible. Kant believed in a "beyond," in realities lying beyond or transcending the phenomena which we call the world of nature, and which the forms of our intuition enable us to perceive in terms of space and time. For him, the matter of supreme importance in human life was the moral law, through the realization of which, guided by his famous "categorical imperative," we were to rise to the blessedness of life with God. If ever any one believed in a reality lying beyond the realm of sense, and a law of righteousness finding its emphasis in the inner world, it was this heroic moral figure, the genius and recluse of Königsberg.

But into the subtleties of Kant's critical philosophy we must not now enter, for our present interest lies rather with its later developments, and its popularization in Europe and America. Foremost among exponents of the popular type, perhaps, stands the name of Ralph Waldo Emerson. For the followers of the New Thought, Emerson has, from the first, been the great prophet, and to a lover of Emerson one need only say that the New Thought is an application of Emersonian philosophy to daily life and the problems of health and disease, in order to give a correct idea of its nature and worth. Indeed, if one would read Emerson thoroughly and deeply, asking again and again how his wisdom is to be made one with actual life, one might easily dispense with a greater part of the literature of the New Thought, and be the gainer

thereby, for many writers have simply restated clumsily what he had already put gracefully.

Yet without having their attention specially called to it, the majority would miss just that application in which the life of the New Thought consists. The Unitarians, since the days of Channing and Parker, have been followers of the transcendental movement, and have believed most faithfully in the reality of the inner world, in its right to render judgment, and its ability to turn directly to the source of all inspiration, without the mediation of external authority or a propitiating saviour. Still, they have not carried the doctrine far enough to heal and transcend disease, and many of them to-day, strange to relate, are yet hostile to this new claimant of public attention.

The mystics of the East have long known the same great truths. So have the great philosophers of all ages. But their interest has been turned in other directions. It remained for a man unlearned in the wisdom of the ages to make this new application, and to take a stand entirely opposed to that of doctors and materialists alike. Once started in their career as searchers for practical truth in the inner world, the New Thought pioneers did not stop until they had developed a complete philosophy of our mental life.

The fundamental principle of the philosophy thus espoused, is the belief that the reality lying beyond phenomena is ultimate spiritual Being, absolute Self, or omniscient Life. Being or Spirit is transcendent only so far as it lies beyond our ken, beyond the limits of finite existence. It is not unknowable, but in this its highest aspect is unknown, because of its infinite or boundless selfhood. As known by us, Being is the living God, the source of the tendencies which stream through us, and make for righteousness; the resident force of nature and of cosmic evolution, the life of the universe at large. Being thus becomes God the Father, the object of our contemplation and our worship, the immediate basis of help in every spiritual moment, yes, in the experience of healing itself. "In him we live and move and have our being." In

him is the particular well-spring of help for each individual soul,—the supreme Reality, the eternal Beauty, the immortal Love. Here is the central principle of the New Thought, and it is in the faithfulness with which they have developed and applied this truth of truths, that its followers have given the philosophy its right to be called “new.”

Next in order of importance comes the statement that man, or the real self, is not to be identified with these physical features we see. The real man is the soul; invisible, immortal, spiritual; an original individuation of ultimate Being, living in the environment of Being's outgoing life, or the immanent Spirit. The soul is deemed the possessor of faculties not limited by matter, of senses other than physical. It is a center of creative activity; by birthright at least, master of the body through which it expresses itself and gains experience. Moreover, it differs in each of us, and in each a divine purpose is revealed. We are not sparks sent off by some celestial flint, soon to go out and expire. Nor are we like rivers flowing down, to be lost or absorbed in the sea. We are emphatically just ourselves. Experience, if thoughtfully met, adds to; it does not take from, our individuality.

Distinct individuality thus being one of the goals of our existence, its discovery, preservation, and development should be one of the chief aims of daily conduct. Here, in fact, is one of the strongest doctrines of the New Thought, which insists on self-reliance, clear-cut and positive individual thinking, with all the vigor which even an Emerson could command. One is urged again and again to renew one's ideal, to keep it ever before the mind as a sort of permanent “auto-suggestion.” “For what we believe, we create.” The practice of “ideal suggestion” thus becomes almost the key-note of New Thought practice. It is vigorous, direct, persistent in its affirmations and claims. It has ransacked the Christian Bible and the scriptures and literature of all nations, in search of brief, specific statements tending to enforce ideals, and make them habits of life. I am not saying that it has always wisely chosen, nor am I defending the abstract assertions

and denials which so many have made. I am merely setting forth the principle, the method, which at once appeals to the mind as true. "The part of wisdom as well as of courage," says Professor James, "is to believe what is in the line of your needs, for only by such belief is the need fulfilled."

Since the New Thought believes in the realities of the inner world—that spirit is supreme, the soul rightfully master, and the worth of the individual greater than that of any external thing,—it follows that it fully accepts the idealistic theory of the universe. Now, philosophic idealism does not, as popularly believed, assert that there is no physical universe, but that it is grounded in the idea or intelligence of God. Physical nature is, therefore, subordinate to the metaphysical realm. It springs from Spirit; it is the manifestation of the Spirit's will, and the laws of the Spirit dominate its activity. Natural phenomena come and go, while their laws, which are spiritual and therefore eternal, abide. Nature is, not an existence out there by herself, apart from all observers, but is dependent upon invisible Being for all that appears real and stable in itself. It is not, in our correct thinking, to be dissociated either from the Mind that created it or from the mind that perceives it. We cannot project ourselves outside ourselves to see what nature is, apart from our percipient organism, nor can we tear nature from God to view it separate from its basis. As "Idealism sees the world in God," so we can hope to understand it aright only so far as we trace out the divine details.

It is true, some exponents of the new faith deny, or at least theoretically disbelieve in the existence of matter, and teach a kind of misinterpreted Berkleyanism. But I am speaking rather for the more rational exponents who, so far as they define their views, inculcate a doctrine similar to the above. Among these it is customary to start with reality or Spirit, then proceed through the gradations of manifestation to the most objective and, therefore, least real. It follows that if the soul, or spiritual individual, is the most real portion of man, consciousness, or mind, is fundamental to, and

more real than the physical organism of which the soul is thereby made aware. Here, again, the New Thought is a close follower of philosophical (subjective) idealism, which always takes its start with consciousness as the most assured fact.

That this is a true statement of the case, at once becomes evident if we try to look beyond the present state of consciousness. What is the one phase of your life from which you can never escape? You can only reply, consciousness. All you have experienced in or of the world is what you are conscious of. A thousand and one things may exist in the great world which as yet have no place in our life, because consciousness of their presence has not been awakened in us. Your world is as large only as your consciousness makes it. You know of the existence of your immediate physical environment through the physical sensations produced in you. Into your mental world come the witnesses of the life about you. Out of your mental world proceed the conscious activities which enable you to play a part in the realms of nature and society. God, the individuals and worlds which reveal him, meet in your consciousness to constitute your universe. Self-consciousness is fundamental to that in you which enables you to choose, to will, and to react; thus everywhere mind, and nought but mind, proves to be fundamental in all experience, although consciousness itself implies a spiritual reality or egohood, in order to be itself fundamental to all else that the universe holds.

For the New Thought, therefore, the mind is that which receives impressions both from within and from without, from nature and God, from the soul and from the minds of others. It is the conscious medium which unites the soul with the world. It is not itself the active agent; activity is the right of the soul. It is by no means changeless, but is kept alive by the wealth of sensations from without, and the stream of reactions from within. It is the vehicle of volition and deed, the transforming medium of thought, that, of course, with which we directly deal in the endeavor to effect changes in the outer world.

If now, we ask what is the law whereby ideas on the one hand, and sensations on the other, become effectual in their impression upon the mind, the answer clearly is, *attention*. The soul sits in contemplation of the great stream of life, until an idea comes before it which is especially interesting; just as in walking along a crowded thoroughfare one passes a sea of faces without giving more thought to one than to another until one face stands out above the rest, and one almost forgets that other people are present. That face is looked at, and afterwards mentally recalled, until it makes an impression upon the mind. In the same way an engaging idea is held in thought long enough to be added to the store of ideas that make up our more conscious thinking. An idea must *interest* the mind, it must *win attention*, or it will pass ineffectively by, though it be supported by the most strenuously logical argument. Therefore, if you would impress an ideal upon the mind, give yourself to the realization of its meaning for a sufficient length of time fully to grasp and hold it.

To attain the ability thus effectively to direct the mind, the New Thought advises the practice of concentration, or in other words, the attainment of self-control. One is to learn to marshal the tendencies of the mind, so that they may be held together as a unit by the chosen ideal. To this end, one should set apart times for silent meditation, by one's self, preferably in a room where the surroundings are favorable to spiritual thought. In New Thought terms, this is called "entering the silence." As this is one of the most marked practices of the new faith, we must bear its meaning constantly in mind in the endeavor to grasp the doctrine as a whole.

As the object of entering the silence is the development of spiritual poise, which shall in turn lead to spiritual self-control and the ability wisely to direct one's thought forces, the mind should of course concern itself with spiritual thoughts. It is here that the doctrine of the immanent Spirit comes into play. One is to disconnect the thought, so far as possible, from the external world, and, selecting some of the many ideal suggestions making toward that end, turn the thought upon

the soul, and consider its relationship with Spirit. The definite thought or suggestion is the means to the higher end of actual apprehension of the Spirit, of immediate communion with the Father. It serves as a magnetic center, gradually to draw to it the diffused powers of thought until they shall be focused in the spiritual direction. Then one is to think more and more of the Spirit and less of the words, assimilating from its living presence, and at the same time stamping upon the concentrated mind the clear-cut outlines of the individual ideal. This consciousness is to be maintained until one feels a spirit of repose or restfulness, a quiet, gentle state of mind tending to calm the whole life. Then one should turn once more to the great marching world of beings and things, bearing with one this spirit of restfulness and peace.

That such experiences gradually bring about changes in the outer life, every one can testify who has faithfully practised this method. That they have even wrought marvelous transformations upon nervous and finely organized individuals, many, too, can bear witness. It seems, indeed, a God-send, the development of this method of meditation, in these days when the hurrying, worrying, and nervous spirit of the age presses in upon our peace with such insistence. Surely the acquisition of this practice is alone sufficient to repay those who investigate the New Thought.

But we have not yet considered how and why these ideals of individuality and psychic self-control, these moments of silence and divine communion can thus become parts of our actual self. This is due, says the New Thought, to the subconscious mind. The conscious state, whether that of sensation, intellection, or volition, passivity, definite thought or activity, is not the whole mind or self. There is a deeper, hidden part of us, beneath the domain of consciousness, the "subliminal self," as F. W. H. Meyers calls it. This part of the mind probably never sleeps, but is ever engaged in turning and re-turning our ideas. Here is the great storehouse of ideas, and here our thoughts are gathered, again to come to consciousness as fully developed conceptions.

We all have evidence of this subconscious working, in the fact that ideas stay with us until they become ripened convictions. We decide to do a thing, then forget about it. But the subconscious self reminds us. We desire to write a discourse upon a certain theme, and the subconscious mind collects all ideas bearing upon it from the pigeon-holes of thought. We try to forget unpleasant experiences and sins, but the ever-watchful self will not permit them to fall into oblivion until they have been recalled a sufficient number of times to teach their full lesson. Yet this same subconsciousness which insists that we learn our moral lessons, is, upon other occasions, our willing servant. It receives the decisive ideal suggestions as the words of one whose will is law, thereupon proceeding to execute the commands as rapidly as the laws which govern the formation of habits shall permit. For here again, it is attention which governs, that which interests, absorbs, makes a dynamic impression. It is only a question of time when, after due persistence and patience, the subconscious mind shall yield itself implicitly to the commands of the actively conscious self.

Our next point is to consider how a suggestion given to the mind transforms itself into the phenomena of physical forms. Here, of course, the New Thought is still a pioneer in an unknown realm; for no one has bridged the chasm between mind and matter except by an hypothesis. But since a large part of human knowledge is in reality composed of hypotheses, we may well be as bold as our fellows, and plunge hopefully into the uncertain realm. All that is needed, say the physicists, to construct the world, is matter and motion. Surely, we are made aware of the physical world through its varied motions. A live, moving world could alone make itself known, and a live mind could alone know it. Life, or motion, activity of some sort we find, therefore, common to both mind and matter. The activity of the mind may, indeed, be deemed simply an infinitely finer, and therefore invisible, mode of motion of the one Life or Spirit, of which matter is the most objective, and, therefore, the coarser mode of motion.

Starting with some inert substance such as a rock, we have first its definite outline, made such as it is by the balance of forces pressing from within it and weighing upon it. If we bring the body in contact with the rock, force meets force, and we have the sensation of resistance. This sensation is associated with the pressure of bones and muscles, running back to a feeling of effort as we try to move the rock. It starts up, in other words, a nerve vibration running to the brain, giving rise there to molecular motion, and, finally, by a leap across the chasm, the coarser vibration of the brain is transmuted into the finer motion of conscious sensation. The sensation is perceived and judged according to our state of intellectual development, finally giving rise to what we call an idea.

Let us now retrace the process. An idea arises in consciousness which arouses interest or attention. It is an objective need or want, and we choose it, or will to attain it. We then consider what actions are necessary to procure it, and formulate these actions into a mental picture or motor image. Then, by a mysterious process, we set the wheels in motion, or, in other words, exert ourselves, make a move, make an effort whose activity is translated into molecular motion, nerve-vibration, the feeling that we are contracting the muscles, and finally into a motion of arms and legs toward the desired object. Thus we have completed the circuit. In general terms, we can say that the idea passes through a gradual transition down into the physical act and back again to the idea. Thus is explained, in a measure at least, the secret of interchange between the mental world and the physical.

But as the inception of motion, or its beginning in a conscious affirmation, is the central interest for the New Thought, we must again turn our attention to the development of the inner world. From the New Thought point of view, causation is always mental. Matter receives the impress of thought; it does not originate it, nor does it give rise to its changes. Yet it does not follow that I always consciously

cause either my happiness or misery, my health or disease ; for my subconscious mind is a part of me which is readily amenable to suggestion. When, for example, one describes a painful sensation to a physician, and receives, in return, an account of the diseases the trouble is likely to run into, the physician's description may have an effect upon the mind scarcely suspected at the time. Then, too, one's whole habit of life, if one has lived under the old thought, has a tendency to create disease, if once the sensation be allowed to interest the attention and elicit fear. That "fear is the backbone of disease," the disciples of the New Thought have no question. In order fully to account for disease, one must, therefore, search deeply into the whole habit of life of the person suffering from it.

Accordingly, real entrance into the precincts of the New Thought world means that one shall pass through a long period of self-revelation, or coming to consciousness of that which has hampered, oppressed, sickened, and enslaved the spirit. In other words, the process is the search for freedom. Consider for a moment the habits of life into which we are born. There are certain social conventions or customs and alleged requirements, there is a theological bias, a general view of the world, a theory of sin and salvation, of heaven and a future state, and some conception of a God, perhaps that of a great man reigning on a throne. There are conservative ideas in regard to our early training, our education, marriage, and occupation in life. Following close upon this, there is a long series of anticipations, namely, that we shall suffer certain children's diseases, diseases of middle life and of old age ; the thought that we shall grow old, lose our faculties and again become childlike, while crowning all is the fear of death. Then there is a long line of particular fears and trouble-bearing expectations, such, for example, as ideas associated with certain articles of food, the dread of the east wind, the terrors of hot weather, the aches and pains associated with cold weather, the fear of catching cold if one sits in a draught, the coming of hay-fever upon the fourteenth

of August in the middle of the day, and so on through a long list of fears, dreads, worriments, anxieties, anticipations, expectations, pessimisms, morbidities, and the whole ghostly train of fateful shapes which our fellowmen, and especially physicians, are ready to help us conjure up, an array worthy to rank with Bradley's "unearthly ballet of bloodless categories."

But this is not all. This vast army is swelled by innumerable volunteers from daily life,—the fear of accident, the possibility of calamity, the loss of property, the chance of robbery, of fire, or the outbreak of war. And it is not deemed sufficient to fear for ourselves. When a friend is taken ill, we must forthwith fear the worst, and apprehend death. If one meets with sorrow, we must console by rehearsing all the calamities of a similar nature we can think of. If one whom we greet upon the street looks ill, we should immediately say, "How badly you look." Sympathy means to enter into, and increase another's suffering, by dwelling upon it. When we call upon a friend, we are to call up the pictures of the suffering we have witnessed, and furnish forth the most delectable tale of our own woes. If we are a professional nurse, it should be our special province to rehearse the sufferings of those whom we have attended in the past, and this, too, in the presence of the one whom we are at present attending.

But, says the critic, man has accustomed himself to fear all this because it is actually present in human life. Very true. Yet to think about it, dwell upon it, rehearse the details, and call up the mental pictures, is precisely the way to have such misery continue. To open the mind to it is to invite it. We create what we expect. Our thought ought rather to be turned the other way, and even though calamity and disease may come, we should take every means, both mental and physical, to prevent their coming. The office of the New Thought is, therefore, to create an entirely different habit of mind, leading in the hopeful direction.

First, we are to become accustomed to the way of thinking

about God and the soul, which I have already suggested as the starting-point of the New Thought. Then we are to give fullest play to hope. We are to look for the good in people, and talk about pleasant, helpful events when we meet them. Sensational news and the details of crime and accidents are to have place neither in our thought nor in our conversation. We are to be duly cautious, but never expect accidents. Prudence in the care of the body is emphasized as a needed principle, by the common-sense wing of the New Thought, while many believe in systematic exercise for the body. We are to enjoy a little fresh air, if we like, without deeming it poison-crammed. We are entirely to disabuse the mind of the belief that a certain round of diseases must come to us. We should anticipate good health, strength, happiness, an abundance of physical comfort, freshened faculties, an ever-young spirit, being careful, of course, to adapt the general conduct toward that end. We should expect such salvation, such a future or heaven, as our own deeds prepare for us, and therefore invite. We may confidently believe that money, friends, opportunities to do good, marriage, whatever the heart longs for, will come as rapidly as we deserve, literally that "our own shall come to us." In a word, we should be generally, definitely, hourly, *always* optimistic, hopeful, receptive to the good.

But our wiser mental life should not end here, for we have the work to undo of all the gossips, meddlers, bad news-mongers, pessimists, and trouble-breeders of the world. When we think of people, whether foes or friends, we are to hold only good thoughts concerning them. When we speak to them, we are to express that which shall help them out of trouble, not, through wrong sympathy, keep them in it. We are to carry with us an atmosphere of hope and cheer, helping them to become calmer, less nervous, free from worry. We are to send out thoughts of the All-good whenever we think of humanity. We are to live in and for the good, think it, be it, do it, spread it abroad, invest our whole presence with its beauty and love.

With this I surely have said enough to show that the search for mental causes means nothing less than a ransacking of the whole nature, resulting in a complete change of front. One must be sufficiently self-conscious to catch the thought in the act of going forth in the old direction, inhibit it, and send out the New Thought instead. If, for example, a slightly painful sensation comes before your consciousness, as if to discover whether you are willing to harbor it or not, instead of naming and fearing that it may lead into disease, instead of shutting your consciousness into it, open out and away from it, as matter of insignificance, and permit no doubt or fear to mingle with it. Remember that the continuance of a sensation in the mind depends upon the attention bestowed upon it. Many a disciple of the new faith has caught himself in the inceptive stage of what would, under the old thought, have led to some well-known disease, but understanding the power of the direction of mind, has given the tendency the other turn, and thus escaped the dread trouble.

That we may thus seize and inhibit, or redirect our thoughts in their first stages, when they may turn either toward fear or toward hope, into fear or out of it, is a fact which anyone may prove, and, proving it, learn to arrest undesirable thoughts before they have gone out to play mischief with our sensations. Throughout the day, ideas and emotions present themselves in this two-fold form. The temptation to distrust comes side by side with the prompting to believe in the goodness of another. Hate and love come thus linked and opposed, also blame and charity, fault-finding and appreciation, despair and courage, weakness and strength, lower self and higher self, personality and impersonality, or, to put it more pointedly still, selfishness and altruism. We may enter into the one or the other, if we will—the choice is ours—and, entering, we reap the consequences of our choice.

This leads us to a yet deeper phase of the New Thought; namely, the close association between our moral and spiritual natures and the problem of disease. Ultimately, from this

point of view, one is not free from disease until one is free from self. This far-delving into the constitution of our moods has, therefore, a much deeper significance than the mere healing of the body. It means the purification of mind and heart as well—the perfecting of character, the development of the spiritual life.

But, you ask, is this not Christianity? Yes. It is Jesus's doctrine shorn of the dogmas of the church, which the liberal exponents of the New Thought, luckily, do not accept, though they do not antagonize it. It is practical Christianity, the re-discovery of a phase of Christian teaching during long ages neglected by the church; namely, the connection between sin and sickness, the application of Christian doctrine to the healing of disease. All, in fact, that the New Thought followers ask of anyone is, that one live the Christ life, and, living it, apply it in such detail that the whole being shall respond, physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually. Yet the New Thought has from the first been compelled to meet the prejudice of the church, which thereby gives the lie to its own doctrine. Its dogmatic claim that the day of miracles is past is no longer accepted, for it is believed that Jesus's works can be reproduced by those who understand the law that governed them. The New Thought therefore traces its descent from the Christianity of Jesus, elaborated and aided by the marvelous development of the practical psychology of today.

Yet, because of this close connection with Christianity, the student of the New Thought must be all the more careful in self-scrutiny, that its enslaving dogmas may be eliminated. For narrowness in religion is deemed one of the causes of disease, since it narrows the life, compresses and draws in the tissues. Breadth of thought is thus demanded as one of the essentials of admission to this realm of the larger hope and health. It is not strange, then, to see its followers advocating the brotherhood of man and universal religion, nor to see them, at Greenacre and other centers of thought, where Oriental thought has of late had a hearing, listening to all phases of spiritual and metaphysical doctrine.

The most laudable phase of the New Thought is, in fact, the broad sympathy, the social life which it inculcates. Many of its advocates really live the theory they teach, even carrying it so far as constantly to call the outsider's attention to his lapses into pessimistic thought. They believe implicitly in the All-good. "All is good" is, in fact, the motto of many. Whatever defects this statement may have, when taken universally, or when applied to the problems of ethics, it is sound, at least, in intent; namely, the belief that everything that comes, is, in some respect at least, meant for our good. It is our part to be awake to the good, and think only of that. In the endeavor to be true to this ideal, the New Thought followers have shown a most beautiful spirit.

It is clear, therefore, that if the New Thought be a sovereign remedy for all ills, even evil itself, it must strike deep into the life. It is, in a word, the remedy of understanding. "Know thyself," for self-knowledge reveals that quality or tendency in us, in mind, doctrine, or temperament, which is still undeveloped, still hostile to the Spirit, still trouble-bearing and selfish. "The explanation is the cure." The explanation of how we have stood in our own light and created misery and disease out of that which wisdom would have enabled us to turn into its opposite.

Hence has gone out the report that disease is deemed by New Thought advocates only "an error of the mind." This may be true of the superficial, but not so of the common-sense disciples, who frankly admit the physical conditions of disease, but say that the fact that it became disease was due to a wrong attitude toward it—to ignorance and the trouble-making habits of life and thought of which I have spoken. More truly, disease is a product of our way of living, physically as well as mentally, and must be driven from the world by wiser life.

If you are to apply New Thought principles when you are in trouble or disease, consider what your life is, how your disposition colors conduct, how habit binds, how false belief limits, and fear enslaves. Penetrate even to the issuing point

of thought, and, by calm self-control, learn to send out only wise ideas. Cultivate hope and the love of the beautiful. Whenever there is an alternative, lean toward the optimistic side, and cast the balance for all that is uplifting, outgoing, progressive.

As an aid to this process, the New Thought suggests, beside the use of ideal suggestions, the formation of clear-cut mental pictures of ourselves as we ought to be, in permanent health. Since haunting mental pictures are potent causes of disease—such, for example, as the memory of death-bed scenes, accidents, scenes of intense suffering, and the like—mental pictures of an opposite character are naturally helpful and health-giving. Some, indeed, go so far as to affirm that these ideal pictures are real now, while the sad pictures are illusory. But the common-sense believers regard them rather as incentives to action, ideas which may be gradually realized according to the laws of evolution; that is, they are deemed true of the soul *now*, and may slowly become true of the body.

The value, the potency of ideals, as I have tried to show, is the great practical truth on which the New Thought most strongly insists. The development, namely, from within outward, from small to great; first, the prompting, the desire or aspiration, then the definite idea or thought-seed, the vision, mental picture, image held in mind; next, the period of regeneration, change, conflict, disturbance, opposition; then the accelerated period of growth; and, finally, the accomplishment in the outer world. Is not this the record of all mental growth, the power of mind that lifts the world, finally carrying everything before it? Is there any limit to accomplishment by this patient method of evolution?

Il faut reculer, pour mieux sauter, says the proverb. Study the past to see how the present has grown out of it. Study the present to learn its tendencies, to learn where to cast your vote. Then formulate your ideal and hold fast to it till it does its work. Life thus becomes a definite science. What I wish to emphasize above all, in this exposition of the

New Thought, is the fact that it can become, that it is, in part, already a science. At the outset, I defined it as partly a reaction from the extreme physical science of the day. Reactions from extremes are apt to be extreme. But the balance is now rapidly being attained. That the New Thought philosophy contains a certain wealth of practical truth scarcely realized by its own disciples must be clear from the foregoing. The possibilities have only begun to be sounded; no one yet knows the limits of dynamic thought. Already the New Thought practice has led many a person to study the profounder problems of exact metaphysics. Everywhere it has attracted medical attention and caused the physician to think that he, too, must study mental influence and apply the mental cure. Slowly, but surely, it is leaving its impress upon the church; while many who once opposed it now preach the doctrine from their pulpits. And the time must come when it shall win universal attention and prompt the investigation of followers of exact science.

But I do not wish to lose sight, in this discussion, of the eminently practical and spiritual side of the New Thought. Perhaps, in closing, I can best suggest its more spiritual phase by a brief comparison with other schemes of thought. I have already said that it is in practical accord with Christianity. Is it in harmony with Spiritualism? So far as its belief in the soul is concerned, yes. But from the mental healer's point of view, spiritual help comes directly from the great All-spirit, instead of from disembodied or advanced souls. A few healers, it is true, believe in obsession by spirits, and many, no doubt, believe we can interchange thoughts with spirits; for the possibility of thought transference is universally accepted among followers of the New Thought. But possible relationship with spirits is kept in the background. The cause of trouble is found in the individual. Therefore in the individual must be found the pathway of escape. Mediumship generally means sacrifice of individuality, and is of course to be avoided. Moreover, there is much that is unhealthy, morbid, and weakening in psychic

experiences, so-called. Therefore the New Thought sage says, Keep clear of them.

Is it like Theosophy? In so far as Theosophy is occult, no; nor do its followers, as a rule, accept the theory of reincarnation.

Does it accept the evolutionary theory of the universe? Logically speaking, it ought unqualifiedly to accept it, for the entire practical doctrine of the realization of ideals, on which I have laid such stress, is founded on the principle of evolution. But many of its believers have not yet thrown off the old dogma of creationism, and apparently do not see that they are trying to ride two horses at once. Evolution through spiritual causation is, however, a fundamental tenet of the more advanced phase of the new faith, and its universal acceptance is only a question of time.

Is it similar to the Oriental philosophy expounded by the Swamis? Superficially, and from the point of view of those who indiscriminately accept all philosophy as good, yes. But for the thoughtful there are fundamental differences, although many at present have strong Oriental leanings. In the first place, the Swamis, strange to say, although usually broadly tolerant, have little patience with the theory of mental healing. The other differences I can make plain by a series of antitheses. The Swamis emphasize the great, fixed Absolute, "the infinite ocean of wisdom and bliss," into which flows the soul like a river; while the New Thought emphasizes the other half of the truth about the soul, the progressive individual, ever more and more distinctly himself. To the Swami, non-resistant thought is most advisable; to the new faith advocate, affirmative, claiming, positive thought. The one looks forward to a Nirvana where work may cease at last; the other to a heaven abounding in richer opportunities for work. The one accepts reincarnation; the other does not. The one is an exponent of conservative philosophy, and if his logic is to be followed, is pessimistic, one who agrees with Schopenhauer; the other is progressive, inculcating optimism. The Swami says there is no freedom of the will; the New Thought inserts freedom as the corner-stone of its temple.

But I have said enough to contrast the two beliefs, although antitheses are apt to be unfair. I express the hope, and I say it advisedly, after a careful comparison of the two systems of thought, that the tendency toward Orientalism will go no further.* For the New Thought is young, full of promise, abounding in possibilities, firm in the conviction that individuality is of ultimate worth, strong in its belief in freedom, and vigorous in affirmation of positive, hopeful thought. If it should come under the sway of conservative acceptance of fateful reincarnationism, there would be little hope of its accomplishing all it has undertaken to do, all it may do if it keep awake and alive. Not that Orientalism is not as near the truth as any philosophy, but that the hope of the New Thought lies in its maintaining individuality, in its avoidance of fatalism and pantheism. Moreover, I am convinced that Oriental meditation is subject to a certain illusion which independence may help the New Thought to avoid. And even if reincarnation be true, the moral philosophy which it inculcates is absolutely opposed to that implied in the New Thought. If, therefore, the New Thought ever arrives at the conclusion that reincarnation is true, it must be upon different moral grounds. If it sometime arrive at the same end, let it therefore discover its own pathway.

But how far does the New Thought differ from the transcendental philosophy to which, as I have said, its metaphysical principles are closely allied? In not being concerned so much with truth for its own sake, not so much with speculative as with practical truth. Its advocates do not usually care for logical deduction. They do not trace out their theory of the divine nature far enough to see that it is incompatible with the Swami's Absolute, or to discover its relationship to the Hegelian Absolute. Nor do they take note of the ethical philosophy implied in their belief in freedom, and its entire negation of the doctrine of fate, so widely held in the Orient. It matters not to them that physiological psychology implies that man has no soul. For

* I shall consider the Vedanta philosophy at length in a separate article.

them, man is just this free, active individual soul which their own practice discovers and leads them to believe in, and God is just the everpresent Spirit we feel. They might win wider attention among thinking people if they did thus delve into exact science. But, meanwhile, they are content to labor and to wait, leaving to the critic the opportunity squarely and sharply to define these issues. Since then, it is the Spirit on which they lay stress, in the spirit we must meet them, and at least before we pass negative judgment, make sure we apprehend their method and motive.

One of the first essentials, is the careful distinction between the New Thought and christian science. The latter term should be limited solely to the doctrines and methods, the text-books and church of Mrs. Eddy, author of "Science and Health." With this half fanatical, personality-worshipping movement the New Thought has no more connection than exists between the Free Religious Association and the Pope of Rome. The *spirit*, the rationale of the New Thought, is entirely different.

The spirit of the New Thought is "love of the best," love for the good, the hopeful and restful. Into the deep precincts of the inner world it goes, in search of the heart of life. There it seeks communion with the Highest. There it seeks to be renewed and strengthened. Out from the sanctuary within it proceeds, carrying its messages of comfort, its word of hope and help. He who would enter there in very truth must remove the sandals of self. He who enters will find life's opportunities increased a thousand fold.

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Boston.

ETHICS OF THE SINGLE TAX.

I. THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS.

THE great merit of the single tax is its adaptability. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of a religious or social propaganda which does not need to include its essential doctrine. Especially should all Christian associations, taking their name from the great religious and social reformer of Judea, feel interested in the ethical side of the single tax, which embodies the essence of Christianity. It will bear to be measured by the golden rule. Land monopoly is a distinct violation of the injunction, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." For a comparatively few people to appropriate and control that which is the bounty of the Creator to all, is subversive of Christianity, and is the underlying cause of social confusion. Yet today such an assertion is popularly held to be a mere abstraction, or "glittering generality."

How can we reconcile the fact that with all the church and philanthropic organizations of the land, the evils to be abated grow faster than the engine of reform, and that sincere workers in the field of human amelioration, lament that the tide of vice and misery is a rising and not an ebbing one?

To talk with any earnest laborer among the poor, hoping for tidings of fundamental improvement is to court disappointment. That is, when the work is viewed in the aggregate. Here and there are cheering examples of individual salvation, of brands plucked from the burning; but who ventures to assert that the destructive fires are lessened by all our expensive efforts? Over this state of things it is common to express astonishment. The inadequate success of such labor expended assumes the form of mystery, but when anything is mysterious there is always the prescriptive right to assume that it is of the Lord's ordaining. On the pages of history, how many evils that puzzled the time were attributed to

divine purpose, and afterwards proved to be merely the results of human ignorance or greed!

The advocates of the single tax believe that the true cause of the social wrongs, so generally considered inscrutable, is the unjust misappropriation of land, or natural opportunity, which is the comprehensive term. Nor is this conviction peculiar to the followers of Henry George. It has been forced upon human consciousness since the days of the Bible, as is demonstrated by scripture texts and the expression of writers through the centuries since literature began. But the remedy had not been perceived before the publication of "Progress and Poverty," in which it was made plain. Our mission is to urge the trial of that remedy, and to persuade the people that justice is the greatest solvent in the world; that the power to perpetuate practical slavery, which the control of land confers upon the landlord, has in it no element of justice or equity.

One of the important functions of a Christian association is to procure employment for industrious men who seek work. It is a common reply, when the over-crowded avenues of industry, from sheer congestion, shut out many industrious and honest laborers, that "any one who really wishes to work and deserves to find it, need not be idle." Nothing is farther from the fact, as any one who attempts to find a situation for worthy applicants knows from experience. Even now, in Boston, men accomplished in their vocation as bank employees, through long years of faithful service, are filled with anxiety at the prospect of enforced idleness which is to come with the speedy extinction of nine national banks. Under existing conditions the mere thought of losing employment everywhere haunts men and women whose daily labor is their daily bread.

Why should this be possible? In a country and a world with excess of opportunity, with more work than workers, why should the reverse seem the fact? It is this fear of want that generates greed and competition of a cruel species.

We are trying to make the reason plain, and to show that

the unholy divorce of labor and laborers is a man-made and curable infliction.

There is nothing of the divine in it, and when the fact is clear, the efficiency of all religious organizations will be multiplied a thousand-fold. We affirm that such a state of things is unreasonable and monstrous, possible only for the reason that the laws have been made, as all statutes that oppress are made, at the dictation of men who profit by them. Not enacted so much with the intention of injuring others as of profiting the lawmakers. In this way systems of wrong are rooted, and around them existing customs and interests grow and cling. When they become intolerable their overthrow through force and bloodshed entails a further curse. Such is the lesson of history.

The calmest and most optimistic observer who faces unflinchingly the problems which threaten society to-day, cannot fail to be impressed with the dangers impending, if current tendencies are unchecked. Unrest is universal, and the men who once toiled unthinkingly and without hope, are stirred with new impulses bred of increased general intelligence and extended suffrage. The masses are thinking, and, with thought, feeling becomes more acute. Wrongs discerned are not long borne with stolid indifference.

In the words of Henry George :

"Between democratic ideas and the aristocratic adjustments of society there is an irreconcilable conflict. . . . We cannot go on permitting men to vote, and forcing them to tramp. We cannot go on educating boys and girls in our public schools, and then denying the inalienable right to the bounty of the Creator. Even now, in old bottles the new wine begins to ferment, and elemental forces gather for the strife."

And the great leader who a year ago laid down his life in unselfish conflict, sounded ever the note of hope above the note of discouragement. After the warning came always the word of cheer, and how many hearts have been uplifted by this assurance :

"But if, while there is yet time, we turn to Justice and obey her, if we trust Liberty and follow her, the dangers which now threaten must disappear, the forces that now menace will turn to agencies of elevation."

With what eloquence he depicted the possibilities of the race under the conditions possible to civilization, looking to "the Golden Age of which poets have sung and high-raised seers have told in metaphor." Of these things Christians, singly or in associations, must concern themselves, if the spirit as well as the name of the Master is to be regarded.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

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II. THE LAND AND THE GOSPEL.

A study of the land question is now absolutely necessary to an understanding of the field of modern Christianity. The whole science of ethics must be rewritten, and made to stand upon its proper basis. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a short expression for the sum total of forces that make for peace, happiness, and unity between man and man, and between man and God. There is no real good advocated by any human being on earth that is not a partial embodiment and expression of some phase of the good will of God toward the human race. All good is Christian, while all evil is anti-Christian. The problem is to find specific phases of the good to combat and displace specific phases of the evil so persistent and omnipresent in the world today.

Among the forces that make for the improvement of earthly conditions, and preparation for a future life, is that commonly called the single tax.

What is the single tax? It is a self-consistent, truly scientific and Christian theory of the solution of some of the most vexing problems of the civilization of today. That the truth contained in this theory would, if applied, transform the political, industrial, social, and religious conditions of today, other things being equal, is the growing conviction of thous-

ands of intelligent men throughout the world. For one, I believe this with all my heart. Not only so, but, on the other side, I am convinced that society cannot be permanently improved morally or religiously, without the truth contained in the theory of the single tax. Therefore, it constitutes, in my mind, an essential part of the truth of Christianity. It may seem strange to some that what is regarded by many as simply an economic theory should constitute part of a man's religion. Probably I shall be able to make this plain as I go on.

There are very many living issues today on which the Christianity of the church has nothing to say, but there is no living issue, and never will be, on which the Christianity of Christ will be silent or deaf. Analyzing our thought and getting back as far as we can, we find we have three primitive ideas. These are God, the world, and man. How do we become possessed of these? We get them in either of two ways.

First, we assume the existence of an absolute cause, self-existent, eternal, and personal, as a necessary postulate. From this, the creation of the world and man follow as a logical consequence. Or, beginning from beneath with the psychological fact of self-consciousness, we find its correlative in the fact of world-consciousness, and through both these we arrive at the third primitive idea in God-consciousness. Now you will notice that whether you start from above or below, the intermediate term is the world. Thus, from a naturalistic standpoint, the world mediates between God and man. Through the world God comes to man, by a thousand avenues and in manifold forms of blessing. True theism, in opposition to deism, presents God as both transcendental and immanent. It is the divine immanence in the world that makes nature unspeakably sacred. Through the mediating world God not only comes to man, but man goes to God. God intended man to be happy, noble, and Godlike.

Second—It is as clear that man is constituted for happiness as that a watch is constituted for keeping time.

Third—It is self-evident that the world is fitted to pro-

vide the material conditions and elements through which, in large degree, that happiness, nobility, and Godlikeness are to be realized.

These three derivative ideas, again, all fit into one another in nature. God intended man should find nourishment for his physical powers; these growing in strength were intended to provide the material basis for the growth and exercise of his intellectual and moral powers, and these evidently are intended to enable him to find, through the adequate interpretation of nature, the God who created him and loves him, by knowing and loving whom in return man was to find the highest good and the goal of his being.

Now, in the light of these facts, it is not easy to imagine anything more monstrous than that one man should shut out his fellows from the above twofold use of the world; that is, of nature. Those who are acquainted with the economic use of the term "land," know that it is equivalent to all natural forces. In other words, it is equivalent to the word "world." It is evident that on theological grounds, quite as much as on economic grounds, it is absolutely necessary that the mediating agency of the world, so far as known law is concerned, should be kept open equally to the use of all God's children.

Can this be done? We affirm that it can, and that by the simple act of taking the unearned increment in land values for public uses. This is economically and theologically what the single tax proposes to do, and beyond a doubt it will do it.

The consequences that would flow to poor, suffering humanity from the adoption of this principle are so deep and far-reaching and subtle that no human being can begin to estimate the benefits. I will hint at a few of them.

First — It would forever solve the tenement house problem. If there is one crime on earth that cries more loudly than another to God for vengeance, it is that of the way the poor are crowded together and obliged to inhale the foul vapors that arise there day and night as the very fumes of

hell. I can understand how incarnate devils, out of whom all sense of right had long been crushed, could treat human beings thus; but that men should so treat their fellows, and all for the love of gain, I cannot understand. I believe there is positively no other remedy for this evil and blot upon civilization. Benevolently disposed people sometimes propose building parks in the midst of these districts. The result of their aid is simply to raise rents in the neighborhood of the park, and thus drive back the poor and huddle them more closely together in some other quarter, and give the landlord the advantage of increased rents. The present method of taxation makes it profitable for the landlord to keep his tenement house out of repair and to have poor drainage. The single tax would make it absolutely necessary for him to construct good houses and give the best drainage. If the single tax did nothing more than this for our great cities, it ought to commend itself to every true follower of Jesus Christ.

Second — It would stop the unnatural flow of population from the rural districts to the cities, and make life in both healthier and nobler.

Third — It would provide the basic conditions for an equitable distribution of wealth. It is truthfully said that the millionaire is the complement of the tramp, and both a growing menace to civilization.

Fourth — It would provide abundant resources for all purposes, municipal, state, and national. This would do away with much political corruption.

Fifth — It would bring to an end the present awful struggle for existence, and enable men to live together as brothers, and as children of the same God and Father.

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III. ITS BREADTH AND CATHOLICITY.

The appeal to reason of this doctrine of Henry George, whether as a moral philosophy, or as a system of taxation, is as universal as is the natural tax (ground rent), which has been in automatic and irresistible operation for centuries, in every civilized country under the sun. A response to this universal appeal only awaits the precipitation of a mass of relative ignorance and error now held in solution in the public mind regarding the author and his doctrine. The Massachusetts Single Tax League aspires to be the reagent in this mental precipitation, and has set its heart upon it that Henry George shall be painted as he is, and that there shall be substituted a true likeness for the miserable caricature which so often disfigures the column of the newspaper, the wall of the library, and the tablet of the student's mind.

This doctrine of Henry George is broad and catholic like the air, the sunshine, and all other bounties which heaven sends alike upon the just and the unjust. It knows no distinction of race, denomination, party, sect, or creed. It knows no socialism, individualism, communism, anarchism, Greek, barbarian, bond, or free. It is under all these. Where it leaves off, these begin. A single taxpayer may be any of these. All of these should be single taxpayers.

There is in the single tax, or natural taxation, nothing of technical socialism, which means the assumption by society of functions that, to my mind, are primarily individual. It is rather a re-socialization of that which by its own nature, in its inception and in its growth, can be nothing but socialized, but which has been artificially de-socialized. There is in natural taxation no communism, if by communism is meant the compulsory pooling of the products of human labor. Such taxation is, however, the Divine communism of the common enjoyment of a natural bounty bestowed upon all in common. There is in natural taxation no taint of the anarchism of disorder. It is the recognition of ideal anarchism of law so perfect, self-adjusting, self-operating, that no external force is needed to carry it into execution.

Its appeal is no less to the Catholic than to the Protestant ; no more to the Christian than to the Jew, or the Mohammedan, or the Pagan ; it appeals to Republican, Democrat, and Populist, alike. Being a veritable load-stone,—all attraction, no repulsion, and with the whole arsenal of arguments on its side,—why should it not quickly gather to itself a victorious host ?

Economically, the single tax proposes the displacement of an unjust distribution, by a just distribution of wealth. Instead of distribution according to special privilege, and taxation according to ability; it proposes distribution according to ability, and taxation according to special privileges, chief of which is the private appropriation of ground rent. Morally, it offers itself as a fundamental bond of unity to re-enforce the great accomplishments already made, and greater efforts to be made along the line of Christian agreement.

Henry George offers to the world, not only a political philosophy that will stand the test of the gospel, but a religious philosophy also, that removes a great beam from the eye of the Christian Church, enabling it to see clearly where it now confesses blindness, and adding to its light a warmth and a radiance which the indifference of the world could not resist. Hence the persistent disciples of Henry George ask Christians to consider this doctrine ; to gather to the standard of the single tax, and to follow that standard, not as the hound follows the fox, winding and redoubling upon its own trail, but as the bee flies, and as the carrier-pigeon flies, by the instinct of principle, in the straight line that lies between right and wrong.

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THE THOUSAND AND SECOND KNIGHT.

TWO men walking leisurely up and down the galleries of the palace of the Luxembourg in Paris, stopped and scrutinized again a large canvas with its signature: J. FLEMINGS, and its official mark,

"BOUGHT BY THE STATE."

Around the picture, a crowd was gathering. There was an absence of the usual whirl and whisper of comment in a great gallery. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop, in the strange silence.

"I tell you, that's a picture that makes you cough and consult your handkerchief; confound it, and God bless it!" exclaimed one of the two men beneath his breath. "Watch the faces over there as they look at it. And what a story it has! Don't refer to the sketch in the catalogue. You never met Jack Flemings? Well, I'll tell you the whole story. It's a sensation if ever there was one."

He was as poor as a rat, this Jack Flemings, poorer than the rats of our dear old Latin Quarter, but with the gold-light of genius in his glance through his cheap spectacles, a glance that made us prophesy "gold-rimmed frames for you, Jack!" as we talked away over our Vermouth cocktails frappé, in which Jack always joined us "for the sake of dear old New York, comrades." "But, confound your religious turn of mind, old fellow! Start a Renaissance thing, and never mind the Face of the Holy Grail. Paint out the prophets and things in your blood, Jack. Your ancestry is in your way."

For Jack Flemings was tormented with the torment of genius, day and night, over a picture that had outlined itself in fire upon his brain, a picture to be treated as no other brush had ever treated it. Poor old sublime chap! We used to hear him mutter some words as he sat alone, after his great shivering songs were done: "Where shall I get my

Christ?" But one could see he was in the divine frenzy of his theme.

And we knew, too, what was at stake for Jack. We knew he madly loved a girl and couldn't get her. The heat of it was in his face at night. And when we let him square up with us for the Vermouths frappé, and the *Laffitte* '48, by rolling out one of those glorious songs of his that made even us hardened old chaps feel a lump in the throat and a thrill in the blood—then we quickly dashed in with crayon, carbon, leads, washes, anything, that glance of his eye that for just a minute gave one a turn in the gardens of The Thousand and Second unwritten Knight. "Gods! what a gifted fellow you are, Jack!" we shouted. "Don't be a fool. Start a picture of the lady to-day. Brush away the prophets. You'll get her!" And Jack Flemings would flush up at that. For we knew he couldn't get her, the lotus-bud of that old shriveled Faubourg St. Germain. They had met when my lady high-born was caracoling through the forest of Fontainebleau, in whose green shadows, lengthening into a new-Eden moonlight, Jack was sketching, "because he couldn't find the Lord," we irreverently laughed. My lady high-born had stopped to admire the artist's work, and—there you have it all; or rather, you have not, for poor dear genius, Jack, couldn't have It, the veriest blush of beauty unfolding on the old ponds of that gigantic Faubourg. But one of us, a day or so later, saw the little lady give Jack a picture as she caracoled again through the morning of Fontainebleau.

And suddenly, there was no more Jack with his gold-glance of genius across our dull-gray doings. Jack was gone from the Latin Quarter.

"Gone on the quest of the unwritten K-n-i-g-h-t-?" spelled out Jim Carr, with a laugh.

"He'll dip his brushes in love divine, yet, chaps," I said, sobering a little. "Hold up! don't be too hard on him. I've faith in him, even with all his queer faith. Here's to him! here's to him!"

And then we heard no more of him. Everybody said,

"He's dead." And we held a mock funeral, and drank the darkest *Burgundy* we could buy—until—Jack Flemings, we could kill you, really! You've landed. And we haven't. I'll tell you how. It's the greatest thing Paris has heard for a decade:—

His pencil poised, Jack Flemings sat in profound scrutiny of a face before him whose secrets were revealing in the one moment's lurid stride of the sunset-light that reddened across the floor of old Davy's fisher-hut. The storm had been on for three days, and for four days there had been just this one glimpse of the sun, now withdrawing rapidly behind blackening masses of scudding cloud. The sea was whipped into weird fury, and the packet-service to Calais suspended since yesterday.

"More opportunities for storm-effects, I suppose," sneered Flemings beneath his breath, putting down his pencil, and gracefully washing out his brushes. "I'm lost! Only three days before it must be submitted to the Tribunal. I could paint in this 'Andrew' tomorrow," frowning over at the large canvas on the easel. Then it's ready, save for One. I'm lost! The gods themselves are against me. How shall I get the still unwritten Thousand and Second Knight?" His left arm tightened against his vest-pocket in which the lotus-face of the old Faubourg lay. "I've been a fool all along," he muttered as he recalled the dear old nights with the comrades' shouts; and Flemings glanced with a sneer at the queer old-fashioned text worked in, in sampler fashion, hanging over old mother Davy's sewing-corner:

*Greater love hath no man than this:
That a man lay down his life for his friends.*

Over the faded cross-stitch work, hung a rude, pathetic little picture of the Saviour. A crimson shrine-lamp burned beneath.

With a curl of his lip, Flemings took up his brush again, and recorded some powerful strokes. His eye flamed as it searched the doubting "Andrew" countenance before him. "That's well done, anyway!"

"Where shall I get my *Christ*, the unwritten Knight of the Holy Grail?" The question had walked with Flemings by day, and waked with him by night. Often, the sheer misery of the situation, the torture in the face of all Paris awaiting his *Salon* picture, and in the face of — "the dear old chaps who have faith in me. How it bites in on a man!" Flemings cried out, many a midnight, a sup and down the floor of the little loft in old Davy's fisher-hut, he paced and paced, pausing only to take out the appealing picture of a woman, and lay his lips to that. "Christ, shall I ever have thee! the unwritten Thousand and Second Knight? Guess likely, I'll get it!" sneered poor Jack Flemings at those moments.

In this, his picture for the Paris *Salon*, Flemings had quietly decided upon the moment when Christ holds up the cup of the Sang Grail, saying "*My blood which is shed. This do.*" On each face the reflection and reflexion of the sacrificial words. All the faces were finished save these: the "Andrew" and "Christ." He had found his "Andrew" suddenly one day in this little Dover where he had put up for a week's sketching of soldiers and dockyard men, of shrimp-sellers and Jews, and of the cream of London's society passing on to Calais; until one day beyond the Great Gun Platform, he had run across a fisherman whose eyelid had made Flemings's heart stand still for pure joy! The fisherman had felt a clutch on the shoulder, and the "I've got you, my man!" had developed into great comradeship between model and master. Flemings had packed and moved out of the *Royal George*, and was now a cosy member of the Davy household in its quaint hut, with dear old mother Davy to administer comforts and crumpets as she talked of "the one only boy," the pride of old hearts, now mate of the *Sea-Gull* afar in Indian seas.

"Where shall I get my *Christ*? The Saviour of men?" Flemings's eye flamed amidst mother Davy's sweet old chatter of Singapore. The money made in Rome last winter, in painting portraits, had enabled Flemings to stop still longer

in the city of the Cæsars, waiting and watching: "Where shall I get my *Christ*?"

The city of the Cæsars didn't give it to him with its grand, imposing silhouettes at Sistine functions. Flemings screwed the cap on his cobalt blues, and went with a great stride to Jerusalem. Jerusalem didn't give it to him, though he sat among Mohammedan devotee and Hebrew lament, and went in and out among the Franciscans in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Flemings shook his head.

The artist left the Mount of Olives, and went with another great stride to London, where he would scrutinize the ecclesiastical emanations of Lambeth — that admirable chromo of the great Church of Rome.

The diagnostician shook his head.

"Great Christ! is thy humanity a failure to-day?" muttered poor Flemings, vaguely running over some words that haunted him from a great sermon he had heard in *St. John Lateran*, Rome. He gazed again at the great Bubble that Anglican Christendom has blown above the yellow Thames; and strangely again, as his eye kept on traveling up the dome of St. Paul's, a phrase from that *St. John Lateran* sermon wrote itself in flame along the dull air of dominant London: — *Follow the voice of TRUTH, and let it lead where it will—for it leads where God wills!*

"But *where*?" groaned poor Flemings, with a Latin-quarter oath. "It's hopeless. It's all up with the picture. I can't get THE ONE. I don't care for the others."

His Judas he had found in Russia. Among a band of criminals passing along a road. Watching a dull exiled train move along the gray Siberian snows, he had noted a terrible face among the condemned give grave, reverend, and pathetic salute to the Man of Sorrows of the wayside shrine. Flemings had started with a strange thrill as he watched the man's solemn incline to the crimson-covered cross. The only one of them all. And the long train of the condemned had passed away down the Russian road — passed into forgetfulness.

"Hold up, 'Andrew'!" shouted Flemings now, as he stared into the gray, stormy twilight that was bringing back, in a curious train of association, the memory of those gray Siberian snows, "Hold up there!" For old Davy was beginning to purse up a rebellious under-lip at the artist's long, esthetic repose that had been leaning back in old Davy's best-bottomed rush chair, a languor that seemed to do nothing but look at old Davy.

"Why don't you draw me down at once, young man?" the old fisherman said, curtly.

"Wait till I draw you out, old man. For heaven's sake, hold up!" shouted Flemings, frowning at the storm-twilight darkening across the floor. Old Davy began to rub those weather-beaten hands of his.

"Come to supper, my child!" the sweet old voice of Mrs. Davy rang out. "You're working too hard, my boy," she said, coming across the room.

"Come to supper, young man," growled old Davy.

"Yes, the light has failed me, confound it! that's the rain again against the window." Flemings got up, stretched himself, and kicked over his sheaf of brushes. "What have you for us tonight, mother? I've worked myself into a fine appetite." There was a red spot on the artist's cheek, and he ground his heel on the floor. "Where shall I get my *Christ*? I'm lost!" His arm tightened against the "divine love" in that little vest pocket.

"Let's see, chap!" said the old fisherman, looking over the artist's shoulder. "I declare, mother, he's got old Dave!" peering at the "study" in Flemings's hand. "Come here, mother!" The fisherman took the old housewife's hand, and led her up to Flemings's chair.

"Law, child! it's just Davy!" laughed the dear old wrinkled face, as she slapped the artist on the shoulder and wiped away the gentle tear of age. "It's just my old man!"

"But what have you got my eyelid drooping like that for?" said the old fisherman, hands thrust in pockets, and swinging himself backwards and forwards. "I'm a leering out from

under it, as if I didn't believe the Lord's little bit of bread in his hand. Look here, mother! I do, mother, don't I?"

"By heavens!" said Flemings under his breath, his eyes glowing. "Have I really got Andrew's very words in the beginning of the Three Years' Ministry. 'What is a little loaf among so many?' as he sat at the Holy Grail!"

"What's that he's a-saying, Dave? Law, it's just my old man!"

"Only some of my artist-mutterings, mother. Now, let's go to supper. I've the devil of an appetite."

"What have you got for us, mother?" laughed the old fisherman. 'T don't look like much. Only bread, hey?" Davy growled, and kicked the leg of the table.

Flemings's eye flamed again. He brought down his fist on the supper-board till the crockery shivered. The fisherman looked up in amazement.

"I was only thinking of something, father," laughed Jack Flemings.

"You wait, father," said Mrs. Davy, trotting towards the stove.

"Look what's coming! Dave, you must have more faith. Confound it, I've lost mine. Heavens, what a night!"

"Lord of mercy!" called Mrs. Davy, as the door of the cottage blew in, and the rain broke in a deluge against the little window-panes.

"An ugly night ahead," said Davy, rising and slamming the door. "It's good, mother, to think that the *Sea-Gull* can't be within earshot of old England's coast-storms."

"The poor creatures that are out in it! God send his Christ to shield our boy," old mother Davy's eyes filled.

"Amen," growled Davy, his mouth snapping like a mastiff's jaw. And he began to sing:

What doth't avail from house to saile,
And lead our life in toylinge;
Or to what end should we here spend
Our days in irksome moylinge.

It is the best to live at rest;
And tak't as God doth send it;
To haunt each wake and mirth to make,
And with good fellows spend it.

"Tune up, mister Painter," roared Davy, stuffing his mouth full again. "You've a lass somewhere. I bet ye he has, mother. I've heard your love-ditties aloft! Tune up!"

"Hold up, Andrew! I'll swear aloud in a minute." Flemings brought his fist down on the table.

"Father! you'd better lock our front door," said Mrs. Davy, as the latch of the cottage door lifted suddenly, and a rush of rain blew across the little room. The sweep of the tempest made the two tall candles on the supper-table tremble and rock violently. As suddenly as it had opened, the door was closed, and on its inner threshold stood the figure of a man. The candles steadied their yellow flame again. The wax droppings fell upon the broken loaf of bread.

"Father, who is it?" said Mrs. Davy, half rising.

"Father——."

"I don't know you. What do you want?" said the fisherman, rising and confronting the figure who stood with stiffened eyelids, his back against the door, his eyes never moving from the table. "I don't know you. What do you want?" he repeated angrily. "You can go out."

The man did not answer, and did not move. He was a powerful creature to look at. The shadow of his hand on the door, was that of a giant. He was very tall, and seemed to grow taller against the little doorway. A shock of stiff red hair, an unshaven chin and upper lip, rebellious eyebrows meeting on the forehead, good clothes; but restless eyes, now.

"A little piece of your broken loaf, stranger," said the man, "for the love of your *Jesus*," he inclined his head toward the pathetic little picture above its shrine-lamp that illumined the face and the words.

Something leaped into Flemings's throat.

In a flash, there lightened back the solemn vision, across long gray distances of Siberian snows, of One up there on a

cross ; of one down here on the desolate roadway, who inclines a dumb chin and bended eyelids gravely, gravely to the cheek and eyes up there in torment.

Something leaped into Flemings's throat.

"Lord ! its my *Judas*. How did he escape ! He can finish us all off with that hand——" the thoughts tumbled and rushed through Flemings's brain.

Flemings arose. The eyes of the two men met. The man's hand clutched, now, the window jamb. His eyes calculated the artist's eyes.

"Let him sit down with us, father," said Flemings. There's enough for us all of your loaf, you know." With careless carefulness Flemings dropped the curtain in front of his large picture. The stranger sat down, and ate rapidly, greedily, without uttering a word. No one spoke around the little table. The beating of the storm was the only sound.

"I have a long journey to take tomorrow, stranger," the man then said in a husky voice, holding out his plate for the third time. "Beyond Dover. Stranger, can you put me up for the night ?" His eyes again dwelt upon Flemings. "What's that you have behind that curtain, artist ?"

"Nothing of interest to you, I believe," said Flemings, coolly. Again the eyes of the two men met.

"Father——" began Mrs. Davy, protesting, as the old fisherman hesitated. "Father, there's no room——."

"I feared there would be——" said Flemings, starting up from the table. Across the silence the guns of a ship in distress boomed in over the shore.

The old fisherman rose from the table, and seized his sou'wester and rubber overalls. "Davy can't sit still when he hears that ! We'll see what it means, mother." The stranger had arisen, and taken up his hat. He opened the cottage door.

The shore was fast blotting out. Flying blotches of foam flew from the lips of the waves, and wreathed in weird skeleton-dance along the sands, whipped up by the storm-wind. The hills and valleys of ocean, out there, were lost, mingling

in a dread mosaic. The sea showered its salt rain upon the two men, who stood peering out into the darkness. Across the sweep of the wind, the steady thud of the guns from some ship, broke in terrible rhythm.

"Can you make out what she is, Dave?"

"No, lad."

"No boat can live in it, old man," said Flemings.

The old fisherman was pointing in the direction of the red shore-fires of the Life-Saving station. The lights revealed the surf-boat still waiting on shore.

"D——d fools to attempt it!" muttered Davy, "it's a lost job if they do. There goes the life-line out for the fourth time! Can't reach her, though. Let's make our way down to her, lads."

Flemings bent his head to the gale, and staggered on, in the wake of Davy, across the upper beach. The billows thundered in again, and blackened the shore, this time farther up.

"Great God! we can't get down to the boat this way, Dave," shouted Flemings, through the whistling of the gale and the roar of the surf. "I'm up to my knees, now. Come up higher against the bank. That's right. Look out! That next fellow, out yonder, will dash your lantern out. There go the guns again. Cæsar! what a night!"

"Where's that stranger disappeared, mister Artist?" shouted Davy. "He's clean gone." Davy stopped, and swung his lantern around and around. "I don't like him. If he has gone back to the house——"

"I'll plough my way back, if you say so."

"No, lad. The old mother's safe, with the care of God. Our duty's ahead. But I won't have that chap rest under my roof this night."

The two men bent again toward the gale, and staggered on through the whistling sleet. Davy's lantern, now here, now there, brought back to Flemings those restless eyes that flickered around the little fisher-hut only a half-hour ago. Old Davy's left hand, raised as if to beat back the rising

tempest, recalled, with horrible swiftness, that enormous hand's shadow on the hut door. "Lord! if he saw my canvas before I dropped the curtain," groaned poor Flemings, and the words rushed back to the artist: "*What's that you have behind that curtain?*"

"He can put that heavy fist through it in a twinkling. I'll go back. I'm lost. And the old lady's not safe. Dave——!" yelled Flemings.

"Hillo! Hold the light, mister Artist. Hillo!" making a trumpet of his big fists, as the two men drew nearer the Life-Saving station. "Don't—attempt—to—launch—her. God! they have——"

Flemings and Davy leaped down toward the surf-boat. A voice among them was calling through the tumult of storm:

"Hounds! She will live in it. Out with her! Is there a MAN among us? Out with her——"

Under the impelling power of the shout, five had leaped into the boat. The fists of the man had grappled her now, had shoved her, with one mighty lunge, over the foam—he had hurled himself to an oar—and the boat was away!

"The devil! he's done it! She can't live in it, though. Which of the life-crew was it, Dave?"

"Don't know, lad. God! she's in the trough of the sea——"

"There she mounts, Dave!"

The old fisherman raised a cheer that rang, as a trumpet rings, through sinew-corded men; for the shore-lights, blazing up now, revealed the surf-boat, a speck on the crest of a billow. The guns of the sinking ship blared out again. There was terrible silence, broken only by the sucking back of the wave. Through the large, ghostly glimmer, a cry rang down the moan of the tempest, and shivered into the silence. In the seething whirlpool of waters, the barque had gone down with every living soul.

"My God! she's gone——." There was a sob in the old fisherman's throat. He stood with arms outstretched. The sleet whipped upon his face. He did not turn as the voices

of the shore people shouted to him. The crowd was gathering upon the cliff.

"Where's the surf-boat, Dave? I've lost her," shouted Flemings. "Will she come in further up the beach? What's that?"

The old fisherman had plunged forward, through the pool of waters, to the black edges of the beach. He gave a hoarse shout,—and Flemings was beside him. "There she is!—By G——d!"

From the surf-boat, struggling back to shore, a figure had plunged into the vortex of ocean toward a black object wrestling with the death-wave. Now the billows swept the two further asunder; now the man from the boat was beating on toward the drowning wretch.

"He has grappled him, Lord God! he has, has grappled him!" cried Davy. "He's a-swimming in with him!" Cheer upon cheer rent the echoes from the cliff. But there was a tension on Davy's face, and a groan from his old lips, for the rugged foam had swept the two figures asunder. One was buffeting in. The vast green shoreward wave swirled him up on the beach.

Davy and Flemings caught the body, still breathing, unheeding the shouts of the coast-men, who had plunged into the surf, breast-high, and were dragging in a dead weight that had risen out there for the second time. Davy and Flemings did not see the surf-boat swinging in safely to shore, further up the beach, nor the coast-men coming on, carrying a long, still figure in their arms. For Davy, father, was clutching and clutching his boy, his own boy, and the crowd was helping the old father bear the half-spent life along the shore to mother and home, amidst the wild buzz of talk and cheer,— "It's Dave's own boy—and living—by Christ!"

At the threshold of the cottage, Flemings turned, and saw the coast-men still coming on with their long, still burden. He beckoned to them. But a shudder ran through him, and froze his own lips dumb, as he caught sight of a powerful

hand hanging limp and motionless. He beckoned to the men again.

They carried the burden in, and laid it down just where it had eaten of their simple, broken loaf. The men lifted their sou'westers very solemnly, and a silence fell upon the crowded room. Mother Davy, with her boy upon her breast, was sobbing her broken thankings to the dear Christ up there. With two long tears running down his battered cheeks, old Davy lifted the shrine-lamp from the bracket, and held it, peering, over the body upon the floor.

Flemings, who had been bending over the still, white face, at the last look by death revealed, straightened himself. The blood leaped to the artist's face, and suffused his very forehead. With dazed and starting eyeballs, he bent again over the poor, bruised face, now crimson-shadowed, as were it a reflection from that solemn cup of the Sang Grail, off there in the mighty canvas. But a cry rang out, and rang out through the little cottage:

"Christ!—Christ! I have got it!—the *Saviour!*"

LUCY CLEVELAND.

New York.

WORKERS AT WORK.

I. MISS RIMMER IN HER STUDIO.

IMAGINE a large room, somewhat longer than wide, high studded, with one side, at the top, all of glass, curtained to change the light. Before your mind's eye, bring the disorder of a studio—pictures everywhere. One, in oils, of a young Roman with a tiger skin over the shoulders, stands in a corner, and catches your eye as you open the door. Handiwork of the same artist, are those black and white allegories, "Struggle" and "Repose." On the walls are studies or completed pictures of animals, children, still life. Two charming bits, pictures of young girls, attract the eye by their form and coloring, suggestive of a spring landscape. There are easels —

one with a cast of a little Neptune, others with uncompleted work. Terra cotta statuettes and vases are on the tables and shelves; terra cotta plaques hang on the walls. A studio is one of the most interesting places into which one can wander, and the studio feminine differs widely from the studio masculine. The latter has less in it; the former has more pretty things, and very often the suggestion of "hominess."

In a general candel about this particular studio, one notes the piano, the easy chairs, the model's stand, the books and writing table, and involuntarily uses them as a frame for the pleasant-faced, quiet woman whose pleasant welcome makes one instantly at home. An expressive face has Miss Caroline Flint Rimmer—a face which tells you at once that she has known both Struggle and the Repose that sometimes follows it. You look at her; then a blackboard with drawings of the head, and with singular lines and terms, attracts your attention. This is something not seen in every studio; and, to the visitor's look of interrogation, Miss Rimmer answers: "I have been showing a class this. I used to teach all day; now I have a class part of the day, leaving the remainder of my time free for my work."

Miss Rimmer's work is original, and the beautiful things she makes from clay tell one that values lie in something more than substance. She says: "I took clay for my medium for two reasons: first, because, from my babyhood almost, I had worked beside my father, trying to do what he did, and the clay meant something to me for this reason; second, it is very inexpensive, which suited me; and it lends itself so kindly to fine results. I didn't take the terra cotta at first, but a cream clay, and then a gray; but terra cotta really is the most artistic. It took me many trials to get it to come safely through the kiln, and even now I cannot always be sure of it. The least inequality in moisture while working will make it dry unevenly, and then it splits in baking. You notice, too, that there is a varying density, because of the figures.

"The plaques and the figures I made some time ago. All

my recent work is in the shape of vases. One is now at the Chicago Art Exhibition. The darker shade of the red is due to the vase having been oiled. A beautiful tone, isn't it? and it grows richer with age."

Miss Rimmer's vases are as graceful as those the old Greeks loved. Some are tall and slender. One is wide and deep. No two are alike in shape or in decoration. She uses figures of women and children for the designs, and these are exquisite in form, pose, and spirit. The designs have that liteness and delicacy which are found among the French more often than among artists of this country. Miss Rimmer is the only artist working in this direction in this country. The vases have brought her honors at art exhibitions, and appeal alike to the trained and to the untaught eye, each finding something to gratify it.

For whatever she has accomplished, Miss Rimmer is grateful to her father, Dr. William Rimmer, who has never had a superior as an art anatomist. "My father's devotion and thoroughness were an inspiration to everyone he met. 'Whatever you do, my dear, let it be your very best,' he used to say to me; and patiently he showed me how to bring out my very best, or to work toward that. When I wrote my books, 'Figure Drawing for Children' and 'Animal Drawing,' I owed to him the ability to do so."

Doubtless, heredity has given to Miss Rimmer much; but the strength which marked Dr. Rimmer's work is changed for grace in his daughter's. The personal characteristics of both, their loyalty, courage, and perseverance, find different expressions in their works.

DORA M. MORRELL.

Boston.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN CHINA.

THE events of the last three years in the far Orient have utterly changed the perspective of politics, so that a complete readjustment of our views on international affairs has become necessary. To Americans, this shifting of the center of political interest from Europe to Asia is of the highest importance and interest, as we are nearer to China than any of the European nations. Although all the great powers are interested in China, the protagonists in the struggle are England and Russia. They represent two radically opposing policies: the policy of exclusive national exploitation, and that of equal industrial opportunities to all civilized nations.

As colonizing powers, both of these nations are great. The Russians, starting from the center of Europe, first expanded by gradual colonization over what is called "Great Russia," crowding back the Mongolian invaders of Europe. The successive stages of Russian expansion may be focused on Constantinople, Afghanistan, and China. The impulse toward Constantinople was directed, not solely by the desire to reach the Mediterranean, and thereby gain ice-free ports, but also by the ideal connection of the Russian with the old Eastern empire. The Russian empire today considers itself the legitimate successor of the empire of Byzantium, and the restoration of Byzantium as the metropolis of the Greek Church has always appealed to the Russian imagination. It is here that English and Russian interests have clashed, and, when a national hostility had been conceived, it was natural to interpret the forward movement of Russia into Turkestan as directed against the Indian empire. Turkestan itself affords but little attraction to a conqueror, so its occupation was supposed to have an ulterior aim, and became the second great cause of hostility between England and Russia. It is, however, very doubtful whether this expansion of Russia was the consequence of far-reaching imperial schemes. Armed

invasions by the unruly tribes on the Russian frontier led to constant reprisals, and the only system of securing the frontier seemed to be its gradual expansion. But that Russia here, as at Constantinople, finally hoped to reach the sea by way of Persia or India, is amply proved by the utterances of her officers in the Asiatic service. Afghanistan, therefore, became the center of interest and intrigue, and vast sums were expended by the two powers in strengthening their position at this critical point.

This was the condition of affairs when, a few years ago, the great Japanese successes revealed to the world the true weakness of the Chinese government. Russia was the first to draw practical consequences from this demonstration. By a series of exceedingly shrewd moves, she undermined the English influence at Peking, gained access into Manchuria, extended her railroad into this province, and finally assumed a military protectorate over it. She has also reserved all the other provinces bordering on her territory as her sphere of influence. When the scope of the Russian policy dawned on the European world, the nations awakened with a start to find the whole aspect of world politics changed. Russia had already practically gained control over one of the richest, most fertile, and populous provinces of the empire. Under a formal maintenance of Chinese sovereignty, real political power had passed into her hands. Germany was the first to draw profit from Russian preoccupation in Manchuria, by not only making a great harvest in Turkey, from which Russian attention had been withdrawn, but also occupying as her sphere of influence the province of Shantung, rich in mineral resources. France followed during the present year by securing virtual possession of the island of Hainan, together with the concession that no other power should be admitted to the provinces bordering on Tongking. Japan secured similar concessions with regard to the province opposite the island of Formosa. Thus, in a very short space of time, the north as well as the south of the Chinese empire had been claimed by outside powers, as exclusive spheres of interest.

At first the British government seemed somewhat slow to realize the full import of these movements. In Chinese affairs England had always insisted upon equal opportunities to all trading nations. By the new developments the danger has arisen that many of the treaty ports will be closed to general commerce on equal terms. The policy of the "open door" thus becomes opposed to the policy of exclusive national occupation. England has now declared her determination to keep open the treaty ports to general commerce. She has also obtained the concession that neither the Yang Tse Kiang nor the West river valley shall be ceded to any other power. It seems, therefore, that she intends to make a violent struggle for her old policy of equal opportunity, in which we Americans are as much interested as are the English. Should England, however, find it impossible to carry out this policy, she has secured the central and richest portion of China as her sphere of interest. As this portion extends to the Burmese frontier, she could connect her Chinese sphere with her Indian empire, a consummation that France is very anxious to prevent. Russia and France stand for a policy of exclusive exploitation; England is the main exponent of the liberal policy. The position of Germany and Japan has not as yet been clearly defined, although it would seem that their interests would lead them to ally themselves with England. The interests of the United States are decidedly identical with those of England; and, if there has ever been a time when our fullest support of British policy was demanded, it is the present time of Chinese complications.

Such being the state of Chinese affairs at the present time, it is interesting, as well as important, to show the far-reaching consequences, in national and world politics, of these complications. Turning first to Russia, we find that the only natural and reasonable program for her is a peace policy. Her finances, her agriculture and industries are in an unfavorable condition. She has just taken charge of a large and populous province, from which, in time, enormous wealth may be drawn, but which can only be developed in peace. She has at one

stroke become a great sea power, and needs time to bring up her navy to the standard set by her rivals. The far-reaching scope of her imperial policy, the startling grandeur of her ambitions, has become suddenly revealed to the world, while at the present her resources would not bear out her political pretensions. Besides, her shrewd Asiatic diplomacy has brought her fruits which no war could bring. England has awakened to these facts; English statesmen feel that the progress of Russia in Asia can be stopped only by a determinate show of force; that now is the time to restrict Russia within a proper salutary sphere of influence, and prevent her from acquiring proportions threatening the western nations. They feel that unless a strong hand draws a boundary line to the present Russian ambitions, all balance of power will be destroyed.

Another influence on Russia is the accentuation of her Asiatic character, a definite turning of the back on western European models and ideals. The Slavophiles of today interpret the destiny of Russia, not to continue the process of civilizing herself according to western standards, but to save the world by vindicating the power of Russian ideals. Western civilization is condemned as corrupt and decadent. The simple strength of a religious autocracy, resting on a vast homogeneous nation bound together by a common faith and common institutions in village life, is supposed to contain the force necessary for regenerating society. This attitude of Russian thought, with the fresh infusion of a vast Asiatic population into the empire, must result in still further estranging Russia from western civilization. This very characteristic of Russia makes her, of course, the most successful colonizing power in Asia. She is understood by the Asiatics. Her ideas of political morality are not too austere. The Russians are affable in manners; they follow up the excessive cruelty of the conquest of hostile tribes by a judicious treatment of surviving enemies. The leaders are treated with consideration, and given employment in the Russian service. The ceremonial of the Russian court, the exaltedness and

splendor of the imperial position, impresses the Asiatic mind with an almost religious awe ; and so her virtues, as well as her defects, make Russia successful in Asiatic affairs.

If we turn to the other European nations, we find the same deep-going consequences of the new situation. The hostility of England to Russia is augmented, but the contents of English anti-Russian politics are radically changed by being transferred from Constantinople and Afghanistan to China. In China, England asserts herself as the champion of the general rights of humanity. Germany, also, has become a leading rival of Russia. Making use of the pre-occupation of Russia elsewhere, the German emperor has very shrewdly cultivated a friendship with the Sultan, from which he has very recently drawn most abundant benefits for his nation. In fact, it may be stated that Germany has obtained most of the benefits of a political occupation of Asia Minor, without any of its disadvantages. This has, at one stroke, placed Germany in the first rank of colonizing empires. As the withdrawal of Russian interest from the Balkan question has had a pacifying effect on Austria, the relations between Russia and her southern neighbor are now almost friendly.

A twofold influence has been exercised on France. The peace program of Russia deeply offended the French nation. The withdrawal of interest from European affairs seemed to them like a desertion on the part of their much-cherished ally, and it was not denied that the dual alliance had lost its importance for French interests in Europe. But, as we have seen, the interests of Russia and France are identical in the far East, so that there they have a common standing ground, both being opposed to the "open door" policy of England, and France especially desiring to prevent a union of the British sphere in China with the Indian empire. France is, therefore, endeavoring to push her possessions about Tongking to the north, so as to break the continuity of British boundaries. As compared with this cause of friction, the affairs in the Nile valley and at Newfoundland are of constantly diminishing importance. The lesser nations of Europe

are made, by these latest developments, to realize the necessity of abstaining from imperial ambitions. Italy, Portugal, and Spain are losing their old colonial possessions, and there is little hope of their ever acquiring compensatory holdings.

Passing from Europe to Asia, we find, as already intimated, interest withdrawn from Constantinople and Afghanistan, and concentrated on the fabulous possibilities of domination in China. The importance of Asia over against Europe is emphasized. The world is becoming conscious that if the masses of Asia, especially of China, are provided with capital and industrial appliances, the center of world industry will be shifted to Asia. The influence on British policy in India is determined by the fact that Russia, having now become an Asiatic sea power, has more simple ways of attacking India, than by way of the Afghan passes and defiles. Furthermore, the development of Chinese resources will undoubtedly occupy the Russians for a considerable time to come; while the difficulties of displacing the British rule in India are becoming clear to them, as they learn how firmly the British are established in the respect, if not in the love, of the Indian population.

The future development of China herself, depends, of course, on the degree of success of the British policy. At the present time, the Chinese seem to be entirely unconscious of the fact that their empire is breaking up, and it is to be feared that the masses of the people, should they become aware of this fact, would oppose the advance of European powers with great violence and fanaticism. It is, therefore, feared by many, among them military men acquainted with Chinese affairs, that the policy of breaking up China would necessitate terrible bloodshed in the suppression of fierce rebellion. The Chinese rebellions of forty years ago show the exterminating fury to which this usually peaceable people may be roused.

Should it be possible for England to maintain the formal union of the Chinese empire, while apportioning out the task of opening up her resources and protecting the industrial es-

tablishments among the great nations, the progress of China in industry and manufacture might be expected to be marvellous. She has not only the natural resources, but a vast population trained for centuries to deftness and industry, frugal in their requirements, able-bodied, and strong, an ideal population for manufacture on a grand scale. Many see in this development of China a great danger to Europe herself. In developing the latent capacity of powerful Asiatic peoples, Europe may be definitely shifting, they say, the center of human affairs to Asia and the Pacific, and thus, like Rome, become the deserted mother of nations. The task of developing China, and maintaining a firm grip on her at the same time, is one that will make demands on the highest European statesmanship.

If we now look for a minute at the effects of this new development on world politics in general, we shall have to notice, as a principle element, the great importance the Pacific is about to obtain as a highway of commerce. More than half the population of the globe lives in countries approachable by the Pacific. The resources of this portion by far exceed those of the older parts of the world, so that the commercial and industrial possibilities are of a dazzling nature. To no country is this change more important than to the United States, because, of all civilized nations, we are nearest to China. Even Russia, although connected with China by a railroad, is, for commercial purposes, much farther off than the United States, as the Siberian railroad cannot be used for the transportation of voluminous articles of trade for long distances. Water communication will mark out the main lines of commercial development. Our position in the Philippines gives us an even more direct interest in China and the Pacific. Should the French and Russian policy in China succeed, and the empire be partitioned off into exclusive spheres, the Philippines would lose their chief value to us as a base for Asiatic trade. If, therefore, the possession of the Philippines is to bring us advantages as well as duties, we should give England our strongest support in her present struggle for commercial freedom.

The present development of world politics has also revealed to the world with overpowering force the truth that empire and sea power are henceforth synonymous. The value of standing armies has markedly depreciated, and Russia might, without any danger, signify her readiness to reduce her large army, because it is most likely that the decisive battles of the world will be fought on the ocean. The consequences of this change cannot be overestimated. The nations possessing the qualities of mechanical genius and proficiency in seamanship will, of course, draw the advantage from this change. Humanity might rejoice if the great struggles that shall undoubtedly be necessary could be fought by machines, by engines of war, rather than by the terrible hand to hand contests of vast land forces, with all the terror and destruction that follow in the wake of an army in war time. The feverish activity of Germany and Russia in building better navies shows how fully this change in world affairs is realized by the great powers.

A radical change in the old methods of colonial expansion is threatened by the procedure of Russia in China. Up to the present, colonies were generally begun by commerce and industry, and these activities were only gradually followed up with a growing political authority. There was a natural growth of colonial possessions. The methods pursued in China are vastly different. Nations having no trade, seize portions of the territory, in order to be able to regulate its trade, and draw its advantages to themselves. Conquest comes first ; commerce follows. The danger of this policy is, that it tends to lead to a wild scramble for the portions of the earth's surface occupied by inferior nations. During the nineteenth century the principle of world politics was nationalism. The right of nations to vindicate their political existence is the perspective in which nineteenth century history may be viewed. But the developments discussed here seem to indicate that the idea of world empire is hereafter to be associated with that of nationalism ; that there is going on among the powerful nations of the earth a relentless, fierce struggle

for unappropriated portions of world empire. Imperialism and nationalism, heretofore deemed opposing principles, are thus united. The smaller nationalities are entirely overshadowed. The five great world powers, concentrating all their energy, jealously watching each other, suspicious of every move of their rivals, are engaged in the greatest struggle the world has ever seen. Old alliances, similarities of ideals and civilization, have little force in the new politics. Whether the nations, when the remaining territory of the world has been partitioned out as spheres of influence, will then engage in a fierce internecine struggle for ultimate supremacy, cannot, of course, be predicted.

It remains briefly to indicate two of the chief dangers inherent in the new imperialism: the worship of force, and the accentuation of one man power. With the international relations growing constantly more complicated, with vast interests beyond the seas to be acquired and protected, the continuous, unbroken policy, the constant readiness and alertness of a concentrated government has the advantage. The powers that have made the greatest strides in the last decade are Russia and Germany; the one having a pure absolutism, the other a form placing in the hands of one man, power sufficient to guide and administer the policy of expansion. That the principle of personal imperialism is emphasized, as against the ideas of parliamentarism, or government by discussion, admits of no doubt, when modern utterances of European political writers are studied. In England herself, the increase of the authority of ministers at the expense of Parliament will undoubtedly be accelerated by present developments. Moreover, on the continent, the worship of force is well nigh universal. This accounts for the awe with which the European mind beholds the spectacle of the great Russian empire,—the force of millions wielded by a single mind. There is little of the intellectual optimism of the beginning of our century left, when the age of reason was supposed to have dawned on the world. The age of force has dawned now, and European nations put their reliance not on logical formulæ, not on ra-

tional principles, but on military and naval force. It is but too often that you hear the remark, "What we need is not parliamentary talk; but the strong arm of the soldier, the trained talent of the military commander."

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OUR NEW COLONIAL POLICY.

THE gravest and most perplexing question now before the American people is, what shall be the policy of the United States government with respect to the Philippine Islands. Senator Vest recently made an argument against the constitutionality of retaining these islands, unless it be the declared intention of the government of the United States to admit them as states into the Union, basing his views, as we understand, upon that portion of the Declaration of Independence which reads: "We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*" This contention of the senator from Missouri is certainly not without force, but it will not alone prevent the imperialistic arbiters of the administration of the affairs of the government from pursuing their predetermined course of territorial and colonial acquisition and expansion. The argument, too, is not conclusive; in the case of "The American Insurance Company vs. Carter" 1 Peters, 511 (U. S. Reports), Mr. Justice Johnson said upon the subject under discussion:

"At the time the Constitution was formed, the limits of the territory over which it was to operate were generally defined and recognized. These limits consisted in part of States, and in part of territories, the absolute property and

dependencies of the United States. These States, this territory, and future States to be admitted into the Union, are the sole objects of the Constitution ; there is no express provision whatsoever made in the Constitution for the acquisition or government of territories beyond these limits. The right, therefore, of acquiring territory is altogether incidental to the treaty-making power, and, perhaps, to the power of admitting new States into the Union ; and the government of such acquisitions is, of course, left to the legislative power of the Union, as far as that power is uncontrolled by treaty. By the latter, we acquire either positively or *sub modo*, and, by the former, dispose of acquisitions so made ; and in case of such acquisitions I see nothing in which the power acquired over the ceded territories can vary from the power acquired under the law of nations by any other government over acquired or ceded territory. The laws, rights, and institutions of the territory so acquired remain in full force until rightfully altered by the new government."

Chancellor Kent, in vol. I, p. 385 of his "Commentaries," cites Chief Justice Marshall as saying that, "All admit the constitutionality of a territorial government," and in the same page and volume we read as follows :

"If, therefore, the government of the United States should carry into execution the project of colonizing the great valley of the Columbia or Oregon river, to the west of the Rocky Mountains, it would afford a subject of grave consideration what would be the future civil and political destiny of that country. It would be a long time before it would be populous enough to be created into one or more independent states ; and, in the mean time, upon the doctrine taught by the acts of Congress, and even by the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court, the colonists would be in a state of the most complete subordination, and as dependent upon the will of Congress, as the people of this country would have been upon the King and Parliament of Great Britain, if they could have sustained their claim to bind us in all cases whatever. Such a state of absolute sovereignty on the one hand, and of absolute dependence on the other, is not congenial with the free and independent spirit of our native institutions ; and the establishment of distant territorial governments, ruled according to will and pleasure, would have a very natural tendency,

as all proconsular governments have had, to abuse and oppression." *

It would seem, therefore, that the rational conclusion to be drawn from the views of Justice Johnson, Chief Justice Marshall, and from the great commentators on the laws of the United States, that the right to hold the Philippines is not contrary to the Constitution of the United States, but to hold them without the right of statehood, and only as colonial dependencies, "would not be congenial with the free and independent spirit of our institutions." Senator Morgan, in an able article in "The North American Review," for June, 1898, stated the case most clearly and comprehensively in these words :

"The limitations on the powers of our departments of government are intended to protect our people and the States against domestic usurpation and wrong, rather than to limit the national government in its dealings with foreign countries or states."

We cannot, however, follow Senator Morgan in his conclusion that in the event of the Philippine Islands coming under the rightful control of the United States, "we should set apart a special reservation of territory, under permanent military government, and fortify it as a naval station, giving to the people in such reservations the rights of citizenship of the United States, if they choose to accept them." From our present attitude and relation to these Islands and their people, this means that they are to be admitted as States in the Union. From such a proposition the people of this country should recoil as from the hissing of a serpent. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, one of the Paris Commissioners, and a well-known expansionist, has well and strongly stated the reasons why these people should not be admitted as citizens of the United States:

"The chief aversion," says Mr. Reid, "to the vast accessions of territory with which we are threatened, springs from

* Kent's "Commentaries," vol. 1, p. 386.

the fear that ultimately they must be admitted into the Union as States. No public duty is more urgent at this moment than to resist from the outset the concession of such a possibility. In no circumstance likely to exist within a century should they be admitted as a State of the Union. The loose, disunited, and unrelated federation of independent states to which this would inevitably lead, stretching from the Indian Archipelago to the Carribbean Sea, embracing all climes, all religions, all races,—black, yellow, white, and their mixtures,—all conditions, from pagan ignorance and the verge of cannibalism, to the best products of centuries of civilization, education, and self government, all with equal rights in our Senate and House, with an equal voice in shaping our national destinies,—that would, at least in this stage of the world, be humanitarianism run mad, a degeneration and degradation of the homogeneous continental Republic of our pride, too preposterous for the contemplation of serious and intelligent men. Quite as well might Great Britain now invite the swarming millions of India to send rajahs and members of Parliament, in proportion to population, to swamp the Lords and Commons, and rule the English people. If it has been supposed that even Hawaii, with its overwhelming preponderance of Kanakas and Asiatics, would have become a State, she could not have been annexed. If the territories we are conquering must become States, we might better renounce them at once, and place them under the protectorate of some humane and friendly European power with less nonsense in its blood.” *

Mr. Reid also says that, “the candid conclusions seem inevitable, that, not as a matter of policy, but as a necessity of the position in which we find ourselves, and as a matter of national duty, we must hold Cuba, at least for a time, and till a permanent government is well established, for which we can afford to be responsible. We must hold Porto Rico, and we may have to hold the Philippines.” These are the views of one whom we may fairly say, represents officially and individually, the imperialistic party of America, having for its main object the adoption of a foreign colonial policy; it is true this party has not been formally organized, nor its platform publicly announced, but it is fast shaping itself into

* See Century Magazine for Sept., 1898.

existence ; the President and his supporters are "talking up," and preaching the real substance of imperialism ; permitted to have their way, they will surely commit this government to a permanent colonial policy ; their large and expansive ideas being to extend the commercial interests and humane influence of our government, into the uttermost parts of the earth,—forgetting that we must be just, before generous, and that charity begins at home,— the supposed result of these two impelling motives for their foreign policy, being the increase of our national wealth, and the civilization of the heterogeneous races that inhabit the Philippine Islands.

There is no "necessity of position," or "national duty," that will justify this government in a course directly opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and well calculated to disturb the fundamental principles upon which these institutions rest. In our present position, with regard to these conquered territories, there is a Scylla as well as a Charybdis to avoid,—the citizenship of the people of the Philippines, and a foreign colonial policy,—the imperialists and anti-imperialists have, we think, discussed the possibility of admitting the people of these islands to equal citizenship in the government of the United States ; but to accomplish their ambitious ends, perhaps, of conquering and civilizing the Orient, and increasing the already superabundant wealth of the United States, the imperialists are determined upon the establishment of a foreign colonial policy ; shall this government adopt such a policy or not, is the dominant question now presented for the consideration of the American people. Cicero in his oration for the Manilian law, B. C. 14, describes, in glowing colors, the oppressions and abuses committed by Roman magistrates, exercising civil and military power in distant provinces, and we have seen, above, that the great American lawyer and commentator, Chancellor Kent, has said that, "such a policy is not congenial with the free and independent spirit of our institutions ; and the establishment of distant territorial governments, ruled according to will and pleasure, would have a very natural tendency, as all proconsular

governments have had, to abuse and oppression." The adoption of such a policy is at variance with our democratic and free institutions; it is to cut loose from the wise and warning doctrine of Monroe and Jefferson, and of Washington, as uttered in his Farewell Address, for it will surely involve us in the Eastern question, and in the entanglements of the Oriental powers; it is the contravention of the basic principle enunciated in the Declaration of Independence that, "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is opposed to the principles and practice of this government in the acquisition of territory heretofore acquired, for in all the acts of cession of territory admitted into the Union there have been provisions that, as soon as possible, the inhabitants of the territory shall be made citizens of the United States, and the territory itself be admitted as a State of the Union, and there is not an instance in which this government ever admitted territory to be held as a colony.

It is not a difficult answer to these considerations against a foreign colonial policy to assert that the territorial form of governments, which we have tried so successfully from the beginning, is admirably adapted to such communities, for, except in the case of the very recent and untried annexation of Hawaii, we contemplated making citizens of the admitted people; in the case of the Philippines, such an idea, if even seriously advanced, has been abandoned as utterly unwise and impracticable; again, all of the domain heretofore acquired by our government has been closely connected with us by ties of blood, race, language, local systems, social policy, congenial interests, and by territorial contiguity. In the splendid language of that eminent lawyer, John C. Bullitt,— "Shall we now ingraft upon our simple republican institutions, under which we have lived and grown and prospered, a complicated imperialism which must wrench our organization from the foundations upon which it was erected by our forefathers, and encumber it with responsibilities and burdens fraught with dangers beyond the power of the human intellect to grasp, or

comprehend? Shall we reach after the glories of an empire in the hope that we can successfully deal with its doubtful problems, and reconcile the conflict between the simple functions of the true Republic and the tangled and perplexing environments of an imperial system? These are some of the problems which confront the people. They must be met and grappled with and determined." Although we may hope, we can hardly expect that political ambition, commercial cupidity, or the fanaticism of the humanitarian will be restrained by considerations of governmental experience, or by the wisdom and warning of statesmen and wise men in this and other countries, or by the stern fact that a colonial policy for this government is inconsistent with, and is a reversal of our free institutions, yet we have an abiding faith in the common sense of the people, and with confidence let us look to them for our deliverance; when properly informed, the kingly people will dictate to their representatives in the administration of their government that they are not ready at this time and in this emergency to revolutionize our splendid fabric of government bequeathed to them by the Father of the Republic.

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GREEKS BEARING GIFTS.

THERE is a proverb over two thousand years old, and as true now as it was when first written: "Beware of the Greeks, especially when they bear gifts"—*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, as the old Romans quoted it from Virgil, but in plain English, "Beware the enemy bearing gifts." This ancient proverb finds modern application in recent donations by the representatives of the great trusts and other aggregations of capital, secured by the pauperization of the people, ostensibly for the education of the nation's youth. There are some who have deemed this merely an instance of vanity on the part of men who, having more money than they knew

what to do with, think to immortalize themselves and earn fame by returning to public use a small part of the sums they have abstracted from the common stock, by syndicates and trusts. There was never a greater mistake. These men are not devoid of vanity, but they are not wooed by it to confer benefits upon those whom they have injured. There is a deep, well-laid design at the bottom of this giving, and its motive is self-interest. I have before me a pamphlet, issued by that eminently respectable association, the American Bankers' Association. It is a pamphlet which is not sent to every one; in fact, is a rather private and exclusive affair. Its cover, like its contents, is gold tinted. At the session of that association, as far back as 1889, it passed this resolution:

Resolved, That the Executive Council is hereby directed to carefully consider, and, if possible, devise some feasible plan whereby this Association may encourage or promote the organization of a school, or schools, of Finance among our institutions of learning, and report upon the same to the next Convention.

At the next convention, in 1890, in the address of Professor James, delivered by request and approved by vote of the association, he said it was a pleasure to discuss the subject of establishing these schools before a body of men "who have unusual means of influencing public opinion in regard to it," and added, that it was possible "to revolutionize every college in the country." He reported that Mr. Wharton had already "secured the establishment of one such school," at the University of Pennsylvania, by the gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the University. He went on to say that "beyond all question, in this country, the great merchant prince, the railroad president, the great manufacturer and banker, have succeeded to the place of power once held by the great orator, statesman, lawyer, or clergyman. The professional class is losing ground, the business-world gaining it. Whether for weal or woe, the control of government, of society, of education, of the press, yes, even of the church, is slipping more and more rapidly into the hands of the

business classes, and it is this class, which, to an ever-increasing extent, will dominate our political and social life."

"Down with manhood, up with the dollar." The proposition is at least clearly stated. Further along in his address, Professor James speaks of the existence of wealth for several generations in a family, as "the great means of bringing out the finer sides of life, and improving the strain of the stock." Those who do not understand the necessity that the monied classes should stand together for such purposes, are characterized as having "the narrowness and selfishness of the meanest hayseed of them all."

This address was endorsed by a vote of the association, afterward printed and discreetly distributed at its expense. An argument that seems to have carried weight, was, that the students in the proposed schools of finance would become journalists, lawyers, and college professors, and, by their influence on public sentiment, would well justify the arguments suggested.

In the plan of these schools adopted by the Convention, the necessity of "preserving great estates" is prominently brought forward, and it is observed that the students of institutions thus "aided," become free from "delusions," and instructed as to "the necessity of permanent uniformity or integrity of the coin unit." It is easy to understand what "delusions" the American Bankers' Association proposed to educate out of the minds of students.

Among the numerous extracts from letters to the Association from heads of universities and colleges, anxious to be prostituted, and which are published in this pamphlet, is one from a southern college president, in which he says, "It is better to have such schools as integral parts of long established and popular institutions, than to set them off by themselves. In this way, they can reach a large number of prepared and influential students, sooner than in any other. The study of finance and public economy infringes on the question of human rights. And as moral principles depend for their power to make vivid and lasting impressions, on

religious sanctions, it must follow that those schools in which the ethics of Christianity find a place, are best suited to teach the rights and wrongs of financial policies and economic systems."

It takes no keen insight to say what kind of financial teachings the American Bankers' Association proposed for these schools to be established in colleges, by gifts of one hundred thousand dollars each, and for which church colleges were to be preferred. Another of the numerous letters from college presidents, published in the same pamphlet, with approval, says, that every college should have an endowed school of finance under the providence of the American Bankers' Association, and adds, "Wealth could not be better employed than in the endowment of schools of finance"; and another says, "It seems to me they are the most efficient antidote against heresies on currency questions." It is hardly necessary to point out that these gentlemen deem as "heresies," any theory concerning currency, taxation, or government, that in any way menace the monopolization of capital and natural privileges.

Thus, as in the scripture parable, while the people slept, the enemy is busy sowing tares. As far back as 1890, as this pamphlet shows, the bankers, aided and abetted by certain colleges, were laying deliberate plans to capture the financial education of college youth. How far this plan has been carried out, we do not know, as the reports on this matter have been suppressed since 1890. We do know that donations to colleges, and the establishment of financial schools have been frequent, and announced with intense laudation, as well by the newspapers that are controlled by the money power as by those that are honest, but deceived as to the real motives of these gifts.

The Turkish Janizaries were Christian boys taken from their parents when young, reared and drilled as Mohammedans, and then used as a select body of troops to repress the aspirations for liberty of those of their own blood. We want no imitation of that policy in the colleges of this land.

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WAR AS A NECESSITY OF EVOLUTION.

THE songs of our Viking ancestors were all of love or war, and, of the two, war was considered the more lofty and sacred. The noblest qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race were developed in the stress of conflict, the heroism of self-sacrifice, devotion to an ideal of honor dearer than life, and in the pursuit of which, pain and danger became mere words.

War has had its uses in the evolution of the human race. But war, in helping evolution onward, has itself changed its nature. Slowly, but surely, mere predatory warfare has given place to conflict for the maintenance of liberty and justice, and for the defense of the weak. A Christian nation cannot hold a war sacred, unless that war is believed to be in a holy cause. As altruistic ideals develop, the sentiment of the age condemns, more and more, all war for selfish purposes, so that the inspiration which comes only in living out one's noblest ideas of duty is lacking to the soldiers of a cause which falls below the recognized standard of righteousness. This inspiration is so immense a power that it has been recognized as the direct help of the Almighty. It is, in very truth, that divine trend that carries the human race forward. It is a power which, working in that which is lower, brings out of it the higher, in ways undreamed of by the men who fight, and through whom the work is done.

Evil passions are not the only sentiments brought to the surface by a military life. The knight of the age of chivalry was so grand a figure that, although we have passed beyond the need of him, and to some extent beyond the hot-headed dash and courage with which he avenged an insult, or punished a marauder, he yet stands in our fancy as the emblem of all that is most noble and manly in life. The highest phase of war is the defense of the weak. The next step must and will be the abolition of all armed conflict. This for two reasons :

(1.) The fighter has allied himself with the forces which make for righteousness, setting selfishness aside, and, therefore, he has become invincible. (2.) Since he no longer fights from mere pugnacity, nor from love of conquest or desire for plunder, he will stop fighting as soon as his enemy consents to conform to the eternal laws of right and justice.

The course of evolution is plain. Some nation must fight the last battle, and that nation must be one that, conquering, shall give out the great command to the nations to lay down their arms. Such a final war must be felt by the people undertaking it, to be a righteous one, while yet they hold war in the abstract in such abhorrence that they will rise up as one man to make it possible to dictate peace to all the world.

Have we not seen in the war recently ended a distant approach to the war here foreshadowed? The paradox of believing war, in general, to be savagery, and our own particular war to be righteous, is found with us, if we may judge by the attitude taken, not only by the mass of the people of the United States, but also by their leading papers, even to the religious periodicals. To be sure, there are those who magnify the one side, and those who magnify the other. There are the craven few who call for peace at any price, and declare that the people whom we seek to help are not worth the sacrifice, and there are the other few who with blatant fury clamor for revenge. But if we look deeper, we can detect an undercurrent of genuine humanitarianism, which, lost sight of because the selfish purposes of many loom up so distinctly before our eyes, is still the mightiest force of all, because it is working together with God. It gives to this war its peculiar character, distinguishing it as a step in advance of anything yet known upon this planet.

The mighty march of progress goes on in spite of the wailings of pessimists. Ideals of right advance with the march of the centuries, and the cause whose adherents believe in it with their whole souls, is the cause, that for the time being, God takes under his especial protection, if we may apply that figurative expression to a very subtle working out of the proc-

ess of evolution. Conflict is the order of nature on the material plane. We can rise above it only by going courageously through it, believing that God is with us, and keeping our eyes fixed on the goal beyond — universal peace for all the world.

HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

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SILVER AND GOLD.

(A LEGEND RETOLD.)

Within the wood's deep heart there hung a shield,
When all the world went whispering of the spring;
 Its massy oval, fine-wrought, glittering,
O'erprinted with leaf-shadows, and its field
A mirror where the woodland lay revealed.
 Now in the fern-fringed glade, with martial ring
 Of iron mail — with chargers curveting,
Met two Knights errant; fought, and would not yield!
"The gold escutcheon mine," cries one brave knight,
 "With trusty blade I hold mine heritage."
"The shield is silver," quoth the other, bold.
And from his vantage was each warrior right —
 So why should brothers cruel warfare wage?
One side was silver, and the other gold!

VIRGINIA DONAGHÉ MCCLURG

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

WHEN the culmination is reached in the struggle between life and death; when all human efforts have failed; when family and friends have exerted themselves to the uttermost; when the faithful physician walks the floor in despair, exclaiming: "I have never lost a case, it will kill me if I lose this one;" when the quinine has caused deafness and hypodermic injections have induced a complete stupefaction, thus destroying nature's last feeble effort to react, then it is that the patient is said to have "lost resistance."

The statement is an appropriate one, for no sooner does the patient cease to think for himself than he becomes the passive, unresisting object of all the innumerable expedients that have accumulated for generations to the profession of *materia medica*. His sensitive, suspicious, and highly suggestible mind retains without resistance the impression of all adverse conditions,—the rapid multiplying of bacteria as a supposed enemy to the flesh, and the doubtful query in the physician's mind, "whether the vitality of the patient will survive the struggle." These conditions of the mind, so often ignored in the sick-room, make their inevitable imprint upon the body. The rapid increase of diseases that were unknown to the profession a few years ago is sufficient proof that the mind has an ingenious faculty for creating its own disorders. To escape from the artificial structure of disease that has multiplied alarmingly upon the unresisting endurance of the human race would vastly simplify the problem of living. The increase of diseases, of drugs, of specialists, and of trained nurses is rapidly making sickness a luxury which can only be indulged by the rich. Birth is expensive. Disease is expensive. Death is expensive. Disease is one of the degenerate signs of a pseudo civilization, and like all degenerate tendencies it is aped by those who can least afford it.

The reading of doctor's books or a patent-medicine advertisement frequently results in taking on all the symptoms described, which proves that disease enters the body by way of the mind, and shows how the suggestibility of the mind perpetuates disease. It is always an encouraging sign when the very force of necessity brings a reaction, and those who are weaned from the medicine bottle return to the good old nurse, Nature herself.

When the consultation of physicians leads only to a disagreement of opinion, no situation can prove more despairing, unless it be the differences of theological doctrines that point out the way for the salvation of the soul. When doctors disagree the next resort is a relay of nurses, in the forlorn hope that "only faithful nursing can pull the patient through." The whole question resolves itself at length into nature's remedial agency and the recuperative vitality of the patient.

Now I ask, as a reasonable proposition, is it possible that man is so utterly at the mercy of fate that he must stand helpless and despairing while the grim messenger of death takes away the one who is nearest and dearest to his heart? Is there no potency in nature which, if rightly understood, would solve this important problem? What is it that nature has contributed to the drug by which it can manifest even its limited medicinal power? What is the underlying principle of all drugs which, if rightly understood, would be the one healing potency of the universe? In using a multiplicity of powers one is apt to counteract the effects of the other, to destroy the potency of the other. The mind of the practising physician becomes at length bewildered by the very complexities and possibilities of the case, while the probabilities begin to multiply against him. As the crisis approaches he is driven finally into a hand-to-hand struggle between life and death. It is to his interest to simplify if possible the methods of medication; to find, if there be such, the one essence, so pure and so refined that it will be impossible to work injury upon the patient or to produce any reactionary effect.

That there is such an essence in nature has been repeatedly

demonstrated throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Why is it not equally accessible to man? We have observed a wounded animal, that its desire is to be alone and to be silent. In such an attitude of mind the mysterious healing power of nature is drawn to the wound and knits the several parts together. If the animal goes into the silence, why not we? If the animal prefers to be alone, may we not conclude that man would derive some benefit from being left alone with the healing potency of nature? Is it not a practical conclusion that the power which creates can preserve and heal? Therefore, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Our modern theology acknowledges God as the Creator; the tendency is to forget that He is also the Preserver of the universe. We acknowledge Christ as the Saviour; we are apt to forget that He is also the Healer of mankind. Our modern science deals with the laws and powers of the universe as extraneous to man; it is inclined to overlook the greatest factor of this universe—man himself—and to deny the fact that he can actually assume command of his own mysterious mechanism. It requires a highly-enlightened consciousness to eradicate the lingering belief in fatality, a relic of Paganism, which tends to subordinate the individual.

We have observed that silence frequently induces sleep, which is recognized as nature's sweet restorer. But the action of the wounded animal is instructive. Is it not possible for us to penetrate the secret of this healing essence and learn how to use it consciously and deliberately? What is the *vis medicatrix naturæ*? How is it possible to call it into action? Is it will power? Can it be controlled by sheer desperation? Let us try it and see. We attain nothing more than reactionary consequences. Suppose we pray to an anthropomorphic god. Try it, and we only swell the majority of thousands of unanswered prayers. The heavens will smile in the very face of our despair. Why? Because we are trying to alter the laws of nature; but, observe and obey the law and it will serve our utmost need. The scientist would be a fool to controvert the laws of electricity, or to prostrate himself before it. No;

he makes a diligent search and holds himself open and receptive to all the intelligence that comes to him concerning its nature and its laws. Through respecting himself he receives the benediction of knowledge and is enabled to demonstrate that knowledge to the world.

In such an attitude we may also observe the action of the healing influence, and wherever we give our undivided attention the mind becomes concentrated, that is, drawn to a centre, focused to a given point, and through this one-pointedness of the mind we are enabled to extract the essence of every problem that is presented for investigation, and compel nature to render up her secrets.

In such an attitude of mind I once stood before a wounded tree. Some thoughtless boy had slashed it with a knife, and as I approached the tree I was drawn to it with a compelling attraction that I would have found difficult to resist. I realized with impressive force that "nature abhors a vacuum." As I recognized the actual demand that was made upon my own vital energy by this unconscious tree which was rooted to the soil, it came to me with compelling conviction that *all life is one*. I concluded that my vitality was the same essence as that which gave life to the tree, else the demand would not have been made upon me. The fact that I had brought my own mind to a centre had evidently brought me into sympathy with the needs of all nature, by which I responded instantly, according to the law of supply and demand. Through the action of this innermost centre I also attained consciousness of the operation. That dozens of people might have passed this tree and contributed nothing to its life is also probable, since they had not attained that state of complete concentration, and also it is probable that one of sympathetic nature might have given out some vitality, and yet been wholly unconscious of the fact, perhaps even have been exhausted without knowing the reason, just as sympathetic people are easily exhausted in a sick-room.

It is only the conscious recognition of any fact, through experience, that renders knowledge a power. That a certain

subtlety of mind and close attention are necessary preliminaries for recognizing the transference of these vital powers will be easily proved by the utter impossibility of gaining a consciousness of the finer operations of nature without earnest and persistent practice. That the tree was healed and is to-day a healthy growing tree has demonstrated to my own mind nature's subtle method of medication. It may be stated as a law that *every need acquires by its own nature the suction power of the vacuum to demand a remedy*. In other words healing is spiritual nourishment by which the lost equilibrium is restored. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is vitality (*vita*—life), a subtle and powerful essence that pervades all nature. Just as the lungs demand air in order to sustain the breath of life from without, so does the soul nourish itself from within because of this spiritual ether or vitality. This ocean of vitality is not in the least affected by our coming and going, our birth and death. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is perpetually manifest under many forms of expression. It is not mine to give nor yours to receive. There is only the one immortal life, omnipotent, omniscient, and eternal.

To watch the ebb and flow of this mighty ocean, calling the one death and the other life, to imagine that I possess this wave of life and you possess another, is to fall into the deep sorrow of ignorance and delusion. This is to cut ourselves off from the source of infinite supply. When erroneous social distinctions attempt to build a great dam across this ocean and pronounce the water above good and the water below bad, this is the only "damnation" that the world has ever known. These are the conditions by which one can rise only by the fall of his brother, by which one is exalted only as another is condemned. In this separation both must suffer; each in losing something of his life will find in the end that separation is death. There is somewhere a perfect equilibrium.

It seems to have been necessary that man should pass through the actual experience of separation from all that he

holds dearest to his heart in order to reach the conscious realization that

“There is no death! What seems so is transition.”

That is, the passing of the wave from the crest to the hollow and again from the hollow to the crest. Perhaps when we have learned to steer our bark aright we shall be able to make this transition without breaking the golden thread of life, even without losing consciousness. Having resolved our problem back to this golden thread of life it will be seen that just as the spider spins the thread from his own body by which he weaves his web, so do we shape our own destiny from the depths of our innermost consciousness. For any extraneous interference to obtrude itself upon this delicate web of life is only to increase the struggle for existence. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every invalid should be regarded as an individual case, one that has fallen under the stress of the ebb of life and needs to be sustained and revived from within.

It is evident that the subjectivity of the patient is of the first importance. It is to attain this complete subjectivity that the wounded animal desires to be alone and to conserve all his vital energy through silence, to renew this energy according to nature's healing process through sleep. When the will of the patient is held in subordination and the mind which is highly suggestible is given only the suggestions of disease with which the mind of the physician is saturated and such disintegrating suggestions are carried by the family and friends just as birds carry seeds from one place to another, not knowing where they will take root or what noxious weeds may spring from them, is it strange that the patient has eventually “lost resistance”? Why not use this suggestibility for establishing health rather than perpetuating disease?

The thought atmosphere of the sick-room needs to be purified from all mental suggestions of microbes and bacteria, for thoughts are germs of inestimable potency. “Think of the millions of enemies we have working against us!” said one who was fighting a desperate battle with microbes. “Why not

think of the millions of friends that are working for us?" said I. An eminent physician has well said: "Hope is a better tonic than quinine." If any suggestions are borne in upon the mind of the patient it is most important that they should be suggestions of health, strength, hope, courage, and cheerfulness. And these must be genuine, not feigned. A forced smile is like a pardon after execution. No patient is ever deceived by such duplicity.

But above all psychological conditions there is a metaphysical potency, a vibrating wave of vital energy actually communicated to the patient by the metaphysician who has been properly "developed." That is, he has become, through careful training, a radiating centre, able to respond consciously, though hundreds of miles distant, and to restore the patient to the inner harmonious breathing of the breath of life. With a deeper insight into the vibratory action of the life current I am convinced that vitativeness is assured to nature and that artificial methods of living have made man the victim of his own erroneous beliefs.

After serious investigation from every available source, I am bound to acknowledge that metaphysical healing is more than has ever been claimed for it. Mental treatments that consist in silently repeating words of health and wholeness and success—with a logical reasoning process of changing the attitude of the mind from erroneous belief to the truth, from darkness to light—are good as far as they go and produce astonishing results; but the mind grows weary of words if dwelt upon too closely, just as five-finger exercises lose their interest, and for a very good and sufficient reason: because art is greater than technique; because music is free and unrestrained. In its perfection it loses the carefully thought out process by which it attains its growth, just as we forget the letters of the separate words when we have learned to read. We use them still, but they are instantly comprehended. No longer is there a process, for a condition has become established. Music is a state of harmony. A meta-

physical harmony is a state of being that has developed through successive stages until it is wholly unconditioned.

I have already considered some of the dangers of separateness. In no field is co-operation more necessary than in metaphysics. Co-operation is the law of mutual success. It will readily be understood that there would soon be an element of danger if it were possible for a wounded tree or a consumptive patient to draw upon my vitality according to their own necessity, unless at the same time I could attain the consciousness of an infinite supply. That many sympathetic persons are exhausted by the overwhelming needs of the weak and helpless about them is being constantly demonstrated throughout society, where those who are hungry in soul and body prey upon the sympathies of those who are inclined to be humane. Physicians who are sympathetic are sometimes compelled to give up their practice solely because of their ignorance of this spiritual law of supply and demand. Business men fail in business when their sympathies lead them into the deep waters of the credit system. So it is with all who spend themselves upon the world and yet fail to co-operate with the source of their infinite supply.

Metaphysicians lose their power of healing when they forget their oneness with the source of their being. Every theology loses the holy spirit when it falls into the belief that God and man are two, separate and apart. Jesus Christ, the great metaphysician of the world, made the statement: "I and the Father are one." When asked if he were the Christ he replied, "I am." When Francis Schlatter was asked if he were the Christ he replied: "I am," showing that he understood the spiritual law. To have denied his oneness with the Father would have destroyed his power. It was only through maintaining this supreme state of consciousness that he became the instrument of the healing energy. It is for this reason that the metaphysician "holds it not dishonor to make himself equal with God." At the same time it is the spirit that is exalted, not the instrument. "It is not I that doeth the work. It is the Father that worketh in me."

Metaphysical healing, expressed in a word, is **Oneness**. How shall we find that One? Finding it we have found the essence of healing. It is the soul of the universe, the Christ principle. It is the Healer of the nations. Those who seek earnestly shall find it to-day, just as the disciples of Jesus were taught to heal through its potency two thousand years ago, and just as Jesus himself healed, not through his own will, but through the will of the Father. This potency is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. When your spiritual vision is clear you can see it. It is pure as crystal, and shines with effulgent light. It is perfect—omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent. It is unchangeable Being.

This Christ principle is healing the sick to-day through the co-operation of human agency. The metaphysician becomes a human reservoir for conserving the spiritual essence. He becomes a centre, like the sun, for radiating spiritual vitality, a veritable "sun of righteousness with healing in its wings." If we obey the mandate: "Follow me," we shall in time become conscious of the "Christ in us," and receive that potency of divine healing which becomes a great tidal wave of energy mightier than electricity. We are but the instruments through which it functions. We are not separate entities; we are One. Whoever stands separate and apart lessens his power for good. Whoever goes to another for treatment comes to Me. Whoever comes to me is healed by All. There is but one healing potency that is manifest through many instruments. The Christ principle is One and All. All is Life. There is only One.

When the drama of life and death has reached its crisis, when the mortal mind lets go its torturing clutch, when fear, worry, and anxiety have passed their limit, when the conflict of opinion has subsided, when the doctors have given up the case, then follows a brief period of relaxation in which the metaphysician, as a last resort, can usually accomplish the most successful results. He may be thousands of miles away, unrecognized in the flesh, but the demand is made upon his reservoir of spiritual energy. The supply is always equal to

the demand; no more, no less. The healing potency goes forth as the Word of Power, spoken in silence, yet with tremendous effect. The patient mysteriously recovers. This is the only healing power, even where drugs are administered, for its potency in a greater or less degree pervades all nature. It is the one essence manifest in many forms.

Through nourishing the soul with this vitality Jesus was enabled to maintain his fast of forty days, and others in the present day have been enabled to follow his example. It was this nourishment of the soul to which he referred when he said: "I have meat that ye know not of."

That this vitality was communicated to his body, and even to his clothing, is evident from the healing results that followed the laying on of hands and through touching the hem of his garment. That he was conscious of communicating this vitality can be inferred from his saying on one occasion: "I perceived that virtue (*vir*—strength) had passed from me."

I have taken the liberty of substituting the word vitality for the usual metaphysical expression, spirit. Since my own mind has found in this word a practical working potency, as a translation from abstract language to the more concrete, I can only hope that others may derive the same advantage from its use. It is this vitality, as the healing energy, that we refer to when we say: "Loose him and let him go;" also "He that loseth (looseth) his life shalt save it." Why? Because of all life is One.

In the infinite ocean of vitality I live and move and have my being.

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THE PASSING OF THE REVIVALIST.

THE old-fashioned religious revival is a thing of the past. The people of our country to-day who are still young will have none of it. A change has come upon the world touching the ideas, hopes, the very characters of young men and women, fitting them to hear unmoved the old gospel, to listen with curiosity and critical wonder to the fervid oratory and exhortation of the professional revivalist. The Rev. Benjamin Fay Mills was young enough to be caught in this modern current, and it has carried him outward to the sea of universal religion. Mr. Moody preaches with all his old vigor, and his reputation and tact as an organizer still give him great audiences; but the old power is gone. It is the church members and the elderly people who delight to hear him. The young people are off bicycling, or they listen critically, unmoved. Even if they decide to join a church during a revival, they do so in a deliberate, matter-of-fact way that formerly would have suggested doubts as to the genuineness of their conversion.

The typical young man of to-day would at once be beaten in argument by Mr. Moody or the typical revivalist—beaten but not convinced. His premises and the revivalist's are mutually exclusive.

It may be well, perhaps, at this time to review briefly these premises and see how little or how much compromise is possible between them. For the sake of brevity allow the writer to speak in the first person, representing thus as he believes the real thought and feeling of these young people upon whose lives the revivalist has no power, and especially the young ministers of to-day.

The revivalist believes that human nature is bad, I believe that it is good; he believes in the fall of man in Adam, I believe in the rise of man through natural laws and tendencies. I accept the doctrine of evolution propounded by the men of

science as to the origin of humanity upon the earth, and in the slow but very real improvement of human society through the ages, out of the savage and barbarous into the beginnings of civilized life, and steadily on, to this, the best age of humanity that has ever been, but not so good as yet will be. But, practically, it may seem that this difference is not very important, since we all must admit—Mr. Moody and I and everybody else—that there are bad people in the world, men and women who, whether bad by nature or not, are bad by practice and habit; some of them much depraved in thoughts, speech, actions, and in their very dispositions and characters. Since all admit this, why thresh over the old straw of the fall of man, original sin and total depravity? These bad people are to be made good, or at least better, if anybody knows how. The actual vice is admitted. There are people who are dishonest, deceitful, treacherous; can we reform them and make them trustworthy? There are people who will cheat and lie, defraud and embezzle, and break into houses and steal; can we do anything to counteract such wickedness? Then there are the great numbers of people who are over-selfish, tyrants in their homes, caring only for their own comfort and enjoyment—some, besotted, who will sell their wives' jewelry or their children's books or clothes for drink, and others who will do the same through a passion for gambling. And there are the passionate, without self-control, who commit the darkest possible crimes. These all are the actual sinners, the "lost" of our world; if anything can be done to save them, we need waste no time disputing whether their sinfulness dates back to Adam or whether it originated in themselves.

In laboring to reclaim these depraved people and to provide that their number shall be less next generation I would invoke all the good powers and influences of modern life; the laws and officers of the city and State in repressing crime and promoting education; the steady work of the churches, week by week and year by year, the many societies that care for orphans and help the distressed and defective classes. The cultivation of good character among the youth of the

rising generation by good home influences, by good examples and good literature and good preaching and teaching, seems to me the principal thing toward redeeming this "lost" world.

The revivalist does a good deal of good preaching; but his major premise in a good deal of the preaching rests back on that doctrine of the fall of man. He thinks that everybody needs conversion, once in a life only, once for all. The old Adam must be purged out, and the whole person must be regenerated. I think some do not need this. They grow up into virtuous ways from infancy. They enter the higher life without any conversion or change of heart. Their hearts have always been right. Their faces have always been set toward the true and good; they do not need to turn about, but only to go forward.

Yet again we will find common ground in working for those who do need to turn about, or to be converted. Those ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance we will leave to their inevitable joys and turn again to the sinner.

I would exhort him to amend his life, to cease to do evil and to learn to do well. I would offer to lend him the helping hand and encourage him to make the effort. I would endeavor to show him both the present and future joy of well doing. I would try to show that it "does not pay" to do evil, that the pleasures of sin, if there are any, are short-lived and fleeting, while the satisfaction, peace, and happiness of life are all in well doing.

The revivalist urges first of all the necessity of the divine power to change the heart. Man can do nothing for himself till, touched by the Holy Spirit, his very nature is changed. Conversion is thus made a miracle, a divine act. All that the sinner can do is to pray for the change. Or I believe it is still taught that he cannot even do that till the work of the Spirit has begun. So here is the revivalist's major premise: Reformation of life begins in a divine act of conversion; the man's own nature is ruined so that he cannot turn toward the good life. My major promise is that any man can reform, can resolve to lead a better life, that the initiative must be his.

Otherwise I could not exhort him to make an effort, nor blame him if he continued in his evil ways. I cannot accept the sinner's excuse, "I can't help it." I must preach self-reliance and self-help, and that the divine help is in the good resolution. No man should wait for the miracle to start him. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

A second point where the revivalist's premises and mine are mutually exclusive is in the nature of the salvation in Christ.

I teach that *salvation is the good life*, he teaches that it is forgiveness of sins.

When a man who has been a sinner makes up his mind to lead a better life and sets his face heavenward, I think he need not trouble himself about what the Eternal Love will inflict upon him beyond death because of his past sins. It is extent of his ability, make restitution so far as he can for the wrongs he has done his fellow men. When he has done all that he can in that way he should rest content. He ought then to be willing to say to God: "If beyond this I deserve to suffer for the evil deeds of my wasted youth, let the punishment fall. I trust in the eternal justice; I will take what I deserve."

But the old theology affirms that this divine justice is more than man can bear. All Adam's race are under the curse, and God's wrath is hot against sinners, and except for the atoning blood of Christ, no soul could stand justified before Him. Through the atonement of Christ forgiveness is freely offered to all who will accept it, and this is salvation. And further it is said there is no salvation but this only. The good life will not avail.

There is a Moslem legend to the effect that when the great prophet turned from the frivolous life of his youth toward religious things, he was met by three angels who took him afar into the mountains and dissected him. And when they had cut open his heart they found in the very middle of it a little black drop of sin. The angels washed this out, put the heart back, made the man whole again, and after that Mohammed

was pure and free from sin. Now that would be a very desirable kind of surgery, if we could practise it!

We laugh at this Mohammedan notion of taking away sin; but it is of the same order of thought as the old interpretation of the atonement made by the sacrifice of Christ. We ought not to think of the blood of Christ as a magical solvent of sin, nor allow ourselves to dream of the possibility or necessity of washing away past sins. The true atonement in Christ is to be reconciled to God, to grow into a love of God's way of ruling this world, love of his divine nature which is the eternal law reaching through all things. Reconciliation with God means the good life, and the good life is salvation. Salvation is opposed to waste. There are many ways of wasting one's life. All of them are wrong, for life has a great and deep meaning and noble issues. But some are worse than others; many are sinful. To save life for the best, to devote all its energies to the highest, is to live in harmony with God. This is the safe course, the right way, and in the Bible it is called the way of righteousness and salvation.

We of the younger generation are heretics, we stand outside; although we feel our isolation at times we cannot honestly change our attitude. There are things in the old theology that we cannot believe, and not believing, we cannot say their words. Our feeling is that of Whittier:

And yet my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

We need revival of religion rather than theology. Theology needs revision rather than revival. Theology, like all other *ologies*, must advance with advancing knowledge. It takes its place as a "back number" if it is not revised. But religion, being an attribute of human nature, remains ever the same. "Pure religion," said James, "is to visit the widows and fatherless and keep one's self unspotted from the world." That will never be out of date. To be exact, I suppose we should say religion is the group of feelings and convictions that causes

such actions. Religion is that state of heart and mind that leads one to devote his life and all his powers to the uplifting and bettering of humanity. We need a revival of true religion. And when we have said this we naturally go on to the practical thought of how we should labor to promote or stimulate such a revival. And as we pursue the thought we see that real religion is a natural growth in the soul, and is only to be promoted by cultivation according to the laws of its development. You cannot hurry the growth of potatoes by building fires around the field, nor by marching around with a band of music. But you can put in the plough, you can irrigate, you can take a hoe and cut out the weeds—just help nature along. James Freeman Clarke once spoke of a revival in religion being like a revival in family affection. Religion, he said, was mostly love. How would we go to work to have a revival of natural affection in a family? Could we do it by calling the family together and discussing the matter and saying, "Now we will love one another more"? When the question is put in this way it is answered. We see that family affection revives at need. When the oldest boy has to leave home and go out into the world to make his own living, or when he goes away to the war,—all his little belongings in a bundle or a poor little trunk where used to be kept his mother's wedding dress—when the good-by moment comes, the kisses, the tears and—he is gone,—there is a natural revival of family affections. When the baby is sick, or any member of the family, all draw closer together. There seem to be natural occasions for all real revivals of feeling. When we have to make an occasion, say, "Go to, now we will revive this or that," it is apt to seem artificial. The natural occasions for reviving real religion lie thick all about us. Religiously, in a natural way, we are all of one family. There are always the sick and the poor. There is always the boy going out among strangers, there is the girl going out to service, and the sewing woman with her dim lamp and unfinished work. When we are brought close to these things the feeling of brotherly love revives. But the revival we

need should not be a mere spasm of feeling. It should grow strong and deep in our nature, reaching down to habit and up to intellect until the whole life is devoted in an earnest and rational way to human welfare.

A revival of true or real religion is a revival of all the virtues. For behind and within the motive to each good deed is a love of the good which is the same as loving God. We have had, as a nation, a great revival of patriotism. It had seemed for years that patriotism was almost dead; but with the day of trial love of our country arose. There was true religion behind and within this love. I know I felt and still feel that God was in the great uprising of our people, and that through it great good would be wrought for generations yet unborn. And now that the fearful cost of it all is brought home to us, my faith does not falter. It was and is for humanity's uplifting.

We need a revival of honesty, both in private and public affairs. And for real honesty there has to be a motive of the sort that I call real religion. Honesty is the best policy most of the time and in the long run; but every man who is simply sharp and selfish sees his chance now and then to get ahead faster by dishonest means. Then only the religious motive will hold him back. The truly religious in such a case will say, "Right is right, and though I suffer for it I will be true." He who cannot suffer patiently for the right is an unworthy servant of the Most High and has not the spirit of true religion.

DAVID UTTER.

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UNDER THE ROSE.

COSMOPOLITANISM.

The unveiling of a splendid statue of Schiller in one of the public parks of St. Louis was recently made the occasion for a remarkable expression of the American spirit. While the citizens of German birth and blood, naturally, took the leading part on the occasion, the city as a whole honored itself in the testimony afforded by the attendance at the ceremony and the space devoted in the newspapers to descriptions of the event. The central thought inspired by the occasion was evidently the importance of combining with American practicality a larger share of that German idealism for which Schiller pre-eminently stands. Some one has said that "in art there is no nationality." As we go on assimilating and developing the best products of other lands, it will become more and more evident that the same is true in regard to all human life at its best. There will, of course, always be diversity of character and temperament, as the result of diversity in inheritance and environment; but, instead of looking upon these differences as cause for antagonisms, we shall begin soon to see that we may gain very much from each, and that all belong in any large conception of a symmetrical individuality. About the same time that the St. Louis people were celebrating Schiller, the Americans in Paris celebrated the anniversary of the capture of Yorktown. The chief feature of the day was a reception held at the Galerie de Champs Elysées by the Lafayette Society, at which a large number of French and Americans were present, official recognition being evidenced in the attendance of the United States ambassador, General Porter, Consul-General Gowdy and his staff, and the American commissioner-general to the exhibition of 1900. The president of this patriotic society, which is composed, in large measure, of Americans of French descent, is Mr. Le Beau-Fearing-Gill, formerly of New York, but who has been

resident in Paris for several years past. Previous to the reception, a "patriotic pilgrimage" was made to the Place des Etats-Unis, where the Lafayette-Washington statue was decorated. Significantly enough, the *Daily Messenger* of Paris finds the occasion one bringing into prominence "the strong bonds which unite one people to another." It goes on to say: "The old bitternesses between the mother and the daughter country have been, let us hope, forever forgotten, and the triumphs of the American over the English a century ago can be recalled by both peoples with almost equal satisfaction—just as the memory of Gettysburg and Antietam is no longer between Americans fruitful of ill-feeling, but rather a good augury of future union and solidarity." The tendency in certain quarters to regard with suspicion the attitude of France to the United States during the recent unpleasantness is condemned as ill-considered, and the celebration of the battle of Yorktown under the auspices of the Lafayette Society is put forward as proof that "these suspicions are not shared by informed and travelled Americans." It is well, surely, that at this stage of our national development we should be distinctly reminded of the part played by Lafayette and Rochambeau in the campaign which culminated in the victory of Yorktown, and which should certainly constitute an enduring bond of union between France and America. It would be a great pity if the tide of good feeling for England which has recently swept over the country should be accompanied by ill-feeling for France. While Englishmen and Americans must feel drawn together by many ties, we have also close ties with the people of continental Europe. Such societies as this Lafayette Society in France and the Holland Society in New York are tangible evidence of the close relationship between many American and European families, which should prove at least one means of international friendship. Patriotism, daring, and poetic genius are alike commemorated in the bronze memorial tablet in honor of T. Buchanan Read, the author of "Sheridan's Ride," which was publicly unveiled November 1st in front of the

post office at Cincinnati. The memorial was executed from a design by Charles P. Lamb of New York, and bears the inscription, "Here T. Buchanan Read wrote 'Sheridan's Ride,' November 1st, 1864."

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**SCIENTIFIC
ENDORSEMENT
OF
TELEPATHY.**

Sir William Crookes, the eminent Englishman, who, since the death of Huxley, may be regarded as the leader of the world's scientists, recently startled the conservative and slow-thinking by the bold avowal of his belief that "outside of our scientific knowledge there exists a force characterized by an intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals." Casting aside the ordinary theories concerning the action of thought, Sir William has struck out on lines distinctly his own. His address will probably mark the beginning of a radical change of attitude on the part of thinkers and investigators whose names are identified with modern science. "To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gate of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science," is the sentence with which Sir William opened the address that has excited so much attention. Telepathy has at last received the official endorsement of the highest living scientific authority, in words that are unequivocal. "I believe," he says, "that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense; that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized ways. When telepathy takes place we have two physical facts—the physical facts in the brain of A, the suggester, and the analogous physical change in the brain of B, the recipient of the suggestion. Between these two physical events there must exist a train of physical causes. Such a sequence can only occur through an intervening medium. All the phenomena of the universe are presumably in some way continuous, and it is unscientific to call in the aid of mysterious agencies, when with every fresh advance in knowledge it is

shown that ether vibrations have powers and attributes abundantly equal to the transmission of thought. It is supposed by some physiologists that the essential cells of nerves do not actually touch, but are separated by a narrow gap, which widens in sleep, while it narrows almost to extinction during mental activity. This condition is so singularly like that of a Branly or Lodge coherer as to suggest a further analogy. The structure of nerves and brain being similar, it is conceivable that there may be present masses of such nerve coherers in the brain, whose special function it may be to receive impulses brought from without through the connecting sequere of ether waves of appropriate order of magnitude. It is known that the action of thought is accompanied by certain molecular movements in the brain, and here we have physical vibrations capable, from their extreme minuteness, of acting direct on individual molecules, while their rapidity approaches that of the internal and external movements of the atoms themselves." Professor Crookes administers a sharp rebuke to the pseudo scientists who so largely dominate public opinion in America, as well as in England, calling on them to "beware of rashly assuming that all variations from the waking and sleeping conditions are necessarily morbid." Summing up the whole matter, he announces that it is certainly open to science to transcend all we now think we know of matter and to gain new glimpses of a profounder scheme of Law. Citing the famous dictum of a scientist who saw in matter—too long despised and abused—the promise and potency of our terrestrial life, Sir William said: "I should prefer to reverse the apothegm and to say that in life I see the promise and potency of all forms of matter."

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**HAROLD
FREDERIC'S
DEATH.**

Oddly enough, about the same time that Professor Crookes was thus officially stating and endorsing the real basis of mental healing, the orthodox on both sides of the Atlantic have been working themselves into a state of great agitation over the death, in London, of Harold Frederic, the

brilliant American novelist and newspaper correspondent, while under the care of a Christian Scientist. The occasion is seized for demanding the enactment of laws restricting or preventing Christian Scientists or other practitioners of the healing art not officially endorsed by the schools, from practicing their profession. In the case of Mr. Frederic it is admitted that he had been under the care of physicians of the regular school without deriving benefit. Being a man of recognized judgment and common sense, he exercised the prerogative of a free American citizen in choosing and engaging the services of one whose method, it seemed to him likely, might prove more satisfactory. I am not a Christian Scientist, but I do believe in having some say about the system or method of treatment to which I shall choose to resort when I need any healing of mind or body. To be consistent, those who are attempting to hold Christian Science, or Christian Scientists, responsible for Mr. Frederic's death should hold Allopathy and Allopaths responsible for the deaths of everyone not surviving their ministrations. The Christian Scientists have now been at work long enough for a fair test of this sort, and I have no doubt they would be willing to abide by it. We should regard sauce for the goose as sauce for the gander; that is to say, if, in a given number of cases, the Christian Scientists have not succeeded in healing as many people as have been healed by the regular practitioners, they might with reason be refused permission to attempt to heal disease. It is claimed, however, that any such test would show that the Christian Scientist heals two people for every one healed by the regular practitioner. The day is coming when the professional physician, or healer, following the professional priest or preacher, will disappear, and every normal human being be trained to be his own physician and priest. The physician among the ancients was a teacher and not a mere dogmatic prescriber of pills and potions. In the coming century, the true physician will again be a teacher of the laws of health.

**THE NEW
EDUCATION.**

And this brings us to the really live and kicking problem of the day. The new movement in education contains possibilities which few people, even among educators, fairly realize. Its scope, passing beyond the philosophical and pedagogical, is becoming scientific—scientific in a sense larger than most scientists understand the word—in a sense made possible by Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, and by the present-day universality of application of the theory of evolution. Physiological psychology, in actual laboratory demonstration, has now gone far enough to call for a radical revolution in our methods of child training. This is particularly the case in regard to a knowledge of those laws and conditions which affect the development of the child's powers, mental and physical, to the fullest, and to the steady and permanent maintenance of happy conditions of mind and body. With a race trained from the start in a lively recognition of the truth that the body is the temple of the living God, and that there must be sane mind before there can be sane body, the sickly and the weaklings will be regarded as anomalous, and the occupation of the pill-pounder will be gone.

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**CHILDREN OF
PEACE.**

In the midst of all the talk of war and rumors of war, it is interesting to note that a movement is afoot for the settlement on American soil of a body of people numbering more than 10,000 and animated—one might say dominated—in every fibre by the idea of peace. A committee, including Mr. William Dean Howells, Miss Jane Addams, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Dr. George Dana Boardman, Mr. N. O. Nelson, Mr. Bolton Hall, and Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, has in hand the "Tolstoy Fund," organized at the instance of Count Leo Tolstoy for the purpose of aiding in the emigration of the Doukhobortsi. According to the call issued by the committee, "These people—thrifty, industrious farmers, some ten thousand in number—form a Protestant sect whose tenets re-

semble those of the Quakers. Their only offence is their refusal, from conscientious scruples, to serve in the Russian army. For this reason they have been repeatedly exiled from one part of the empire to another, and so persecuted and maltreated by the government officials that their position in their own country has become intolerable. With much difficulty they have obtained permission to emigrate to foreign lands, and steps have been taken to settle them, temporarily at least, in the island of Cyprus; but it is hoped that they may eventually reach America. There is urgent need of funds to enable them to take advantage of the privilege to emigrate which has been accorded to them. It seems appropriate that such money as is collected should be offered to the Doukhobortsy through Count Tolstoy, and that in honor of the seventieth anniversary of his birth it should be called the Tolstoy Fund. This cause lies close to the heart of the distinguished Russian, and nothing could give him greater joy than its success."

* * * *

"Agitate, educate, organize!" John

LABOR ORGANIZATION. Burns's rallying cry during the great dockers' strike of 1888 in London, describes the natural and inevitable order in which the demand of the worker must take shape. This is an age of organization and, as Carlyle has said, "It is time that work, too, was organized." But the labor movement, on either side of the Atlantic, has had to pass through the preliminary stages of agitation and education before it should be ready for organization in any real sense. It is true that we have had organizations of laborers and organizations of capitalists; but these lack the essentials of true organization—inclusiveness and harmony. Their end has been wages on the one side, profits on the other. This has been the source of conflict and waste. Neither can be fully or lastingly successful until both are subordinated in an organization which shall stand for the perfectly economical adaptation of means to end—the means being harmony, skill, and energy applied to natural resources

—the end the best and largest possible production. We have developed geniuses in organization in the political arena and in military affairs. Aye, in spite of division of interests and of purpose, marvellous strides have been made in the organization of industry. But man's mastery of the forces of nature and its exercise with fullest effect wait for the fuller and completer organization which shall bring to the production and distribution of wealth the power and direction of brain and brawn, skill and energy, direction and execution united in orderly, harmonious, concentrated effort. Seeing this, we must hail as a most hopeful step in the actual organization of labor the recent agreement of the United Typothetæ of America (employing printers) and the Shorter Work Day Committee of the International Typographical Union and other allied unions that the nine-and-a-half-hour day should commence on Nov. 21, 1898, and the nine-hour day on Nov. 21, 1899. This agreement was the result of the coming together of the representatives of the employing and employed printers in a fair and manly spirit, the employers frankly laying before the unions the actual present condition of business, which, in their view, made the immediate adoption of a nine-hour day impossible, and the unions meeting the employers half way by accepting a half-hour reduction for the first year, to be followed by another half-hour reduction. It is true that for nearly ten years past the employing and employed builders in Boston and in New York have come together annually and, in the same spirit, amicably discussed and agreed upon a scale of prices for the year. But these were merely local arrangements, while the present agreement in the printing trades is a national one, applying to the whole country and therefore of national, it may be international, importance. Another point of immense significance is that in the printing, as in the building trades, employers and employees have been able to come together in a spirit of mutual respect and consideration because, as a rule, the employers in these trades are, for the most part, men who have themselves served their apprenticeship and worked as

journeymen ; they are themselves master workmen, knowing the work, therefore, and understanding the worker, as no mere exploiter of labor can pretend to know and understand. The trade which has given to us such master workers and leaders of men as Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley, Henry George, W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Washington McLean, William Morris, the Harper Brothers, and the elder Bennett—to mention only a few of the names that must occur to my reader's mind—has always led the way in labor's advance ; we may, therefore, look for large results following a general appreciation of the meaning and promise of this agreement.

* * * *

**TRADES
UNION AND
BRAIN
WORKERS.**

During the recent session of the International Typographical Union of Syracuse, Vice President O'Sullivan of Boston Newspaper Writers' Union No. 1, reporting on this comparatively new branch of the union, complained of a lack of appreciation of the benefits of trades unions among this class of brain workers. "In many large cities," he said, "the compensation of competent newspaper men has fallen far below the dignity of salaries, and must necessarily continue to do so while so many of this class of brain workers remain outside the trades-union movement. The organization he represented is aiming to convince all employed in the editorial departments of the newspaper press that "only by and through the trades-union movement can many of the evils which are now gradually creeping into the newspaper business be eradicated. It would be well, indeed, if not only newspaper writers but those distinctively classed as brain workers in other fields were brought to understand how much they have in common with the mechanics and laborers of the country who form the bulk of organized labor as it is today. It is the fashion among some writers on the labor question to airily express the opinion that all laborers are not hand laborers, and that there is a work of brain as well as brawn. The formation within the International Typographical Union of

these newspaper writers' unions must be accepted as an indication that organized labor, as it exists today in America, is opening to fuller recognition of the common interests between hand workers and head workers. Any organization of workers in America should be open fully to brain workers ; indeed, it must always fail of the fullest recognition in the absence from its membership of head workers, in an age which is constantly reducing the demand for mere mechanical labor, and increasing the demand for mental skill and energy. Through such an alliance and association between men of brain and men of brawn, as developed trades-unionism must offer, organized labor will grow from a class movement into a people's movement, with all the added force for good that must mean.

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**SINGLE TAX
ETHICS.**

Social reformers of every school will welcome the emphasis Mr. Fillebrown places on "breadth and catholicity" in his contribution to the symposium on single tax ethics in this number. Unfortunately, both "breadth and catholicity" have been conspicuous by their absence from both substance and method, in much of the single tax argument — at least, this impression has been conveyed. May we not regard it as evidence of growth that so prominent a single taxer as Mr. Fillebrown now takes occasion to exhibit a genuinely broad and tolerant spirit in appealing for the support of men of all parties and all schools of belief ? It shows, at least, that the single tax propaganda has passed beyond the early stage in which its adherents and disciples exhibited the human proneness to be eaten up with zeal for a new doctrine. It has been whispered that Henry George, toward the last, was minded seriously to modify the instant and insistent demand to which the logic of his argument led him, and would have been quite willing to have adopted the plan advocated by his eminent follower and associate, Mr. Thomas G. Shearman. That is to say, instead of destroying

private property in land values at a single stroke, he would have favored the policy of a gradual absorption of the unearned increment through taxation based on an increasing percentage of land values. If the breadth and catholicity of mind exhibited by Mr. Fillebrown shall have its proper effect, we may look for exceedingly interesting developments in the immediate future of the single tax movement.

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**THE ARENA'S
POLICY.**

A valued subscriber and correspondent in the City of Mexico, in the course of an exceedingly appreciative letter regarding The Arena under its new management, finds fault with what he deems the omission to announce, in my prospectus, "just where I stand." He thinks it due to my readers that the change of management should be explained, and some announcement made as to whether or not this change of ownership means a change of policy. I had supposed that the first sentence of my prospectus sounded clearly and distinctly the note which should make it plain to all men just where I stand. As an absolutely independent review, The Arena can have no other policy than to tell the truth, presenting facts and arguments on various sides of every question of interest, leading the way in opening its columns to radical thought, and enabling its readers to develop their own thinking powers, and form their own judgment. This is what The Arena was meant to be from the beginning, I take it, and what it has been, in the main, throughout the ten years of its career thus far. As to the change of management: The magazine, during the editorship of Professor James Clark Ridpath, was owned by a gentleman engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, who rescued it from suspension nearly three years ago, for the purpose of saving it to the service of the people as a champion of the popular cause. This gentleman being wholly without experience in the publishing business, and failing to appreciate the importance of special skill and training in its management, published

The Arena at a heavy pecuniary loss ; so that when Professor Ridpath resigned the editorship, in September last, the owner felt that he could not afford to continue publication at the heavy loss entailed. Precisely because I believe in the mission of The Arena, and in the possibility of developing its usefulness as an engine of social reform, I at this point purchased a controlling interest in the magazine, and, casting aside all other interests, undertook the work of setting it once more firmly on its feet ; believing that the damage caused by lack of proper business management, almost from the start, and by the premature announcement of suspension, could be overcome, failure be turned into success, and a new and bright chapter opened in The Arena's history. So far as editorial experience and judgment and energetic business direction shall count, The Arena will be a better magazine than ever, and it will go to a larger number of readers. In this endeavor, however, I must depend in an unusual degree on the genuine sympathy and substantial support of all friends of truth and freedom in every field of thought and effort. The Arena's policy is the people's good ; to the people it serves, it can alone look for the subsidy or subvention it declines to receive from the people's enemies.

* * * *

**AMERICA'S
FIRST SOCIALIST
MAYOR.**

The first mayor elected in an American city as a socialist, Mr. John C. Chase of Haverhill, Mass., was inaugurated January 2. The event is interesting, as indicating what must henceforth be regarded the distinctively American line of socialistic development. In Germany, France, and England, socialists have succeeded in electing their candidates to the national legislatures. Although the Socialist Labor party in this country has been in the field nearly twenty years, running candidates for Congress at nearly every election during that time, the first socialist Congressman is yet to be elected. Mayor Chase of Haverhill was the candidate, not of the Socialist Labor party, which has made the

mistake of antagonizing all genuine American sentiment by its emphasis on "class consciousness" and class enmity, but of the newly-fledged Social Democratic party, born in Chicago only a year ago, under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs. The socialists elected not only the mayor, but also the entire city government, including a majority of the board of aldermen. The election and inauguration of these officials mean the entire socialization of the city government, so far as that is possible at this time. In the new mayor's inaugural, he distinctly announced that every atom of power possessed by him, as chief magistrate of the city, would be exercised in the defense and support of the principles of socialism, in so far as they may be applied to a municipality. Among Mayor Chase's specific recommendations are, "the passage of an order establishing the minimum wage for street employees at two dollars for eight hours' work; Union wages and conditions to prevail in all brick and stone masons' work performed under direction of the street department; all city printing to bear the union label. For the relief of the unemployed, the mayor urged the adoption of the Pingree plan of cultivating vacant land, and the opening up of special public works for this purpose. Municipal ownership of public utilities is also recommended. Mayor Chase's reappointment of all the old incumbents of appointive offices, with the single exception of the Overseer of the Poor, as well as the similarity of his program to that already adopted in Boston and other progressive cities, seems like fulfilment of the Fabian prophecy, that the revolution is accomplishing itself so quietly that we shall wake up one of these mornings and find ourselves socialized, without shock or surprise.

P. T.

BOOK REVIEWS.

READERS of "The Journal of Practical Metaphysics" will be especially glad to welcome a book by Mr. Frank H. Sprague, one of the ablest contributors to the Journal, and a prominent member of the Metaphysical Club of Boston. We are glad, also, to introduce Mr. Sprague to readers of *The Arena*, and to announce his appearance in the larger world of the book-maker. Students of the New Thought will at once recognize much that is perfectly familiar in "Spiritual Consciousness," * and may at first glance question the need of another volume. But Mr. Sprague's writing possesses just that quality which most New Thought literature lacks; it has "atmosphere"; it is too broad to be labeled "New Thought." Mr. Sprague recognizes the existence of history, of others who have had thoughts even though they were not "new." The book bears the stamp of the thinker, of one who looks beyond special issues to discover their relation to the wisdom of all time. This is especially desirable in the treatment of New Thought problems, since there is a strong tendency to limit the New Thought to a study of mental healing. The book abounds in practical suggestions, is in line with the broad ideals of the time, and is distinctly thoughtful in style. Typographically, it is marred by the excessive use of italics; otherwise, the volume is attractive. I bespeak for it a wide reading.

AN INSPIRING LIFE STORY.

The story of Catharine of Siena is very effectively told in an attractive little volume by Arthur T. Pierson.† The life of this remarkable woman, one of the strongest religious characters in history, is singularly inspiring because of her

* Cloth, 12 mo., pp. 238, \$1.50. F. H. Sprague, Wollaston, Mass.

† Catharine of Siena, 12 mo., 68 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co.

remarkable faith in God — a faith which gave her power to resist the fearful plagues of the fourteenth century — the ability to read character, carry everything before her, and accomplish a vast amount of good among her fellow creatures. Her life was comparatively short, thirty-three years, yet in this brief period she figured as one of the chief personages of the age, not only because of her practical benevolence, and her influence over the pope, but also as a preacher, and as a master of style. Her character is portrayed by Dr. Pierson in a style which will appeal to all classes of readers, regardless of religious creed.

THE RELATION OF THE CHRISTIAN TO CHRIST.

The purpose of another volume by the same author,* may be best stated in his own words: "Those three short words, 'In Christ Jesus,' are, without doubt, the most important ever written, even by an inspired pen, to express the mutual relation of the believer and Christ. . . . When, in the Word of God, a phrase like this occurs so often, and with such manifold applications, it cannot be a matter of accident; there is a deep design. . . . What that teaching is, in this case, it is our present purpose to inquire, and, in the light of the Scripture itself, to answer." The book is accordingly devoted to a study of the epistles of Paul, in the light of the clew suggested by these words.

MR. LOOMIS'S LESSONS IN OCCULTISM.

"Practical Occultism," by Ernest Loomis,† is a series of articles on self-help, the practice of spiritual meditation, and the power of thought, which have appeared in pamphlet form and proved helpful to thousands of readers. The doctrine presented bears close resemblance to a similar series of pamphlets by Prentice Mulford. "True thinking is soul-growth," is one of the author's watchwords. The fact that

* In Christ Jesus, 176 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. Funk & Wagnalls.

† Chicago, Ernest Loomis & Co. Cloth, 135 pp., \$1.25.

these pamphlets have had such a wide sale attests the widespread belief in the therapeutic and spiritual power of thought.

TWO ATLANTIAN STORIES.

"Sema-Kanda: Threshold Memories, a Mystic's Story," by Coulson Turnbull,* will appeal chiefly to lovers of occultism, since it possesses no value apart from the ideas it inculcates. It is the story of the happy life of two souls in Atlantis. Their separation previous to the destruction of that imaginary continent, and the vicissitudes through which they passed, ere they could be once more united, male and female in one. The character of the doctrine is well illustrated by the following quotation:

"The soul careens on and on through cycles of existence, each round producing a series of associations that become the intelligence whereby its ideals are determined. These ideals are ever growing grander. We have not reached the grandest expressions of the soul. There are still hidden in its divine potentialities, newer beauties, lovelier treasures, happier birthrights. . . . Faith is the power that gives the soul its drawing force."

The style is much better than usual in books of this character, and the book, as a whole, is very readable—to lead those, as we have said, who enjoy tales of the occult.

It is difficult to understand the purpose of "Her Bungalow, An Atlantian Memory," by Nancy McKay Gordon.† The author, in fact, confesses herself ignorant of its purpose, since the volume "is simply a setting to words of some idealistic experiences of many years ago." But out of what at first promises to be simply the marriage of mysticism and orthodoxy, of bad grammar and mixed metaphor, at last one detects the thread of a connected doctrine, namely, the ultimate duality in unity of the soul, its separation in heaven, the descent into experience of its masculine and feminine parts, their occasional meetings, their struggles, transitions,

* Chicago, Purdy Pub. Co., 12mo., cloth, pp. 254, \$1.25.

† Chicago, Hermetic Pub. Co., 12mo., cloth, pp. 238, \$1.25.

and final union at the close of all incarnations. Its strongest word is spoken for love.

"The key is love. He who loves, lives; he who loves not is dead; he who loves himself alone, lives in hell. . . . He who loves others, lives in heaven, because the desire to love, and bring good, reacts and compels harmony."

The story will be chiefly interesting to those who are initiated in knowledge of occult lore, those for whom dream-visions and mystic symbolisms are the highest embodiments of spiritual truth.

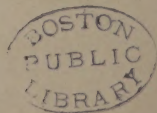
OUT OF NOTHING, NOTHING.

"No Beginning, or the Fundamental Fallacy," by W. H. Maple,* is a thoroughly sound, common-sense exposure of the error in reasoning on which is based the belief in creation out of nothing, and the existence of a First Cause apart from the universe. According to the author's reasoning, something always existed; all things, in some form, or in substance, eternally existed. "No uncaused thing or event ever existed; a First Cause, if it existed, was an uncaused thing or event; therefore, no First Cause ever existed." The argument is unanswerable, the contention that the universe never had a beginning, one which every thinking mind now unqualifiedly accepts. The effect this acceptance has upon orthodox theology, it is the chief object of the present book to show. The book will at once appeal to the reason of every reader, and leave him more amazed than ever at the prevalence of the theory of creation.

* 166 pp., cloth, 75 cents; published by the author, 164 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.



B. FAY MILLS, IN THE FORUM.



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No. 2.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

NOTWITHSTANDING academic disproof of Natural Rights, the doctrine retains its hold on popular movements and legislation. The controversy is mainly a matter of words. Political economy originated a century since, as a science of the production of wealth. The past generation has witnessed its transition to a science of the distribution and consumption of wealth. We need now to see that it is, at bottom, a science of beliefs concerning wealth. In the popular mind, these beliefs are known as Natural Rights. But nature here is not the physicist's nature. It is not the physical universe, but the *idea* of the universe. It exists in the mind. And, indeed, we know no other universe. Herbert Spencer has given us a doctrine of Natural Rights based on the physical universe and its evolution. But the doctrine is only Spencer's belief about the universe. He says:

"If we adopt pessimism as a creed, and, with it, accept the implication that life in general being evil, we should put an end to it, then there is no ethical warrant for those actions by which life is maintained; the whole question drops. But, if we adopt either the optimist view, or the meliorist view—if we say that life, on the whole, brings more pleasure than pain; or that it is on the way to become such that it will yield more pleasure than pain—then those actions by which life is maintained are justified, and there results a

warrant for the freedom to perform them. Those who hold that life is valuable, hold, by implication, that men ought not to be prevented from carrying on life-sustaining activities. In other words, if it is said to be right that they should carry them on, then, by permutation, we get the assertion that they 'have a right' to carry them on. Clearly, the conception of 'natural rights' originates in recognition of the truth that, if life is justifiable, there must be a justification for the performance of acts essential to its preservation; and therefore a justification for those liberties and claims which make such acts possible." *

True, indeed, there is no belief in human rights for one who takes the pessimist's view of nature. But, had Spencer been reared a Hindu or a Buddhist, he would have considered that life itself was not worth living, and that the higher the life the greater the pain. His view of nature would have been pessimistic, instead of optimistic. Slavery and caste, or suicide and Nirvana, would have been his ideal, instead of perfection of life. Spencer has simply taken for granted the Christian view of nature and man. Nature is what we see with the mind's eye; we see what we look for; we look for that which harmonizes with our moral character; our moral character is our religion—it is that which, in our deepest selves, we really want. It is not logic nor science, but passion and desire; it is not changed by argument or demonstration, but by example and conversion. It is life and action inspired by a social environment of beliefs and institutions. Not cold science shapes our beliefs, but warm faith. We may call it Nature and Reason, or we may call it God—it is, in either case, that which we, above all things, love, and which we feel must surely rule and explain this otherwise aimless world about us. This is religion. "Art and religion have this in common," says Brinton,† "that they make a study of perfection, and aim to embody it in actuality; whereas science, or positive knowledge, confines itself to reality, which is ever imperfect. Perfection is, however, an

* Spencer, "Man vs. the State."

† "Religions of Primitive Peoples," p. 234-235.

unconditioned mode of existence, not measurable by our senses, and hence outside the domain of inductive research. The tendency of organic forms and cosmic motions is always toward it, but they always fall short of it. We are aware of it only through the longings of our subconscious minds—not through the laws of our reasoning intelligence. Yet, so intense is our conviction, not only that it is true, but that final truth lies in it alone, that it has ever been, and will ever be, the highest and strongest motive of human action.”

Art aims at material perfection; religion at moral and social perfection. That which we believe is right is that which we believe squares with moral and social perfection. Call it Natural Right or Divine Right, it is the basis of political economy.

The particular form and content of this belief in a perfect society is the historical product of the religion which has been handed down to us, and of the industrial conditions which bind us. Buddhism considers each man but a drop, momentarily tossed up from the ocean, to sink back again and be lost. Such a drop has no rights, wants no justice, commits no sins. It seeks only to escape from pain, and craves pity, not justice. Brahmanism holds the Sudra to have been born from the feet of God, ever to be the servant of the twice-born Brahman who springs from the mouth of God.

Christianity sees in men the sons of God, brothers to one another. They are persons, like their father, having eternal rights in a perfect kingdom of God. For them not only is there pain, but also sin; not only pleasure, but also righteousness; not only pity, but also justice; not only resignation, but also rights. Hence comes the first question about rights. *Ought* men to have the rights of life, liberty, employment? This is the question of religion, of opinion, of our belief about nature and man. This question is ultimate. It cannot be argued. It is desire, not logic. We can only say that the answer is not absolute. It grows with the growth of civilization. It rises with the higher opinions of man's worth. The

right to life is primary. The rights of liberty and property are the conditions on which personal character and responsibility are based. The right to work is the right of access to the land, the machinery, the capital, whose products support life and liberty.

The recognition of this new right is a reflection, not only of higher opinions about man, but also of new industrial conditions. And here we must stop to note the ambiguity in the word "right." It has first an "adjective" use, opposed to "wrong." This is that which is morally right, which squares with our belief in moral and social perfection, which answers to *ought*. Its second use is "substantive," and denotes a social relation based on coercion. There are two kinds of substantive rights, *popular* and *legal*. Holland defines a right* as "One man's capacity of influencing the acts of another, by means, not of his own strength, but of the opinion or the force of society." The former, he calls moral, the latter, legal right, but the terms popular and legal are preferable, reserving "moral right" for the adjective use. The difference between a popular right and a legal right is this: the one is enforced by indeterminate persons, the other by constituted authorities definitely selected for the purpose. Now popular and legal rights have no necessary connection with moral right. Both may be morally wrong. An ignorant, degraded, vicious society may sanction slavery, prostitution, and involuntary poverty. But such sanction is wrong when judged by a conscientious person who seeks to know and do what is right. This is the case with the right to work. It is a new right under new industrial conditions, which the popular conscience is beginning to believe morally right. But it must inevitably meet hostility. It is clearly and plainly an encroachment upon property rights, and those whose interests are mainly propertied, will, unless balanced by a devotion to man as well as property, array themselves in opposition. But this has been the problem of all new

* "Jurisprudence," p. 70.

rights of man, and has been found in the outcome to have sprung from illusion and defective insight. Already the property of the community is pledged to furnish subsistence to every man, woman, and child, but on condition that the recipient brand himself with the mark of pauper. The right to work removes this brand. Also the condition of dependence which follows from the failure to recognize this right, is unworthy the moral freedom of both proprietor and workman. It is the poet and not the economist who feels this.

See yonder poor, o'er labored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil.
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn!

The foregoing are a few conditions bearing on the moral question of the right to work. The second question about right is, *can* man have the right of life, liberty, employment? Here we pass from questions of belief to questions of expediency, or, more precisely, to questions of necessity and freedom. In order that the morally right may be incorporated into social and legal right, men must be free to choose and act as they wish. There is neither right nor wrong where necessity rules—only success or failure. The history of civilization is the evolution of opportunities for free choice, and, therefore, of moral right and personal responsibility, through the suppression of necessity. Metaphysicians dispute over the freedom of the will. Their contests are empty, because they overlook the fact that individual freedom depends on social conditions. Free will is illusory if it does not end in free action, and free action is impossible where society has not yet overcome the hard physical facts of necessity. What, then, are social necessity and social freedom?

There are three kinds of necessity. First, *climatic*, that

which is beyond and above the control of man. The seasons, the winds, the zones, the ocean currents, the isothermal areas, established conditions of necessity, which man has but meagerly overcome, and in contest with which his freedom is only an illusory and empty option between life and death.

Second, *material* necessity, that which man gradually overcomes through science, invention, and art. The material products which men consume, and use, and enjoy, are but the raw material of nature, worked over by human thought and labor. They are simply the products and services of others. Material freedom is the control over a wide range of these products. The savage is not free, because he has but few social products to choose from. The civilized man is free, because he can choose all the way from bibles, paintings, schools, homes; to whiskey, roulette, and prostitutes. In doing so, he simply commands and controls the services of others. This the economist calls wealth. It is material freedom. The savage is first a slave to nature, and is freed from nature by enslaving his fellow man. Slavery is, originally, neither right nor wrong—it is necessary.

Third, *competitive* necessity, that which marks the struggle for life, and is overcome by organization, monopoly, and government. When the British soldiers were imprisoned by the Indian rajah, in the Black Hole, with only a six-inch window for air, their beliefs in love, justice, mutual help, which stimulated their marches and battles, were utterly crushed in the death of the weaker and the survival of the stronger. When a thousand workmen compete for five hundred jobs, it is to the credit of human nature and the police, if they do not cut each other's throats. When capitalists bankrupt their rivals, it is only the recluse, the agitator, the prophet, who whispers or shouts, "Injustice." The man in the struggle sees only necessity. It is vain to speak of freedom, or of right and wrong, where the choice is limited to life and death, to success and failure. The first obligation in war is victory, and that is the reason why "war is hell." But when victory is won, when competition ends in monopoly, when organization

and subordination take the place of struggle, then the victor is free; then he can listen to the still, small voice of right. Thus it is that the trusts and monopolies, which have outgrown competition, are ripe for the claims of morality. And, with increasing influence in society and government on the part of wage-earners and salary-earners, whose proportions have grown with accessions from the defeated competitors, the moral right to work tends to become a popular and legal right.

Here the important distinction must be made from the French theories of the right to work, of the revolution of '48. The theory was impracticable, at that time, because the competitive era had not given way to the monopolistic. Louis Blanc and his associates plainly saw that the right to work (*droit du travail*) involved the organization of labor (*organisation du travail*). But the form of organization which he desired was artificial and military, and not the natural outcome of the struggle for existence. His laborers were organized in national workshops (*ateliers nationaux*). Eleven men constituted a squad, with a corporal at their head; five squads a brigade, with a brigadier; four brigades a lieutenancy, four lieutenancies a company, and as many companies under one chief as were necessary.* Such organization could not possibly succeed in competition with the highly specialized and compact forces of the large corporation which has demonstrated its fitness by the sheer fact of survival. It was hoped that the *ateliers nationaux*, once initiated by government, would gradually crowd out the private establishments. Their failure plainly proves the contention of this article, that ethical considerations are not adapted to competitive purposes. The latter are governed by necessity, the former are available only when competitive necessity yields to monopolistic freedom.

The right to work must also be clearly distinguished from the socialist's theory of labor's right to the entire product.†

* See Singer, "Das Recht auf Arbeit," Vienna, 1894, p. 44.

† Singer, as above.

The latter is based on a theory that labor alone creates all wealth, a theory which dates back to the time when political economy was a science of production of wealth, and which is now seen to be inadequate. The right to work springs not from a theory of production, but from a belief in the worth of man as man, and an insight into the material and social conditions which foster manhood. It is a right of the worker, not to the entire product, but to a definite standing supported by law within industry along with the capitalist proprietors. What this standing is, will appear below.

The right to work must again be distinguished from the right to free industry and the right to free employment. Liberty has been described as, not a grand simple right, but a bundle of rights. There are the rights to free opinion, speech, and press; free assembly, free exchange of property, free industry, free employment. Free industry is the right to leave the ranks of wage-earners, without let or hinderance from one's employer, or lord, and to enter the ranks of capitalists and employers, *if one is able*. Monopoly now has antiquated this right, since the small capitalist, to say nothing of the *quondam* laborer, cannot compete with the large and established industry. Instead of starting anew as a capitalist, the laborer can only hope to get promotion or to invest his savings within the industrial organization where he finds himself. Likewise, with the right to free employment, which is the right freely to leave one employer, and to hire out to another. This right, also, now is meaningless, where there is but one incorporated employer or federated employer, like the railroads. The successor and substitute for the rights to free industry and free employment, must, under new conditions, be the right to a definite and *right* standing, within the existing industrial enterprises.* This is the Right to Work. But the right to work, like the right to liberty, is not a single glorious right to be granted by plebiscite, but a bundle of rights to be earned, one by one. What each

* See Commons, "Distribution of Wealth," N. Y., 1893, p. 80.

particular one is, must be discovered by a close analysis of the kinds and causes of lack of employment. Following, is the briefest possible attempt at such analysis.

There are three kinds of lack of employment. First, *arbitrary discharge*, whether for adequate reasons, such as inefficiency, dishonesty, and insubordination, or for inadequate reasons, such as religion, politics, oppression. Here, the right to work is sustained by legal, or so-called compulsory, arbitration. Employers object to legal arbitration because, under it, they "cannot manage their own business"; and, therefore, the government must become responsible for profits and losses. The objection overlooks the fact that the right to work, like the right to life, liberty, and property, can be forfeited, and the courts are constituted for the very purpose of determining when such forfeiture has occurred, judged by standards of moral right.

This fact of forfeiture is also a complete answer to those who fear that the agitation aroused for the right to work will prove dangerous, and that the shiftless and demagogical will claim that the State must furnish them work, whether they do it well or not. Arguments for the right to work, are indeed demagogical, if not accompanied by arguments for the duty to work, and for the forfeiture of the right, in cases of inefficiency, dishonesty, and insubordination. What shall be done with those who have forfeited the right is a problem of education, charity, and prison reform.

Employees object that arbitration courts would be controlled by employers. Herein, we are but repeating the history of the right to life, liberty, and property. Courts were introduced not merely to secure *right*, but to secure *peace*; to abolish blood, revenge, feuds, and "fist law," and so to protect the public as well as the parties to the controversy. Some authority has said—his weight does not matter—that if every decision of all the courts had been exactly opposite from that rendered, justice would have been as well done, as was actually done. Even if this were true, courts are not to be condemned. They have at least made the decisions peaceful,

instead of violent, and only thus could the popular conscience reach those higher, ethical opinions where the unjust laws and decisions of the past could be corrected.

Second, loss of employment through *improved machinery* and *trusts*. It is said that laborers themselves are benefited by these improvements in the long run. While this is true of laborers as a *class*, yet the individual laborer's life, it has been truly said, is not a long but a short run. There are three parties to be considered in the case of inventions and improvements of this kind,—the laborer, the employer, the public. The employer gets the immediate gain in lower costs of production; the public gets the ultimate gain in lower prices of goods; the laborer suffers the immediate loss. For him there are four alternatives: he must find similar employment elsewhere, he must learn a new trade, he must work at an inferior trade with a lower standard of life, or he must become a pauper. If we agree that only the first and second alternatives are permissible, it follows that the laborer has an ethical claim for compensation like that which the State grants to property-owners, when it exercises the power of eminent domain. The laborer has been encouraged by society to fit himself for a particular trade, and when this trade is abolished in the interests of society, the employer, first, and society, ultimately, should share the loss with him. The methods by which this can be accomplished, are matters of social invention and experiment. The German working-men's insurance, with the premiums contributed,—one-third by the laborer, one-third by the employer, and one-third by the State,—seems to be a venture in this direction.*

* The Massachusetts Legislature of 1896 (chapter 450) has recognized the right to work as analogous to the right to property, and has provided, as an amendment to the Metropolitan Water Act, which had condemned the property of the village of West Boylston, a method of compensation to laborers similar to the compensation granted to property owners in proceedings under eminent domain. The Act reads:

"Section 1. Any resident of the town of West Boylston employed by any corporation, partnership, or individual at the time when the plant of such corporation, partnership, or individual is taken, and work therein stopped, on account of a reservoir for the Metropolitan Water Supply, and who is obliged, by reason of such taking, to seek employment elsewhere, shall have the right for one year from the termination of such employment as aforesaid, to file a claim for damages with the Metropolitan Water Commission, and if the same is not settled within sixty

Third, loss of employment through *depression of trade*. It is objected that here the laborer has no just claim, because he should have saved money in times of prosperity. The objection falls, in the face of inadequate wages, unstable employment, and the failure of government to guarantee security for savings, and to educate in thrift. In lieu of economic reform giving stability to industry, the right to work during depressions is more or less protected by employment bureaus, labor colonies, and public emergency works.

The above are only suggestions of methods that might be devised if the public conscience should really get converted to a belief in the right to work. The immense wealth, the perfected organization of business, the democratic governments of western civilization, have removed the material and competitive necessity which prevented its recognition. We only await the quickened conscience, the religious revival, the enlarged faith in natural rights, which shall move all peoples to utilize these new and rich opportunities of freedom.

What are some of the advantages to be gained by enforcing the right to work? It abolishes involuntary poverty. It permits rigid treatment of voluntary poverty, or pauperism, by removing all excuse from the able-bodied beggar and tramp. These can then rightly be treated as criminals. At present, the burden of proof is on the charity-givers, to show that the beggar *could* get work if he wanted it. Then, the burden would be on the beggar, to show that he was unable to work, notwithstanding that he could get it. Society gains by the prevention of strikes, saving thereby millions of dollars yearly. This more than compensates the increased taxation required to support insurance, courts, employment bureaus,

days within the filing thereof, he may bring a bill in equity in the superior court for the county of Worcester for the adjudication and collection of such damage. Any number of persons deprived of employment as aforesaid, may unite in such bill, and the withdrawal of any shall not prejudice the rights of others.

"Section 2. It shall be the duty of the court to ascertain whether or not such claimants have resided, and been employed, and deprived of employment as specified in this Act, and, if so, to issue a decree in favor of each to recover the actual damage which he has suffered by reason of such loss of employment, not, however, to exceed the sum of his wages for six months at the rate of wages paid to him for the last six months prior to such suspension of employment."

Sections 3 and 4 protect the state against imposition.

and so on. Above all, the right to work brings a higher manhood, a self-respect and respect for others, a strength of character, in the place of the servility, sullenness, and eye-service, which stamp the mass of laborers, and the distrust, severity, and caprice, which mark the character of those who have arbitrary power over their fellows.

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SPAIN'S DECLINE AND FALL.

THE decline of Spain may be traced to the Spanish character more than to any other cause, and the underlying basis of that character is superstition, nurtured by blind obedience to ecclesiastical and civil authority. Other nations have been, and are, superstitious, but none are so deeply blinded as Spain, and, while others advance, she alone recedes. Decaying Spain is the only existing landmark of the dark ages. Ever at war, she little understood the art of war, and, with the cross for a battle-flag, she undertook to Christianize the world, placing more reliance upon the prayers of the clergy, and the miracle-working powers of holy relics, than on the valor of her soldiers. Her wars were ever for religion and conquest, never for freedom. There have been many insurrections in Spain, but seldom a genuine revolution due to love of liberty. Bowed down by superstition, the people were satisfied with their servile condition, because they knew no other, and believed their sole mission on earth was to convert the remainder of the human race to their way of thinking,—or rather, of not thinking,—and, failing this, to exterminate them. This is the principal cause of the decay of Spain. Some historians attribute it to the expulsion of the Moors, which is partly the cause, but in no other country could this barbarity have taken place. A people capable of such barbarities as were meted

to the Moors and Jews, was capable of the inquisition, and, when that was established, the downfall of Spain was written in the Book of Nations; for the people had surrendered what few liberties they possessed, and the clergy reigned supreme. The priesthood are ever at variance with the principles which make a people wise and great. They are jealous of their power, and seem more concerned in enslaving a state, than in saving souls. While other countries, jealous of their liberties, restricted the growing power of the church, Spain did the reverse. As a consequence, the others advanced; Spain stood still, then began to decay, and will continue decaying until the end. It has fallen to America, discovered by Spain when in her grandeur, to strike the blow which will hasten this disintegrating process, and consign this nation to her final doom. Heretofore, her strength has been in her weakness. Uninfluenced by civilization, and having only a baneful effect upon everything she came in contact with, she was practically isolated from the world of nations; looked upon with contempt by many, distrusted by all. Spanish honor has become a synonym for hypocrisy, and her valor but another name for cruelty and butchery. The wonder is not that the downfall of the nation is certain, but that it has been so long delayed.

A century ago, Thomas Jefferson expressed a thought that was, about a quarter of a century later, embodied in the much-quoted "Monroe Doctrine." He believed that Spain could not hold her American possessions "until we are strong enough to take them." He foresaw the decline and fall of Spain, and his only concern was, that some other power would wrest them from her before we became "strong enough to take them." He then put forward the doctrine of non-interference by European nations with affairs on this continent.

His words have proved to be those of a statesman; his hopes have been almost completely realized. The brief prosperity of Spain — a century is a brief period in the history of a nation — was not due to the people themselves, but resulted in spite of them. It was the bright age in her dark history

when she, fortunately, had good and enlightened rulers. When the progressive age ended, or, rather, when the bigoted rulers succeeded the wise ones, the dark ages came again. The people, besotted with superstition and servility, always opposed progress, and were not only incapable of self-government, but did not want it. There were revolutions, or uprisings, but they were local, and for local effect—for plunder and offices.

The United States present a striking example of a free, independent, and enlightened people. This country is not dependent upon those who may happen to be in office. On the contrary, it advances in spite of weak or corrupt officials. Some of the most prosperous periods of our country came when we had the weakest rulers. With the United States, it is the people, not the government; with Spain, it is the government, not the people. If Spain has progressive rulers, the country is progressive; if they are weak, or corrupt,—and they are generally both,—the country declines. Such a dependent people are unworthy of liberty.

But, Spain had fought so long for “religion,” and become so deeply imbued with bigotry and blind obedience to the clergy, that the Spaniard cared nothing for personal liberty; much less for liberty of conscience. In fact, they had surrendered the right to think, or of inquiring whether they ever had any rights; or whether, as human beings, they were entitled to the exercise of a God-given reason, to freedom of action. It may be said that Spain began her national career in a war with the Suevi and the Visigoths, who overran the Iberian Peninsula. The Arian war lasted about a century and a half. It was a war for religion rather than for independence, but it so happened that in fighting for one they were fighting for both. In this struggle, the empire nearly fell to pieces. The clergy seized the opportunity and raised the church above the state, and it has never unto this day loosened its baneful grasp. Thus, at the beginning of the seventh century, Spain had lost what little liberty she had possessed, and the church was more powerful in the Peninsula than in any other part of Europe.

The same relative power still exists. A century later, the Mohammedan invasion began, and, within three years, the entire country was conquered, except the almost inaccessible mountainous regions. It took Spain eight centuries to accomplish what the invaders accomplished in three years. While this may not speak well for the effective fighting qualities of the Spaniards, it evidences the stubbornness and bull-dog tenacity of the people our country may have to deal with for some time to come. This, too, was a religious war, though they were also fighting for their homes. About the time of the discovery of America, this holy war ended, and the cross was planted over the crescent throughout Spain. Then followed the infamous decree expelling the Jews, who refused to deny the faith of their fathers, and the establishment of the inquisition. In following up their religious conquest by expelling the Jews and Moors, Spain showed her customary obtuseness, for these were the laborers, artisans, and manufacturers, who had made the country prosperous. With their departure, industry languished, factories were closed, the fields remained untilled, and poverty reigned in a once prosperous land. For the Spaniard considered it beneath his dignity to work—he could only be warrior, priest, or state official. Everybody prayed, no one worked, the land was overrun with bandits and beggars; while churches, convents, and priests increased to an alarming extent, eating the substance of the poor farmers, even taking the roofs from the houses of those who were too impoverished to pay the high taxes constantly levied upon them for the support of the unproductive, so-called privileged classes.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, Spain entered upon a career of prosperity, which continued for another century, a career almost unparalleled in the history of progressive nations. The discovery of America had given to her a vast territory covering sixty degrees of latitude; Cortez conquered Mexico; Pizarro subdued the Peruvians and poured immense riches into the Spanish treasury; they also acquired Central America, San Domingo, Jamaica, and Chili;

and in Africa, Spain had taken Ceuta and Tunis, and terrorized the Barbary Coast. She boasts that she still holds Ceuta, a penal colony. In Asia, she had extensive settlements, including the Spice Islands, and made a conquest of the Philippines to establish communications between her vast possessions, for she had also acquired the Balearic and Canary Islands, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Netherlands. At this time, it is believed her possessions comprised nearly two thirds of the globe, and her armies had been successful against France and Turkey, the latter then one of the strongest powers in the world. By diplomacy, she influenced the councils of France, Germany, and England, through the intermarriage of reigning families. Military ardor was at its height, literature and the arts advanced; and it is remarkable that this century produced more able writers than all the previous history of Spain, and no succeeding age has surpassed that brightest page in Spanish literature. But, this awakening was short-lived, for it had no solid foundation. This fleeting prosperity was due to the succession of able, liberal-minded, progressive rulers, not to the efforts of the people. When incompetent rulers ascended the throne, the grandeur of Spain began to decline, the descent was more rapid than the advance, the twilight of her brilliant, though brief, prosperity had cast its shadow. The people were opposed to progress, and without their co-operation all efforts were in vain. The prosperity of a country must be built upon the intelligence and industry of the people, else it is not lasting. By trusting blindly to rulers, Spain was almost always miserably governed. Frequently reduced to bankruptcy, humiliated, and, finally, dispossessed of her immense territories, she sank from a first-class power to one of the most insignificant.

The decline of Spain after her brief century of prosperity, may be dated from the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," which was sent against England, not for the spread of civilization, but to stamp out what the Spaniards termed heresy, for Protestantism was gaining ground, and the power

of the English clergy was being lessened. Spain ever considered herself the custodian, or dictator, of the religion of the world, and never hesitated to wage war against unbelievers, or those who differed from the Spanish church. These continual wars gradually weakened her power, and when the Invincible Armada was destroyed, she obtusely believed that it was not due to the superior fighting of the enemy, but to the vengeance of God visited upon them because they had not sufficiently punished their heretics. Accordingly, the fires of the "Holy Inquisition" were made to burn the fiercer, and in a few years their bigoted land was purified, according to their ideas of purification, and the church party ruled supreme. Darkness again spread over the land.

A few years after the failure of the crusade against England, the Spanish empire began to crumble. She lost, among other possessions, the Netherlands, Malacca, Ceylon, Java, and Portugal, after which came the crushing defeat at Rocroy. This blow, it is generally believed, broke the martial spirit of Spain, and her decline now became more rapid. Soon she was forced to renounce all claim to Holland, and cede away parts of Flanders, and fortresses in the Low Countries. This was followed by the surrender of territory to France, which made the Pyrennees the boundary between the nations. Other parts of Flanders were lost, and, in the eighteenth century came in rapid succession, Gibraltar, Majorca, Minorca, and Ivizza, and in the latter part of the century the disintegration was renewed by the loss of the Nootka Sound settlements, and San Domingo. The falling away was even more rapid in the early part of this century, when Spain lost Louisiana, which then extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern lakes; also, Trinidad, Florida, Mexico, Venezuela, Nicaragua, Peru, Guatemala, Honduras, and the remainder of the Central American isthmus. In this general uprising, ending in 1821, Spain lost all her possessions on the American continent. Her decline had been more rapid than her rise, and though she was humbled as a nation, and frequently had the mortification of seeing

her territories divided, she still believed herself to be a great nation. She believes so now.

During the height of her prosperity Spain was governed by foreign rulers, or the immediate descendants of foreigners. It was these who inaugurated the reforms which caused the nation's brief prosperity in spite of the lethargy of the people, and when they were succeeded by Spanish rulers, all progress stopped, and the decline began. So low was Spain reduced, that her armies and navies were frequently commanded by foreigners, generally English or French. So low was the ebb of statesmanship, that men capable of conducting the finances and other governmental departments, were invited from abroad. It was a shameful admission to make, but it was a fact, nevertheless, and owing mainly to the incompetency and dishonesty of the ruling classes, whom those in power feared to trust. The same state of affairs exists in Spain today, and this corrupt incompetency was recently exemplified in Cuba. In addition, Spain had become powerless in naval armament.

She had neither ships, nor the skill to build them; the art of navigation had been forgotten, or neglected, and there were no sailors to man her vessels. Again, foreign aid was asked, and laborers were invited to settle upon her waste lands, from which she had driven the industrious Moors, and to make the country again prosperous. After her freebooters had discovered rich silver and gold mines in New Spain, or Mexico, foreigners were employed to dig the ill-gotten wealth upon which many Spanish houses of nobility were built. Other nations, even though only half-civilized, would have felt the sting of shame, at this degradation and unparalleled ignorance, but not so with Spain. To labor was beneath the dignity of a Spaniard, and ignorance was considered a virtue, rather than a national crime. While other nations advanced, Spain declined, and the contrast made the decline seem more rapid. It was remarkably rapid, considering that the world was emerging from a thousand years of darkness and superstition, and while all others were progressing, Spain

alone was retrograding, decaying, hastening to her ignoble destiny.

The fires of the reformation had been kindled in superstitious Scotland, and England had been enlightened. A spark was wafted to bigoted Spain, but it was soon extinguished under the tortures of the inquisition. The world now saw there was no hope for a nation deeply imbued with superstition, and strongly opposed to popular education, the only remedy. So long as the church is in power, so long will Spain continue to decline, until her fall, and, judging from recent events, that is not now far distant.

Though Spain discovered America, the wrongs inflicted upon the natives were innumerable, and of the most inhuman kind—characteristic of the Spanish nature. She came not to spread civilization, but for plunder; and not finding it, the country was no more thought of until she heard that a colony of French Huguenots, escaping the persecutions of the church at home, had landed in Florida. An expedition was fitted out, bearing aloft the cross as a battle-flag, and, landing upon the Florida coast, these zealots committed one of the bloodiest massacres in their long history of crimes. True, it was avenged, but it was invited. The expeditions of Cortez and Pizarro were also for plunder, and not in the interests of civilization. So long as these freebooters forwarded the King's fifth, they might murder the natives at their brutal pleasure; for the Spanish character is evidently so constituted that it revels in cruelty. Spanish rule in the Antilles has been one of uninterrupted barbarity. The natives were enslaved, and made to work, while expeditions were sent out to prey upon the commerce of the world. Failing in their efforts to break the proud spirit of the North American Indians, the Spaniards began the importation of negroes from Africa, and to Spain we are primarily indebted for human slavery in the United States. The barbarities practised by the Spaniards, in this inhuman traffic, are unparalleled in the world's history, and are almost too horrible for belief. It taxes human credulity, and would not be believed of any other people but the Spaniards.

No attempt was made to civilize the natives of the countries conquered by Spain, for she little understood civilization, and was the natural enemy of progress. On the contrary, she destroyed what little civilization she found, and left the wretched natives, poorer and broken in spirit, neither civilized nor savage, possessing the virtues of neither condition, and both. Their places of worship were destroyed, their priests dethroned, and the natives were flogged into submission. Like the Moors, they were not permitted to speak their own language, nor to observe the customs of their fathers. Even their names were changed — they must be Spanish in thought, deed, and name. In California, then part of New Spain, even the names of the Indian villages, and of the rivers, and other natural objects, were changed, Spanish being substituted. Here, the conquest was more successful — the extermination of the natives more complete. But, in the southwest, now New Mexico, whither the adventurers had been attracted by the fabulous stories of the Seven Cities of Cibola, built of gold and silver, the Spaniards met with a temporary reverse. The natives rebelled, murdered the priests, and burned their church buildings, just as had the Spaniards when they invaded the country. But this rebellion, like the Moorish uprising, was soon quelled, and with about the same barbarity. Here, too, the natives have wasted away, as everywhere else under Spanish tyranny. Her rule has ever been one of tyranny and injustice; the people are not consulted. The Spaniards are content to fight for the cross and the honor of Spain, whatever that may happen to be at the time, and they also want a share of the plunder wrested from other countries. But, her days of conquest for plunder are ended, and her future efforts will be concentrated at home, where, at last, the people show some signs of awakening from their long slumber. No country can permanently prosper unless the people are industrious, and industry is not a characteristic of the Spanish race. Her temporary greatness was the result of other brains and hands; their work has been undone by blundering and corrupt Spanish officials. Spain

is dying with mock dignity and false pride,—the author of her own misfortunes,—content within her impenetrable walls of ignorance, yet hastening to the inevitable end.

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CURRENCY REFORM.

SENATOR Henry Wilson, February 13, 1862, referred to the efforts of our government, then in peril, to relieve its financial distress through the legal tender act, in these words: "It is a struggle between the brokers, jobbers, and money-changers on the one side, and the people of the United States on the other."

Thaddeus Stevens, December 10, 1862, said in the house of representatives: "The bill which I introduced some days since to provide means to defray the expenses of the government produced a howl among the money-changers, as hideous as that set forth by their Jewish cousins when they were kicked out of the temple."

Hugh McCulloch, in his report as Comptroller of the Currency in 1864, wrote: "Hostility to the government has been as decidedly manifested in the effort that has been made in the commercial metropolis of the nation to depreciate the money as it has been by the enemy in the field."

William Pitt Fessenden reported, as Secretary of the Treasury in 1864, that, "The solution of the problem (the violent fluctuations in the price of gold) may be found in the unpatriotic and criminal efforts of speculators to raise the price of coin, regardless of the injury inflicted upon the country, or desiring to inflict it."

Thomas Jefferson wrote to John Taylor in 1816: "I sincerely believe with you, that banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies."

When Jackson protested in his message of 1832 against the

"exclusive privileges, which undertake to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful," Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, wrote: "As to the President's message, I am delighted with it. It has all the fury of a chained panther, biting the bars of his cage. It is really a manifesto of anarchy, such as Marat or Robespierre might have issued to the mob of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and my hope is, it will contribute to relieve the country from the dominion of these miserable people."

The United States Bank went down under Jackson's attack, but Benton well prophesied from the floor of the senate: "The tigress has been driven from her lair, but she has not been killed. She will come forth again surrounded by all her whelps."

These are the utterances of earlier statesmen, who attempted to defend the people against the aggressions of those, who, as Jefferson said in 1816, "have an interest as distinct from that of the community as that of drones is from that of bees."

There yet remains a democratic party which is pledged to this work ; there are yet public men, willing to devote themselves to the same defense of the popular rights, even though they realize that there was no idle threat in the utterance of the President of the New York State Bankers' Association, April 27, 1895: "The politician, high or low, who today turns from the straight course of sound money and the gold standard, stabs dead once for all his every chance of political success, especially if he wants to be President."

The money forces are now organized and have their headquarters at Indianapolis, where the Wall Street dominion will not be so apparent. They have a large establishment, devoted to propaganda work, and, though a voluntary association, have had sufficient influence to secure recognition in a special message of President McKinley to congress. They have their own representative at the head of the United States Treasury, whose special mission is demonstrated by the fact that he was appointed by a republican and protectionist President, when he was a free-trader and called himself a democrat. It is com-

mon knowledge that President Cleveland was urged to appoint the same gentleman to the same place in 1893. What Secretary Gage's mission is, he himself has made clear. He calls it "currency reform," a euphemism for "currency revolution." The sum and substance of this so-called reform appears in the Secretary's testimony before the banking and currency committee, the culmination of which may be found in the banking measure now pending before the house of representatives (House Bill No. 10,289).

This bill proposes to retire all government paper, and to place our currency system under the exclusive control of the united banks. As the gold standard defenders have dubbed their ruinous product "sound money," so they now put forward this cataclysmal scheme under the innocent title "currency reform." In no republican newspaper, in no utterance of republican leaders, in the late campaign, has there been even an inadvertent reference to this banking bill; its existence is ignored, and "currency reform" is its synonym. In the recent monetary debate at Omaha, two members of the banking and currency committee of the house were put forward to oppose government issues of paper; Mr. McCleary, who has given his name to the bill, and Mr. Fowler, whose name the bill at one time bore. Under repeated challenges and taunts, these gentlemen declined to discuss their own measure, and even to mention it. That such silence was preconcerted needs no proof.

In the recent political campaign, no champions of this banking measure appeared on the republican platform, although challenges were issued from democratic quarters to indorse or repudiate the bill now pending before congress. In Massachusetts, it was deliberately and repeatedly charged by democrats, that it was the republican purpose to smuggle this great measure through the campaign without informing the republican constituency of its nature; yet no republican senator, congressman, or newspaper would speak or publish a line concerning the bill. Yet, with republican success in the election, the same newspapers are teeming with sur-

mises, whether the President will call an extra session of congress for the sole purpose of securing "currency reform."

Plainly, a matter which is of sufficient importance to call for an extra session of Congress, is of sufficient importance to be explained to the voters. Yet, at the end of a congressional campaign, ninety-nine one-hundredths of the people are ignorant of the contents and purport of the measure which constitutes "currency reform," in the administration's meaning of the phrase.

It ought indeed to be apparent now that there was a pre-concerted plan to keep the voters in ignorance of the new banking scheme, and one need not go far to find the reason. Nine-tenths of the people, regardless of party, would oppose this measure, if they understood it.

The money forces do not gain their advantages through votes, but by ignoring votes. The demonetization of silver was accomplished secretly; the silver dollar has been discredited through the acts of successive secretaries of the Treasury; the treasury note of 1890 was made redeemable in silver dollars, yet the secretaries of the Treasury agreed to redeem them in gold; bonds of the government are payable in coin, yet the present secretary of the Treasury proposes that they shall be paid in gold: clearing house certificates are subject to a tax of ten per cent. by law, but no administration has yet enforced the tax. The President of the United States, in his last message, declared that the necessity for currency reform involved "some plan to protect the government against bond issues for repeated redemptions" of United States notes in gold: yet if the President observed the law and exercised the government's right to redeem in silver the demands for redemptions (i. e., gold for export and bond speculations) would cease at once. The President, like his predecessors, creates the necessity of which he complains, by refusing to adopt the course by which the Bank of France maintains its gold fund intact and the French monetary system in a sound and efficient condition. There is not an evil in our monetary

status of today which is not deliberately created, contrary to law and administrative duty. Secretary Carlisle in 1896 made a wanton onslaught on the integrity of the silver dollar, by declaring that it should be redeemed in gold. No line of law can be found to warrant such an attempt to debase lawful legal tender money of the United States. These points are merely illustrative of the methods by which the money agencies obtain their end without consulting the people.

But the besetting question is whether these agencies can now secure a revolutionary measure in their own interests without a popular vote. They can if they are able to make the republican party their tool. A leading republican newspaper of Boston reports from Washington, that while some leading republicans "believe it policy to have no extra session, and no currency reform, many less conspicuous republican congressmen are going to the President with quite a different story. They believe the business men (sic?) who stand back of the Indianapolis movement, constitute a factor in politics too strong to be disregarded."

The same paper suggests "If the currency question is postponed to the regular long session, nothing will be done; for the administration has no desire to spring the currency issue upon the country on the eve of a presidential election."

Probably these items fairly express the political dilemma of the present administration. It knows the unpopularity of the banking measure if disclosed in a campaign, and yet, if it can be made a law in an early extra session of congress, the mighty power of the combined banks would be made an ally in the coming presidential campaign. In the last analysis, it is merely a question whether this bill shall be passed without submitting it to the people. The Indianapolis Banking League demand it, and the President must decide whether he will incur their ill will, or that of the people.

If the bill passes the 56th congress, its passage will be a deliberate deception of the republican voters. There is no line in the republican platform of 1896 which foreshadows such a measure. The treasury is filled with gold to reple-

tion ; the revenues will be ample when the war expenditures cease ; the treasury balance is too large. The gold standard is established to the utmost limit of its devotees. Why then should there be any "currency reform?" They who ask this question are uninstructed. From the very beginning, the gold standard has covered the plan of the bankers to obtain absolute control of the currency system of the United States. Secretary Gage is the product of that plan, and the President must reckon with his political obligations incurred without the knowledge or consent of the people. The Indianapolis movement is the money power organized with a purpose. It is "the tigress with all her whelps," come for her prey, as Benton promised. The charter of the United States bank was a small matter compared with this. That bank was one of many; this is a matter of many in one. Our whole currency system is to be taken from the control of the people, and the united banks are to assume command of it. They propose to maintain the gold standard, and gold redemption of their own notes, to regulate the rates of interest, to control the volume of money ; and all this without responsibility to the people of the United States.

This is a stupendous plan, but it cannot now be misunderstood. The house bill No. 10,289 was framed at request of Secretary Gage; and the Indianapolis authorities, in an address to the business men of the United States, say, "The recommendations (of this bill) include the features of reform sought by the monetary commission in its report. Every advocate of change in our currency laws, and every citizen and business man who seeks safe and stable things in finance, should immediately recognize the vital importance of complete support of the measure." The great banks of New York and their associates are after a great prize. The republican leaders see the danger of yielding to their demands, and no doubt there will be a contest within the administration ranks. We await the result.

Meantime, it remains to instruct the people as to the character of the scheme. The Indianapolis league urges the

people to "write immediately to your congressman to favor this bill." Let the people understand this measure and "write immediately to their congressmen to oppose this bill."

No doubt the leaders of the democracy will be grateful to the republican party, if it furnishes such an issue, but it is far too important to be dealt with from the standpoint of party interest. For the present it is not a party question.

The essential points of the proposed banking measure are as follows: Provision is made for a division of issue and redemption in the treasury, which is to take charge of redemption and exchanges of money, with funds, delivered for the purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury. All obligations of the government are to be paid in gold, and even the 460,000,000 silver dollars are made redeemable in gold by the treasury, on demand.

It may be noted here that the claim of relief to the treasury from the so-called "endless chain" of note redemptions, must be stamped as a mere pretense, when one of the first provisions of the bill is an addition to the government's redeemable obligations of silver dollars amounting to more than the total of the United States notes and treasury notes combined. This first step, then, increases from \$445,000,000 to the enormous total of \$909,000,000, the liability of the treasury to redeem in gold.

It will be found upon critical examination, that the alleged retirement of the United States notes is really only a substitution of other notes, identical with the old notes, with the simple addition of a bank's promise to redeem the notes, on demand, in gold. If the banks should be unable, or unwilling, at any time to redeem these substituted notes, they will be thrown upon the government treasury for redemption, just as the United States notes may now be presented.

The note so issued as a substitute for the United States note is called a "national reserve" note, identical in form with the greenback, but containing the promise of the national bank to which the note is issued, to pay the same in gold, on demand. These "reserve" notes are issued to the

banks in exchange for a like amount of United States notes, delivered by the bank to the treasury. A five per cent. fund is deposited by the banks to secure the redemption of these "reserve" notes.

It is apparent that this substitution is a mere subterfuge, as the government remains liable for the redemption of all the reserve notes, if the banks refuse to redeem them. As such refusal would occur at any time when gold is scarce, the government would be compelled to assume its liability at the worst possible moment. Bond sales at such a time would be at a sacrifice, and perhaps sufficient gold could not then be obtained at any sacrifice. At the same time, the repudiating banks could throw silver upon the government for redemption. Thus, in the final analysis, the government's present obligation to redeem currently \$445,000,000 in notes, is changed to a liability to redeem \$900,000,000 in a time of gold famine. The scheme reaches the summit of folly.

But the price to be paid for the banks' indorsement of the United States notes is even more to be deprecated. The banks are to receive the privilege of issuing eighty per cent. of the amount of their capital, in notes secured only by the assets of the bank. A five per cent. "guaranty fund" for these so-called "currency" notes is deposited, in gold, in the treasury; but as this fund is only applicable upon default of the bank to pay gold for its notes, such a deposit cannot be called "security"; it is merely a stored asset of the bank, to be applied to the note in process of liquidation. Other banks may be assessed one per cent. in a single year toward this security fund, but in case of a general suspension of gold payments by the banks, such a levy would not raise an appreciable amount toward the redemption of the hundreds of millions of unsecured bank currency.

It should be said in passing, that the present bond-secured note is to be continued for a time, but as the bond security may be entirely withdrawn in eight years, such a temporary provision is not worth discussing in connection with the ultimate and permanent conditions.

In concrete form, the note-issuing power is as follows: a bank with \$1,000,000 capital may deliver to the treasury \$400,000 in United States notes and receive \$400,000 in reserve notes. It may then have \$800,000 in circulation notes and operate with \$1,200,000 in notes, together with its remaining capital of \$600,000, a total of \$1,800,000. Their \$1,200,000 of notes must be paid on demand, in gold; if such payment be refused, the bank is to be placed in liquidation. It is apparent, however, that no such process is possible in case of a general suspension of gold payments, as the concurrent liquidation of all the banks, when the money of these banks constituted the nation's currency, would create widespread ruin. The limit of unsecured circulation, not subject to special tax, is eighty per cent. of the bank's capital. The present capital of the national banks is \$640,000,000. But state banks are invited by the bill to enter the system. Such banks have a reported capital of \$325,000,000; thus presenting a capitalization of nearly \$1,000,000,000, and note-issuing power of \$800,000,000. The surplus and undivided profits of such banks, now amounts to over \$500,000,000, which may be capitalized. Thus, \$1,000,000,000 of note-issuing power may fairly be contemplated.

It may fairly be asked how these banks and the government are to get and retain sufficient gold to maintain current redemption of their obligations. It is assumed in all arguments against government issues of paper, that such issues drive out gold. Bank issues will not operate otherwise, and this system promises to open with the loss of gold, at the very time when the need of gold increases. Furthermore, the steadily increasing foreign holdings of American securities which command gold in our market in payment of principal and interest, will allow Europe to draw upon us at will.

The committee on banking and currency attempted to answer this question with the assertion, that the sea-board banks can control gold exports by raising the rate of interest. The plain answer to this proposition is, that only creditor countries can make their rate of discount thus effective.

One cannot get money from a creditor, when the creditor has only to cancel the debt to meet any temporary trade balance.

Furthermore, it is familiar that the process of attracting money by raising the rate of interest, means only a reduction in the price of goods. Thus our staple industries must pay the cost of the needed gold, in products. But, if this process were otherwise possible, it is only conceivable when the banks of the country are combined into a practical monopoly. Thousands of banks, acting independently, will destroy any interest rate; if they can be compelled to conform, such controlling force is the realization of a banking trust.

Such, indeed, seems to be the necessary result of this banking measure, if it is not its main purpose. The bill provides for the establishment of branch banks. It is clear that such a provision is a roving commission of piracy against the small banks. They must obey the orders of the master banks under penalty of competition from the latter, with their large capital and deposits to back them. The very authority to enter any community with a branch, would give the great banks the power speedily to convert the small banks into branches.

Another provision of the bill is equally efficacious. Each country bank is compelled to have a redemption agent in the clearing-house city of its district, and its notes cannot be paid over the counter of a bank in another clearing-house district unless the issuing bank has a redemptive agency in the district. Thus, if a local bank desires the general circulation of its notes in the country, it must, through its own clearing-house bank, secure agencies throughout the country. Its notes will thus remain in general circulation and in bank reserves, in ordinary times. But, if any bank should offend the great banks, its notes could be collected at once and sent in mass for redemption. This would be an instrument of ruin.

It is also apparent that the city banks will hold the bulk of the gold fund, while the small banks will issue most of the "currency notes." These will then be dependent upon the great banks for their very solvency, at all times.

As "currency" notes are legal tender between banks, the city banks could compel the country banks to receive bank notes in payment of their debts, and in returning their reserves, and the country banks would have no power to command gold for redemption purposes. With all these levers under the small banks, their dependence is assured, and a banking monopoly is certain to result. Such a monopoly will be more stupendous in its power than any which the world has seen, or the mind of man conceived. The Comptroller of the Currency has shown that the banking power of the United States is nearly one-third of the world's banking power. The political influence of such a money trust would be so vast, its control of business and merchants would be so complete, that patriots may well tremble at the prospect of such a consummation.

At this writing, the President is reported to be weakening in his determination not to call an extra session of congress to pass a bill for "currency reform." It is easy to see that the temptation of a political alliance with such a giant force may be too great for the President to withstand.

There are minor provisions of this bill, which are open to serious criticism, but not worthy of space in the face of the general policy. One provision, however, illustrates the tyrannical spirit which characterizes the measure. The division of issue and redemption is placed in the hands of three comptrollers, who shall be appointed in the first instance for four, eight, and twelve years respectively, and thereafter appointments shall be for twelve years. Thus, if appointed by President McKinley near the end of his term, all will hold through the succeeding administration, and a majority through the administration following. But lest the popular house, or a new President, should interfere with these officials, the bill provides that they shall only be removed with the consent of the senate upon charges in writing. This is the most vicious attack upon our representative system, which any power has yet ventured. Partizanship may well be cast aside to defeat such a scheme.

But the main point, after all, is the abandonment to the banks of the people's sovereign power to control its own currency. If such power is to be given to the banks, they may as well have all they demand, for the country is in their power. Kings and emperors have guarded the sovereign power of issuing money above all others. In all the compromises made by monarchs with their peoples, this privilege has never been yielded. It remains to be seen whether our government will give up this power. It is certain that it will never be done through a popular vote. It can only be consummated if the republican party has so far come under capitalistic domination as to yield this great power to the bankers, not only without popular consent, but contrary to the known will of a vast majority of our people.

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HAS LIFE A MEANING?

An ideal perfection is the only ultimate reason for existence. —*W. M. Salter.*

I N the preceding issues of the *Arena*, I have spoken of a number of psychological and philosophical questions usually neglected in discussions of the problem of freedom and the study of the therapeutic doctrine known as the "New Thought." Namely, the problem of the soul's existence as a center of spiritual activity, the relation of the New Thought to ethics and to the doctrine of fate, and the meaning of individuality in reference to different theories of ultimate being. These are vital questions in any philosophy, problems which, to believers in the New Thought and students of Orientalism, are of special significance. I now propose to consider them under the heading of the meaning of life, and return to these problems in the following numbers of *The Arena* in connection with an analysis of the statement "All is good." The point of view is that of the independent

truth-seeker, by no means the disciple of any particular system of thought.

If we ask, "In what sense may life be said to have a meaning?" all philosophers would probably agree in expecting the universe to be rational. In the terms of the Hegelian philosophy, "whatever is real, is rational." If our consciousness, our life, even our spiritual vision, is real, it is also rational; it is capable of being rationalized. There may be much in our spiritual life that is, as yet, real only for feeling. But when it becomes the subject of thought, it must conform to the standards of thought, and take its place in a rational system. The philosopher asks, "Why does this phase of life exist?" He undertakes to *explain* life, to account for the universe as a principle. He asks to know enough about the mysteries of being, even the dark problem of evil, to enable him to justify or understand the existence of evil. He seeks to develop a system so complete that no sensible question could be propounded which he would be unable to answer. If he did not believe it possible thus to assign reasons for things, to systematize or unify all knowledge in accordance with a universally valid principle, the philosophic task would obviously be absurd. And the one test which the rationalist persistently applies to alleged explanations of life is, "Do they really explain?" Or, if not, what part of science is still excluded, what aspect of our nature remains unsatisfied?

Usually the unsatisfied portion of our nature is the higher self. As surely as the intellect insists that life is rational, that our account of it must appeal to reason, so surely does the moral sense and the longing for the spiritual life demand that they shall have place. Clearly, then, life can have no meaning for those who recognize the demands of the higher self, unless that self is to triumph. Or, to put it more broadly, I think all would agree that human life could have no satisfactory meaning unless man were an active agent, with probabilities of success in the realization of ideals.

If we analyze our relationship with the outer world, we find that the fundamental physical fact is the existence of force.

We live amid a surging, struggling sea of forces, conservative, evolutionary, consuming, and constructive. So far as we know, there is no evidence that force was once created, or that its sum total changes. All the evidence, examined by reason, points to its eternal existence or conservation. We do not, then, need to ask *why* it exists, but *what* is force, and how does it act? All that is needed to account for the stupendous variety of the universe is :

(1) Ultimate force, capable of differentiation into all these forms we perceive, holding all elements in solution ; and (2) Life, or mind to direct its differentiation, the progress of evolution to higher and higher organisms, the mineral, vegetable, animal, and mental worlds. For it is not enough to posit the existence of mere blind force ; the evidences of design are too strong for that. There is both motion and the power that directs it. Force is not blind. It works toward definite ends. It accomplishes, it causes to evolve, it sustains, it lives, it loves ; for, ultimately, it is guided by the wisdom, the love, the spirit of God.

Yet, even when regarded as the manifestation of God, the universe would have no meaning for man if he were merely played upon by this sea of forces. All our activities imply that we hope to accomplish something, and believe we shall succeed. Yea, more, observation has taught us that the world is an exact system, that action and reaction are equal. We know from positive experience that we can not only act, but see the results of our action coming swiftly toward us. It is futile, too, to suggest that all this may be illusion, that we only *seem* to act ; for we can disprove that hypothesis at any moment. And this appeal to actual fact and our power over it is coming to mean more and more among philosophers. Formerly, the universe was assumed to exist for thought. It was futile to appeal to sense, or will. But now the analysis is not for thought's sake only. The search is for a conception of reality which shall also satisfy or include feeling and volition, the factors of activity or accomplishment. Moreover, life would be the most tantalizing form of imprisonment

imaginable, were we doomed to be mere helpless spectators among such a wealth of possibilities, were we compelled to witness our own destruction, unable to lift a finger to save or to protect. It is also clear that a God would be hard and cruel in the extreme, who should create us without power of action. For why should he send us here only to torment us? Why should he create us at all, unless we are capable, each and every one, of adding something new to his universe?

The possibility of individual action I take, therefore, to be the reason for creating sentient beings; and, among them, man, as a matter of fact, is found to have the fullest active power. For not only has he powers of locomotion and sensibility in common with the lower animals, but he is also gifted with keener mental powers, which enable him to outwit their greater physical strength.

In other words, force acts in two ways, (1) action and reaction are equal; (2) action yields to the action of some other force. A large part of our activity is reflex, conforming to the general reflex-action type. Yet we also possess the power of inhibition, the origination of a reaction differing from that which the nerve stimulus would tend to provoke. The mind redirects for ends of its own, ends which sensation does not supply.

That which in general directs and redirects force, gives a new turn, originates tendencies, refashions, recreates, causes to evolve, is the principle of spiritual activity. Considered thus at large, it is God; in ourselves, it is the soul. That the nature and place of spiritual activity is really the central problem of life, is evident from a glance at the following schedule:

The central problem of psychology is the nature and function of activity.

The central ground of ethics is the power of choice, the moral deed, activity in the moral world.

The central fact of the universe is the presence of directive intelligence, or active design.

The central need of conduct is the development of wisely conscious control of our spiritual activity.

The central remedy of all practical thought is the wiser use of our powers of activity.

The central problem of philosophy is the meaning of the principle of activity in general.

The fact that man acts, is, therefore, the starting-point of all sound attempts to wrest from the universe its meaning. It is true, thinkers in the past have believed that the fact of knowledge was the starting-point. Modern philosophy begins with an attempt of this kind, in Descartes' famous *cogito, ergo sum*: I think, therefore I am. But existence of some sort is clearly prior to knowledge. It is not through knowledge, as such, that I am made aware of the existence of a real world, but through feeling, life, action. Feeling is, in fact, ultimate, immediate, universal. We cannot leap beyond it to see what lies outside. We cannot for one moment escape from it. Thought, however, is secondary. It tries to comprehend feeling, to account for and picture it. Yet thought can never overtake and fully grasp feeling, for the reason that feeling ever surges on to deeper, fuller experiences.

The existence of feeling implies that I act. We become aware of pain, for example, as something pressing in upon us, as force making itself felt. It meets other force, or resistance, hence the painful sensation. "Force solicits force, and force only *is*, in so far as it is solicited." I must act, I must be active in order to be acted upon. I become aware of the active world of nature only so far as I, too, am a lively center of force.* But the fact that I act, implies that I am. I must *be*, before I can *do*. The proper form of the statement, therefore, is, as Prof. Andrew Seth puts it,† "*Ago, ergo, sum*": I act, therefore I am. We may accordingly accept activity as the basic fact of life, implied alike in feeling, in thought, and in volition; the bone and marrow of existence.

But it happens that the problem of activity is just now the vital issue among psychologists. It is necessary, therefore,

* I am using the term activity as applicable to all our states of consciousness, including those usually termed "passive"; since a state of complete inaction is impossible. See Stout, "Analytic Psychology," Vol. 1, page 168.

† "Man's Place in the Cosmos,"

to look yet further into the evidence for its existence, before we can proceed to a consideration of the place of man's activity in the universe as a whole.

Current psychology has been aptly termed the "psychology without a soul," because it treats human consciousness as a succession of mental states dependent on the brain, not demanding the existence of a permanent ego. According to this view, "ideas go off or explode, as it were, in movements of their own accord. There is first the idea of the movement, as in contemplation, and, second, the perception of the movement as executed."* But a little reflection shows that our ideas have only the form we give them. There is a difference between mere thought, and thought accompanied by action. Ideas may direct, but there is an efficient energy that performs. As Fichte pointed out, the efficient force is not in the ideas, but rests with the will of the self that chooses them. Any number of ideas may pass through the mind without leaving their traces behind, so long as the will does not choose them as ends of action, or subjects of continuous thought. Ideas become dynamic, they become real springs of action *when I cast the die of activity in their favor*. A thousand ideas pass ineffectively through the mind, to one that we seize upon and make the motor image of action. "Ideas in themselves are pale and ineffective as the shades of Homeric mythology." It is absurd to think that they marshal themselves, and that one out of a thousand "goes off"; for they stand in need of an efficient governor, or chooser. To doubt that there is such a chooser, or agent within, is really to doubt the existence of the human mind, since its essence consists in this active difference from the states it contemplates.

"Among all the errors of the human mind," says Lotze,† "it has always seemed to me the strangest that it could doubt its own existence, of which it alone has direct exper-

* Andrew Seth. "Man's Place in the Cosmos." See his able refutation of Münsterberg's theory. Chapter III.

† "Microcosmus," I. Bk, 2, ch. 5.

ience, or to take it at second-hand as the product of an external Nature, which we know only indirectly, only by means of the knowledge of the very mind to which we would fain deny existence."

It is customary among physiological psychologists to describe the mind as conditioned by its physical states. But how came it that there is a mind to be so conditioned? The question still remains, "What is the mind?" To leave the question here, would be like describing the structure of a prison cell as such that it permanently confined a noted prisoner, without telling who that prisoner is.

It is equally true to affirm that matter is found only in association with mind, that our knowledge of it is conditioned by mind. In any case, then, mind is nearest us, the given conscious fact is most fundamental; it is that alone through which we know of the existence of either mind or matter. The acceptance of the mind, therefore, as ultimate, fundamental, primary, volitional, dynamic, seems to be imperative, if we are to believe in our existence at all.

When we fairly look into the matter, we find a wealth of evidence pointing to the existence of an active spiritual principle within. We find there, a self capable of grasping the thought-stream, so to speak, and extracting new ideas from it, a self that does not contemplate, in bare, passive resistlessness, but is capable of originating new feelings, of giving rise to new efforts. Moreover, it is capable of inhibition, of self-control, of self-denial, of a flood of emotions and states unlike anything found in nature. It possesses self-consciousness, the marvelous power of unifying a vast number of objects under the head of a single idea; it can introspect, and possesses the same identity throughout its marvelously varied and complicated moods. It is the continuous principle of consciousness which makes possible our knowledge of the discontinuous. For the *process* of change, the disconnected, is quite different from the *consciousness* of change,* the spiritual principle that makes us continuously aware of it. The

* See Green's able analysis, "The Prolegomena to Ethics." Bk. I, ch. I.

contrast may be stated in terms of that which is "determined from within," and that which is "determined from without," the self-caused change or activity of the soul; and the externally-caused change of which the soul is an observer.*

How the soul can preserve the same identity, cannot be fully answered, because the self is never wholly given as object. But that does not disprove identity, as some have thought. Like ultimate Being, we cannot grasp it all, yet we have evidence of both its identity and its unity. We are equally unable to account for the existence of variety amid unity, in the universe as a whole.

We have to accept the existence of contrasted and varied forces in one universe as a datum or gift of experience. We cannot look back of that experience to explain it. Yet such knowledge is conceivably possible to the Being whose experience it is. Likewise, identity of soul is conceivably possible, back of the endlessly changing, varied, and conflicting states of the soul.

As Lotze points out, † the same ignorance of reality everywhere besets us:

"We think we know what water is, what mercury is, and yet we can assign to neither constant properties belonging to it. Both at an average temperature are fluid, both at an elevated temperature gaseous, both at a low temperature solid; but, apart altogether from temperature, what are they? We do not know, we do not even need to know, since we perceive that nowhere in the universe can either of the two substances escape from the influence of those conditions. . . . All our definitions of real objects are hypothetical, and they never denote the thing but as that which, under different conditions, will appear under different characters. . . . Just as impossible as to tell how things look in the dark, is it to know what the soul is, before it enters on any of the situations in which alone its life unfolds."

The soul, then, is known only through what it does. It is not the object known, the feeling felt, nor the act per-

* Stout, "Analytic Psychology." Vol. 1, p. 147.

† "Microcosmus," I. Bk. 2, ch. 5.

formed; it is that which knows, feels, wills, and acts. As such, the soul can exist, even though we have no adequate idea of it. The fact that "introspection is really retrospection," that I cannot know a state until it has gone, serves to differentiate the insistent self that seeks to know, from its knowledge, from what it does. There is, therefore, never an identity of knowing and being. Experience ever is greater than knowledge.

To be sure, the soul is obliged to adapt itself to the conditions and needs of nature, *e. g.*, the body requires sleep. The soul adapts itself to these needs by originating habits of alternate labor and repose. The body becomes fatigued, and cannot work as well. The soul could will to keep it awake. But it permits itself to yield to drowsiness and ceases to send forth its activity. For it can at will (1) merely observe, or (2) play a part in the states it observes. Sleeping and waking thus become habits. Sleep is like concentration on one idea, except that the background fades, and there is no longer consciousness, because no ideas with which to compare the idea of sleep. But the soul is obviously of such power that its identity can persist through sleep, brain disease, etc., and once more command its full quota of consciousness and self-consciousness.

If now, you ask, where the soul is, one can only reply in Lotze's words, "a thing is where it acts." The soul becomes active when and where its deeds are done, when it perceives, thinks, chooses, wills, and exerts itself in directive effort.

But if we cannot grasp the soul's full essence, we can at least analyze its most fundamental form of manifestation. To this branch of our subject, namely, the will, we must devote the most careful attention; for on our conclusion depends the whole fate of the moral universe for which I am pleading.

The most noteworthy discovery, as the result of close observation of nature, is the reign of law. Events, both small and great, follow one another with such precision that we believe the law to be absolute and universal, that the effect is

the exact and necessary result of its cause. Causation through evolution thus becomes the thread which we follow in the endeavor to rationalize the world of nature, and it is easy to proceed from this to a general mechanical theory of the universe.

But this is not all. According to this mechanical theory, even the phenomena of mind are reduced to the mechanical type, moreover with much apparent plausibility. For, as we have noted above, there is abundant evidence that a large part of our mental states correspond to the reflex-action type. Stimuli are produced upon us, and we respond with the appropriate reaction, just as the eye closes when a threatening object is brought near it. Our reactions assume a higher form than this, to be sure, and character intervenes to select and reject. But character is the general product of inheritance plus our past reactions, and so surely determines our conduct that we can predict, oftentimes, what a man possessing a certain character will do under certain circumstances. Yea, more than this; what he does under these circumstances follows *necessarily* from what he is; he could have done nothing else. What he is, is what the past has made him, and so on back through eternity. He was foredoomed to act as he did, and we have upon our hands a purely fateful universe, a world of hard-and-fast predestination, of pure mechanics.

Let us now apply the philosopher's test, and ask if this theory really explains the universe, so that no part of our nature is left unsatisfied.

If this be a true account of life, how can life be said to have a meaning? How can life even be moral, if all our attempts to realize ideals be really the necessary results of what the past has made us? Why, indeed, should we try to act at all, if events are fated to occur anyway? Why not sit back in gloomy despair, in hopeless pessimism?

But when we try this, all joy is at once crushed out of life, the sole zest of which is found in our freedom to choose and act. We are where we started in the discussion of the doc-

trine of activity. There is no need of a soul at all. There is really no ego at all, unless there is the power of responsible action. And there certainly is no ground for responsible action, if there is absolute fate.

The doubt, therefore, arises, Can the mechanical view carry us so far? Can we really predict the highest activities either in one's self or in another? Is causality mere sequence, as Hume would have it, or is there real, purposive activity, even that which can interrupt and alter natural sequence, just as the apple is picked from the tree, instead of permitting it to fall by force of gravity? Evidences of such intervention are indeed most frequent, even cases where people have apparently hindered or hastened their death by an act of will. That mechanism itself is a "means created and used by will" becomes evident when we inquire into the origin of habit; for habits — for example, walking, talking — are simply mechanical repetitions of what was once consciously acquired through repeated acts of will, and efforts to imitate. Of course, a certain amount of involuntary activity would be needed to set one up in life. But this reflex, unconscious action is obviously the result of conscious or voluntary activity on the part of our ancestors, and the beings who originated habits, even as far back as the amoeba. "All action of all living beings," says Professor Seth,* "was originally feeling-prompted. . . . What we call reflex action is everywhere a secondary product, a degraded form of purposive action." "Only, if so, is action in any sense an action of the creature itself." †

"But yesterday," says a recent writer, "the miracle of the world was *life*; today it is consciousness." That is, the psycho-physical theory of matter is very generally accepted; consciousness is coming to be regarded as the directive force of all evolution. "Consciousness," says Professor Cope,‡ "was coincident with the dawn of life. I think it possible to show," he continues, "that the true definition of life is *energy*

* "Man's Place in the Cosmos," p. 105.

† Ibid, p. 127.

‡ "The Factors of Organic Evolution."

directed by sensibility, or by a mechanism which has originated under the direction of sensibility"; that is, every action is primitively the result of mental effort arising in will.

That which seems to be a mechanical reaction proves upon inspection to be capable of analysis. On the one hand, we live in the world, mingle with our fellows, listen to their enticements, and feel the effects of their influence. On the other hand, we are conscious of desires, embracing all sorts of promptings, egoistic, altruistic, sensual, and spiritual. The will chooses its own amidst this vast array. There is, first, attention; then decision, or choice; then fiat, or effort, efficient self-exertion, or volition, the endeavor to realize the chosen ideal. Are we not conscious of all these distinct steps in the act of will, of the presence of an active principle within, coming forward to impress its decision upon the outer world? Is not the presence of alternatives, of conflicting desires, one of which we *must* choose, a fact which pursues us through every day of our lives? Is not the fact of responsibility so real, indeed, that we cannot get free from it, even if we would?

If so, man is, in some measure, free; life has a meaning, it is moral, there is really a self, and absolute or universal fatalism is false. The issue is sharp, absolute. One theory involves pessimism, a non-moral universe, the negation of personality, and of life's human meaning. The other implies optimism, a moral world, selfhood, a purposeful human life. And I shall try to enforce the point until it is perfectly clear, for upon it depends our entire discussion.

But the critic may argue that the universe chooses to have us do a certain work, allowing us to think we are free. To this I reply that if the universe is letting us think we are free when we are not, if freedom be an illusion, it is the worst possible fraud; it is immoral, it is the quintessence of pessimism. Freedom, therefore, must be real, it must be genuine liberty of the moral sense.

Yet how is freedom possible? the critic insists. Freedom, he contends, is uncaused self-determination, and implies the

independence of the chooser. In the world of fact, however, there is overwhelming evidence that man is related, or dependent, in every phase of his life. The Absolute alone is independent. God alone is free, and the existence of an absolute will prohibits plurality of finite wills.

What is the difficulty here? Evidently the trouble is with our theory of the Absolute: we have assumed too much. If the universe be deemed a solid whole, one all-complete, Absolute Being, fixed, perfect, and all-wise, there is obviously no ground either for freedom or individuality. It is perfectly clear, furthermore, that if there is but one self, and no finite moral beings, there is in reality no ethical life, no one to be responsible. If this be true, if, when we *seem* to be ethically responsible beings, we are not really such, we may as well at once give up all endeavor to be good.

But once admit the separate existence of free spirits, and, although you have abandoned your fixed whole, you have room for possibility, growth, novelty, morality. Which hypothesis do the facts of life render the more plausible? Obviously, the latter view. We find individual wills, we find ourselves existing apart: fact is better than theory. How we can exist in one universe we do not fully know. But the facts do not demand the existence of a fixed Absolute.

As I have argued elsewhere,* we can urge no reason for existence at all, except the possibility that each may contribute something new to the universe; otherwise the universe is simply a dreary mechanism, where everything is foreordained, and there is absolutely no ground for hope.

Some reader may still be inclined to accept this view, and to affirm, with the Oriental, that no purpose can be assigned to the universe, since that would imply imperfection on the part of the Absolute, and, consequently, that the universe arose through *maya*, or illusion, caprice, or meaningless play. To those who prefer this doctrine I have nothing to say. But to those who, instead of holding to such a view, are still in search of truth, I suggest what appeals to me as the far higher

*"In Search of a Soul," p. 177.

view of the Western world, the theory that life is rich in purpose, that it is moral, that action is of some consequence, and is capable of rationalization.

According to this doctrine, the chief problem is, What meaning has this particular fact in life, in reference to my activity, in reference to ethical responsibility? Wherein have I erred? how may I improve my conduct? But, according to the orthodox christian view, when, for example, an accident happens, people immediately say, "It is the will of God," or, "God has seen fit to send it upon us." One lady I knew, who met with a runaway accident, said that God threw her off the horse. The Austrian Emperor spoke of the assassination of his wife as "the bitter sorrow which the inscrutable decree of Providence has brought upon me."

Of course, if we assume that one Self does all things, that he is all-wise, and all his deeds are right and necessary, it follows that all events are in every respect right, they ought to have occurred, and it would have been wrong to prevent their occurrence. Common sense, however, says they resulted from natural causes; all possible means ought to be adopted to prevent them; it does not assume to know so much about God.

No one has yet shown reason for believing that God's decrees are invariably words of absolute fate. It is justifiable to hold the conception of a Being whose universe is furnished not only with laws, purposes, and actualities, but also with possibilities, with chances; a Being who gives rise to new events in the world of time, and meets novelties in his republic of individual souls.

Let us hear Professor James on this point: * "The notion that real contingency and ambiguity may be features of the real world is a perfectly unimpeachable hypothesis. Only in such a world can moral judgments have a claim to be." And again: † "If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no

* "The Will to Believe," p. 292.

† Ibid, p. 61.

better than a game of private theatricals, from which one may withdraw at will." "A world with a *chance* in it of being altogether good, even if the chance never come to pass, is better than a world with no such chance at all." *

It is just because there is a possibility that things may, in part, "go wrong," that evil may triumph, and unrighteousness prevail, that we have reason for being zealous in the pursuit of ethical ideals. If every soul were *fated* to be saved, and righteousness bound to triumph in any event, we could look on with unconcern at the selfishness and deviltry of the world. But, fortunately, we have no assurance of this. So far as we know, all our efforts are needed, in order either to do right or be saved.

"Freedom to do right" is no freedom at all. I must have freedom to do wrong. If I am to be whipped into obedience, in case I do not choose the right, if right is to triumph any way, once more I am not free.

If, then, the universe involves real possibilities, and the chance of finite wrong-doing, I must awaken myself from the apathy which fatalism suggests. There is need to put ourselves through rigid discipline, in order to rid the mind of belief in fate. We talk about the "destiny" of things, of nations, of the world, of man, of the soul, as if only *one* outcome were possible. There is, indeed, system in things, and definite tendencies. But there are also counter tendencies, a thousand and one contingencies. "Things cohere, but the act of cohesion itself implies but few conditions, and leaves the rest of their qualifications indeterminate. As the first three notes of a tune comport many endings, all melodious, but the tune is not named till a particular ending has come,—so the parts actually known of the universe may comport many ideally possible complements." †

There are at least two possibilities, until one has actually become a fact. "The one becomes impossible only at the very moment when the other excludes it by becoming real

* "The Will to Believe," p. 178.

† Ibid, p. 270.

itself, [whereas determinism] professes that those parts of the universe already laid down, absolutely appoint and decree what the others shall be." *

At first thought, the term "chance" suggests the idea of uncertainty, as though we could not depend upon the universe. It seems like throwing away our faith. In reality, it is the strengthening of it; for it places responsibility upon man, which was once thrown upon God. If man is really free, if the universe is moral, the outlook is all the more secure. The very fact that morality holds the highest place, implies that the universe is a purposeful world-order, or system. The world is grounded in law, in beauty, in love. Yet its God so loves us and the world, that he gives us all the chances of experience; the chance to choose or reject the moral law. The interplay of chance is thus itself a moral law. Chance events are as truly law-governed as any others. For example, the smallest as well as the greatest physical accident happens because an efficient cause produced it, because of its relation to other events. It by no means implies interference with nature. Chance, indeed, is one of the factors of nature; she weaves accidental events into her fabric as readily as any other occurrence.

The utmost science can say of her exact laws is, if certain conditions occur, such results will follow. She gives no assurance that they *must* occur. The utmost we can say, even of our best-known friend, is, that he *may* act so and so, under given conditions. It is equally possible that he may do precisely the reverse. The "unexpected" is a factor in life, of which we must always take account. Common sense has long ago recognized this, and there would be no need of this long argument if our minds were not still steeped in ideas of fate, and threatened by Orientalism.

When we turn to actual life, there seems to be no difficulty in discovering the basis of freedom. People show by their conduct that they believe in chance, in freedom, for otherwise they would not try to act or accomplish. Conduct thus gives the lie to statements in which belief in fate is professed.

* "The Will to Believe," p. 150.

But we must first understand what finite freedom means. Sometimes we are free, sometimes we are not free. Freedom does not imply that we are at once to have precisely what we wish, for we are social beings, and have one another's rights to consider. We might wish for the moon, or to become old and wise in a day. To the little boy's question, "Can God make a three-year-old colt in a minute?" the father replied, "Yes, my son." "Then," said the boy, "it would not be three years old."

"The ultimate question of ethics," says Paul Carus, "is not what *we desire*, but what is *desired of us*." Freedom means liberty to choose between two or more alternatives, not created by us, but given by our moral consciousness; it grows with the evolution of social opportunity, as Prof. Commons points out in this issue of *The Arena*. Life becomes ethical when we choose, with a moral end in view, when we become duly considerate, then act morally.

There is still purpose for the universe, perhaps a definite design for each of us. The teleological view of life is in no way affected by the admission of chance as one of its factors. But the particular ideal for each of us does not become real until we have not only chosen, but actualized it, in consciously directed life. We still believe that an Immanent Spirit works through us, but that it accomplishes its ends only so far as we voluntarily co-operate. Thus far the Spirit is dependent on us. He is absolute only through us, through our freedom and co-operation. There is no evidence that we are forced to grow. Tendencies are planted within us. Moral and spiritual opportunities are placed before us. But we may take or reject them. The Spirit comes to inspire and uplift, but it enters only where it finds willing receptivity. We grow only so far as we become conscious of these quickening tendencies, and gladly choose them.

"In the life of ethical endeavor is the end and secret of the universe to be found," says Professor Seth. One who accepts the ethical view of life not only believes, but *wills*, that morals shall triumph. For him, virtue, the right, the

pure, is the central interest, as truth is for the truth-seeker. He, therefore, believes that for the universe, also, righteousness is the central ideal, or goal. For the universe, viewed as a collection of forces, has no unity. Unity is that which a directive purpose alone can give — an “end-in-itself,” as Kant called it, an end of absolute ethical value. Thus viewed, life may truly be said to have a meaning. It at least enjoys the possibility of becoming ethically perfected through our united wills to make it so.

Behind all tendencies, motives, alternatives, ideals, we find the will, or that in us which enables us to throw the balance of power in favor of one alternative or another. I repeat, a thousand ideas may pass through consciousness unimpeded, until the will casts the die which stamps an idea as the work of the individual, and makes it dynamic. What we select is quite apt to be that which is of greatest interest for us, that which our temperament likes. We will what we like. What the past has made us, of course, goes into the count, what we are as characters, as distinct, finite beings. But that is what it is, largely, because of the shape the will gave it in the past, it takes a new form, because of new volition.

It is not, therefore, necessary to consider whether there be an alternative between the doctrines of fatalism and libertarianism. There has been an attempt to develop such a doctrine, under the name of determinism; that is, our acts are determined, not from without, but wholly from within. “Nothing determines the acts of the soul except the soul and its preceding states.” But these preceding states must arise from free acts of will, in order to be ethical. They are determined by the indetermined, by that which is subject to chance or alternatives, or there is no moral life. We are really concerned with the choice, or will, not with the conditions which superficially determine the nature of our deed. Even critical experiences, such as those where one personality is dominated by another, are traceable to acts of choice or will; for close analysis leads one to recall the time when the matter came up for settlement, “Shall I do this or that?” and one

cast the wrong die. Thus it is that the will makes us, for better or worse, so far as we are responsible at all. Thus it is that we are brought face to face with tremendous responsibility or a great opportunity, as we may chance to believe — of deeming life a burden, or a sphere where the will to do right shall create a heaven of earth, by wise determination of our conditions.

Because the will is free, it is impossible to say why it chooses this or that alternative. We may find reasons for the choice — after we have made it. But that does not exhaust the fact of choice. The fact that it was a choice shows it to have been pure matter of chance, until the deed was done.

One can neither prove freedom, nor disprove it. Yet its presence alone gives fullest reason to life. In the language of Kant, it is "a postulate of the practical reason." According to Kant, also, the will is that alone which is good in itself. Here, by virtue of its independence, it is on a par with Ultimate Being, the sacred indescribable, the heart of the mystery of life.

But, exclaims the critic at last, if free will is the condition of moral existence in a republic of individual souls belonging to God, it must have some relation to other egos, and the universe. This may well be, and yet not affect our argument, which asks for no more than the chance to accept or reject moral obligation to society, and the individual ideal offered us through our relation to God.

On this point Professor Royce says : *

"Every finite moral individual is precisely as real and as self-conscious as the moral order requires him to be. As such, every finite, moral, and self-conscious individual is unique, and, in his own measure, free, since there is an aspect of his nature such that nothing in all the universe of the Absolute, except his own choice, determines him to be what he is, and since no other finite individual could take his place, share his self-consciousness, or accomplish his ideal, because only in so far as he has an ideal

* "The Conception of God," pp. 272, 273.

is he a person at all. . . . The uniqueness of the Absolute Individual . . . hinders in no whit the included variety, the relative freedom, the relative separateness, of the finite moral individuals, who, in their own grade of reality, are as independent of one another, in their freedom of choice, but also as dependent on one another, in the interlinked contents of their lives, as the moral order requires."

Thus, from the point of view of our discussion, we return each time to the supremacy of the moral ideal. Our world is a world of possibility, therefore the realm of hope. There is every reason to act on the supposition that we are free, until freedom be proved impossible; every reason why life has a meaning, so long as we find ourselves living individually at all. Hope, freedom, activity, morality, and selfhood stand or fall together. We have cast our vote in favor of a life with a meaning, because to deny it would be like affirming the negation of the mind itself. Chance steps in where logic fears to tread, and wins for the heart its freedom, and for righteousness the joy of life. Life has a meaning, since man acts. He acts, both because he is responsible and because he is a living soul. He is responsible because he is a moral being; he is a moral being because the universe needs him, and the universe needs him because he is free. Thus the steps of our argument form the links of an endless chain. What meaning these links have for the demands of practical experience we shall consider in discussions that follow. But for the present we have marked out the limits of our inquiry.

What other meanings life may have, only the ultimate Being could know. We are no longer assuming to speak for God. Philosophy must be human, or the philosophic task is impossible. If life has a meaning, that meaning must bear some relation to man. If life is rational, this relation is intelligible. If intelligible, it leaves him something to solve, some reason to think and act. Therefore any further meaning would be traceable to this central fact of human life, the fact that man acts.

The problem of life, therefore, is, What is the universe in

relation to our activity? What are the implications of human action? From this starting-point alone may the outer world be accurately described. From this point of view we have the only logical approach to God. But that this point of view means an entire reformation in our terminology, in our approach to the problems of life, is equally clear. For, instead of assuming to speak for God, to define and publish his decrees, and describe his nature, we begin to think at last from the point of view of the relative — in reality our only point of view. It is still a laudable endeavor to consider how God acts, but also to ask, How is God's activity received and known by man? With an Absolute who decrees all things, we have simply nothing to do. We do not know that there is an Absolute; only the Absolute itself could know. We do not know what perfection is; experience alone can tell us. If the universe owns chances, if it possesses the possibility of novelty, of undetermined, finite action; if God is in any measure dependent on us, there is no fixedly, immutable Absolute, no monotonously established perfection. God is at most only the sum total of present development. With the God who thus lives and achieves we are alone concerned. We are concerned with the universe of evolution, the world of present possibility, the march of events as related to the human will. From this starting-point we construct our philosophy; from the center we face the world of the future. Life has a meaning which the finite may know, a meaning which, when understood by man, and adopted, shall perfect the universe of God.

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WOMAN'S LIFE IN UTAH.

ACCORDING to the immortal St. Paul, "Things seen are greater than things heard of." And he might have added that personal experiences are the most convincing of them all.

The recent discussion over the election of a polygamist to the national congress, from the state of Utah, makes some statement of facts at first hand concerning woman's life under the polygamous system of the Mormon Church, of particular interest to those who really care to know what is involved in that system, and its recognition by the Federal government.

No Mormon woman will talk, from her heart, to a stranger; notably and essentially when that person is a Gentile (in Mormondom, everyone who is not a Mormon is a Gentile), for she knows by sad experience that this would but increase her sufferings. Of all the sacrifices that have ever been exacted of the single, loving heart of true wife and mother, in the name of religion, none can equal those of polygamy, which these women were taught would be practised through all eternity, as it was "the celestial order of heaven," an eternal law. Under its baneful influence a wife lived in the same house with her husband, surrounded by their children, a lonely, disconsolate woman. The confidence and respect that should have united their hearts, made one their interests, is first defiled, and then destroyed. She early learns to be silent and observing. After their evening meal, if she sees her husband make as careful and elaborate a toilet as their circumstances permit, she dares not ask him where he is going. But that fear that ever abides in the heart of every Mormon wife, eats, canker-like, at her vitality.

She may try to drive these thoughts away; she may say to herself, "No, whatever other men may do, however they may deceive their wives, my husband will be honest and true. He will not deceive me." Up almost to the hour that she is

expected to go to the "Endowment House" and place the hand of the second wife in that of her husband, she gives her hungry soul this soothing balm. But, ultimately, she must awaken to the fact that no man can practise polyamy without becoming a hypocrite. Many of these women believe, or try to believe, that polygamy is a revelation from God, and consequently must be obeyed. But if any Gentile woman will try to think how she would feel if her husband were to tell her that he is soon to bring into their home a second wife, to usurp her place in the family circle, share her husband's affections, come between her and the man who had been her all in all for so many years, that woman will have arrived at a full, perfect, exact comprehension of what a Mormon wife suffers. And no religion, even if carried to fanaticism, can save her from this natural womanly grief. She hates and curses the whole system; she hates herself and her husband; she loathes the very sound of the word polygamy; she distrusts every woman that she sees her husband talking to; she would like to purge herself, body and soul, from the taint of the very air of a spot of earth that grows such noxious poison.

While the Mormons have always claimed that polygamy was only recommended, but never commanded, by the church, during the absolute reign of Brigham Young it was practically commanded. According to the "Divine Revelation of Polygamy" to Joseph Smith, no unmarried woman could enter the kingdom of heaven; she could only be saved through her husband. The first wife, in the celestial kingdom, would be the "queen"; all the others stood somewhat in the relation of ladies of honor in this celestial palace. As polygamy was represented to be a divine revelation, it goes without saying that every man was supposed to "live up to his privileges." He alone could secure to the woman eternal happiness. He could not, therefore, if he made any pretensions to being a good and consistent Mormon, disobey "counsel" when he was "recommended" to sustain his brethren in their practice of polygamy. He must carry out the commands of God, no

matter what his own feelings were. Although a woman could not go to heaven unless she was married, there was in this matter a sort of extreme unction allowed by the church. For instance, if a young girl knew that she must soon die, she could get a "Sister in Zion" to promise that she (the sister) would go to the Endowment House with her husband, and there be married to him a second time, this second marriage going to the account of the dead. It is certain that this marrying for the dead gave the wife less pain than any other form in which polygamy was practised. If, upon the first occasion when a man in Utah was married, he took unto himself only one wife, that woman, no matter how old and ugly, always ranked above those espoused at a later date. Not in her husband's affections; in that matter the last married always had the best of it, although her reign was not less precarious than that of her predecessor. But the first wife was the head of his household in this world, as she would be his "queen" in the next. It was not an unusual thing for a zealous advocate of polygamy to attempt to soothe the feelings of two or three women, and put them on an equality, by marrying all of them at the same time. But a man can no more serve two masters than he can marry two women and treat both with impartial affection and respect.

In polygamy there are "proxy" wives, "spiritual" wives: wives who are married for time and eternity, others that are married only for time, but not for eternity, as well as women who are "sealed" for eternity to a man, but who occupy in no way the position of a wife in this world to the man to whom they are sealed. A marriage that has not been solemnized in the Endowment House is not considered binding by the saints. If a woman had loved, married, and buried a husband before she came into the Church of Latter Day Saints; if her memory lingered fondly on the devotion of this dead husband, and she wished to be his in eternity, she could stipulate with the Mormon who sought to marry her, that she would become his proxy wife. That is to say, she would marry him, be his good and faithful wife in this world, but in

heaven both she and all her children must be passed over to the credit of the dead husband. If the man was greatly enamored of the woman, he would consent to this proxy arrangement. If he grew to love her more, he not infrequently urged her with all the earnestness of his passion for her, to desert the dead man, and to become his for eternity as well as for time. There are two kinds of "spiritual" wives. If a woman is old, by no means attractive in person, but has a handsome property that needs looking after, one of the good elders in the church will most likely propose to her that she become his spiritual wife. This will give him the privilege of serving her by protecting her financial interests in this world. In return for this favor she can add to the glory of his "godhead" by being numbered among his wives in heaven. A man's social importance in the world to come is of course fixed by the way he has lived up to the privileges of his religion in this life. And by no means least among the privileges of this religion is reckoned his willingness to sacrifice his own feelings in building up the kingdom by entering into polygamy.

The other "spiritual" wife may be a woman who is married already, but who may not deem her husband's standing in the church of enough importance to "exalt her" to the place she would like to occupy in heaven. In this emergency, she quietly has herself "sealed" to some of the high dignitaries of the church, and she will become one of his court in heaven. She is his "spiritual" wife, and will fulfil all the function of a wife to him there. Brigham Young was sealed to women all over Utah, and the other officers of the church did the same thing, but on a scale less extensive, thus giving honor, even in this matter, to the man whom they for so many years so blindly obeyed.

A feature of the Mormon religion that is seldom spoken of by one of the saints is, their claim that the marriage at Cana was really the nuptials of Jesus, and that at this time he espoused both Mary and Martha, the two sisters of Lazarus; that he lived in polygamous relations with both these

women while on earth ; and that both are now his wives in heaven, and not these two, merely, but also many others.

A Mormon's first wife frequently speaks in a disdainful way of her husband's proxy wives as "fixin's," intending thereby to express the idea that they are simply a bit of temporary tapestry, gilding, or the like, for this world, but that in reality for all the eternal years of the next life they do not count.

The fact that in the Endowment House a first wife is expected to give the subsequent wives to her husband, and to say that she is willing to do so, denotes no more willingness than is signified by obedience to any inevitable condition. The officiating magistrate says, "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband, to be his lawful wife for time and for all eternity ? If you are, you will signify it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband." Of course this is done. So does an officer in the domain of the Tsar of all the Russias resign his position at the slightest intimation that such an act will be acceptable to his imperial master. The officer may, many times, be more than glad that he escapes with his life ; while the poor woman, seeing all her happiness gone forever, would prefer to lose her life, were it not for that strongest tie that nature forges—a mother's love and a mother's duty. The mask must be worn in more ways than one. It is galling to a woman's feelings to have it known that she considers herself set aside for another ; consequently some of the Mormon women seemingly extend a cordial welcome to the new wife, and smile while the world looks on. Another reason that is by no means to be despised is that a man who has several wives is not apt to remain with a scolding, weeping woman, when he can go where he will be petted, flattered, smiled upon. Where he goes most often, the provisions for creature comforts are apt to be most generously bestowed. It is thus for the interest of the first wife, and also for the best good of her children, that she refrain from outward demonstration of bitter rebellion against the fiat of her religion.

While the second wife reigns, that is to say until the husband takes a third, no real love exists between the first and the second, and seldom much pretense. But when the third comes on the scene, the sisterhood of a mutual grief not infrequently draws these two deserted women together in a real bond of love. They then combine their efforts to secure a fourth wife for their mutual husband, so giving the third a taste of the medicine that each of them has been obliged in turn to swallow. By this time, the matter of taking wives comes to be a sort of a business venture with the husband. And, not exactly ignoring his passions and his tastes, he yet has an eye to the future usefulness and adaptability to the conditions that already exist in his households, in the woman whose entry into the kingdom of heaven he assumes the responsibility of. If he already has a wife who is skilful with her needle, can make her own and her children's clothes well and tastefully, but who detests housework, he sees to it that the incoming wife takes to housekeeping affairs.

It is probable that the crowning virtue of the Mormon people is their industry. And, in passing, it is well to say that these people have many good qualities; probably just as many as would be found in an average collection of any other representative religion, where the converts were culled from the same walks of life. Each Mormon wife is supposed to, and generally does, bear her full proportion of the necessary and natural work of the household. If the husband is not a rich man, the women sometimes keep a boarding-house, doing all the work themselves. Or they run a dressmaking or millinery establishment.

But polygamy, as great a blot upon the Mormon faith as it is, is not the most objectionable of the many tenets of their creed. In the infancy of the church, the Mormons came into trouble with the United States authorities on account of the introduction of polygamy and other objectionable features. To forgive and forget, is a precept more often found in books than in the heart of man. The trials of those early days were sour grapes to the fathers, and the

children's teeth are on edge to this day. No Mormon is a loyal citizen of the United States. When he goes through the ceremonies that endow him with the rights and privileges of the "Brotherhood of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ," the very first words he hears uttered as he is admitted into the Endowment House are:

You do by entering here solemnly covenant not to reveal the secrets of this Endowment House. If you do forfeit this solemn oath your memories will be blighted, and you will be damned eternally.

The man is here given a grip that enables him to identify himself as a brother in Zion. And the penalty for revealing this grip is cutting the throat from ear to ear, and having the tongue torn from the mouth. This grip is called the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood. For revealing the second grip of this priesthood, the heart shall be torn asunder, and its parts cast to the beasts of prey. In any Mormon hymn book can be found:

That thy dimensions shall be torn
Asunder piece by piece,
And each dismembered fragment borne
To feed the hungry beasts.

Right here it might be well to mention that all through these hymn books can be found indisputable evidence of the fancied or real wrongs that they store up against the government of the United States.

By the spirit and wisdom of Joseph,
Whose blood stains the honor of state,
Remember the wrongs of Missouri,
Forget not the fate of Nauvoo.

Another pledge is:

You do solemnly swear to avenge the death of our martyred prophet, Joseph Smith, together with that of his brother Hiram, on these United States, and that you will teach your children, and your children's children, to do so.

Thus do they become members of a secret society in which

they swear to obey the laws of the Mormon Church in preference to those of the United States, and where blood atonement is justified by the necessity of purifying Zion.

The Gentile population is ready to accept the statement that these things are utterly false, invented by sensation-loving reporters or disgruntled Mormons. But anyone who ever lived for any great length of time in Utah when it was a territory, knows only too well that the Gentiles found it to their interest not to criticize too adversely the autocracy of Brigham Young. Dr. Robinson would not be "counseled" to refrain from censure. One beautiful moonlight night a man came to his house and told him that a man had been kicked by a mule "down on the state road," and that his leg was broken. He was suffering the greatest agony, needed the services of a surgeon; would the doctor not come to his relief? Mrs. Robinson pleaded with her husband not to go. He laughed at her fears, and went. One block from his house he was assassinated by a blow on the head with some dull instrument, and a shot from a pistol. His murderer was never apprehended.

Bishop Philip Kingler Smith, whose testimony went far toward convicting John D. Lee for leading the Mountain-Meadow massacre, knew well that he was doomed to be a victim of "Blood Atonement." He said so at the time. His words were, "I know I am to be cut off. No matter how long the hour is delayed by my care, there will come a day when I am off my guard, and that day will be taken advantage of." Sure enough, seven years after the execution of Lee (on the very spot of that dreadful massacre at the Mountain Meadows, that had happened just exactly twenty years before), Bishop Smith was found in a prospect hole in Arizona, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The Danites had found him and had fulfilled their mission.

It is well known that the emigrant train that was surrounded and murdered in cold blood at the Mountain Meadows was wealthy, and it is generally supposed that greed was the motive for the crime. Not so! It was revenge for what these

emigrants doubtless thought an innocent joke. They had been in the neighborhood of Salt Lake City for a number of days, and were ready to start on their journey. Among their other possessions was a magnificent blooded bull. The emigrants stripped up bright-colored calico, and festooned these sham ribbons from horn to horn of the bull, wove garlands of leaves and flowers, and dressed him up with them. They then crudely printed on a cardboard, "BRIGHAM YOUNG," and marched the bull through the streets of Salt Lake City. For this joke, coarse, it is true, but harmless, one hundred and twenty people suffered the penalty of death.

But this was long ago, you say, and all these things are changed; the Mormons are now a law-abiding loyal people. Yes, it was long ago, and things are surely changed to some extent. They were a long way off in those days, these Mormons. There was no communication by rail; our country was, a part of the time, in the throes of civil war, and consequently had to attend to even more important things than avenging the Mountain-Meadow massacre. Nor is there the slightest wish to insinuate that these acts were approved by the larger and better portion of the Mormon people. One man was king, and a monarch with absolute power. All history will confirm the statement that a man must have the best of material in him if unlimited power does not corrupt him, make a tyrant of him.

The spirit of polygamy is not dead. It is pretty hard to make a woman see the justice of setting her aside, stamping her children as bastards, when she took her marriage vows in perfect sincerity. And the father? Grant if you will that his experience as a polygamist has convinced him that the doctrine is not of God, and is not for the good of those who enter it, not even for their happiness. You can set aside the marriage of the Endowment House, call it illegal, forbid the man from intercourse with his polygamous wives. But can you set aside the children? Can it ever be said that these innocent ones are not to be pitied? Surely not. And this, which everyone will grant, is the reason that Mormon women

cling to the fraction of a husband, no matter how unhappy they were in polygamy. With the third or fourth generation after polygamy's end, and the injustice which is one of the cruel necessities of an attempt to better the condition of Mormon women will have ceased to operate directly upon their daily lives, the old errors in their creed will pass away, and the Mormon people will be a sect of the Protestant Church, not differing materially from any other, and will come to love their native land, or the land of their adoption. But until time has wrought this change we must wait and do the best we can for them.

RUTH EVERETT.

New York.

THE JANIZARIES OF PLUTOCRACY.

WHEN the waxing crescent of the Orient threatened to put out the eyes of Europe, as the full moon blinds a sleeper on the Nile, Orchan's keen wisdom edged the Koran with alien swords. Of young slaves he organized those Janizaries, whose flame and steel startled Vienna. And the Turk's subsequent delight in devastation was nearly as intense as a trust's anticipative joy in spoliation, for the Emir had economized Islam's blood by using Christian blades in cutting Christian throats. Since that hour, generations have come and gone. These magnificent foes of Hunyadi and of Sobieski have passed to the paradise of the prophet, where, in brocades or in green silks, and adorned with bracelets of silver, they drink their cups of wine mixed with the waters of Cafur, as they recline on couches adorned with gold and precious stones, in gardens of delight, beneath low-spreading boughs heavy with fruit, and are ministered unto by youths forever in their bloom, while their companions are beauteous virgins having large black eyes with which they refrain from beholding any other than their spouses. And

the mosque of Saint Sophia beholds the Moslem Empire contracting century after century in the grip of Russia.

But the principle has survived.

Too valuable to be buried in Stamboul, the golden rule of Orchan has been borrowed by those viziers of the new Ottoman realm, our capitalists, who, taking the shrewdest of their slaves, the workingmen, have made of them industrial Janizaries, and smile as non-union labor knifes organized toil. Does organized toil retaliate? Human flesh and blood is profane; property alone is sacred. Hark on the police! Unleash the militia! Loose the Pinkertons! Set on the marshals and their deputies! Out with the army of the United States! It is done—and the poor fellows who have struck for living wages find the freedom of the grave. But who has slaughtered them? Their brethren: for both killers and the killed have come from the common people.

And yet our thrifty mechanics in Wall street and our overworked accumulators across the way in Jersey are anxious, notwithstanding their support by these visible creatures of their unseen creation. Hear the bitter plaint of these plutocrats! "The police are too few. Rioters kill our Pinkertons, those mediæval free-lances who joust for wealth in the modern social war. The militia shed blood too sparingly, and can not be sent outside the limits of their state. Though our marshals and their deputies are Federal bulldogs, mad with the murderous hydrophobia of judicial despotism, they are a mob against a mob. Our country is so large, its army is too small." Let us pity the sorrows of these poor old men.

These Pharisees, "who have devoured the houses of widows, and built the tombs of the prophets, and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous," have good reason to fear that the ominous silence which surrounds them holds an approaching typhoon. They hear the whispered word: revolution! Such an upheaval would mean their ruin; for it would bode the return of justice upon earth; and what could *they* claim, were toil, instead of trickery, to measure humanity's wages? Let us touch the bosoms of these Calibans with the staff of

Prospero, and disclose the thoughts born of this apprehension. Would they not reveal themselves in words to this effect?

"The rabble must not be allowed to rise against *us*, the the respectability of this Nation, ordained of God to govern for our profit and their loss, according to the Gospel of St. Barabbas, where Heaven's first law is: the inequality of man. But how shall we prevent it? The courage of the masses, though sleeping, wakes our cowardice: for they are many, while we are few; and having nothing, they fear to live, while, having everything, we are afraid to die. Were those masses once aroused, all the pure patriots of our supreme court (where Fuller improves as much on Waite as Shiras outshines Marshall) could not save us. Congress would belong to us no more, and theft would cease to be called taxation. Presidents could be bought by no percentages on future bonds, and bridled by no hypothecations of past-due notes. And the parable, which we have changed to suit changed times and places, would suddenly be translated in the old fashion by some new Joseph, so that the fat kine would devour the lean kine no longer in the land. We must temporarily lay aside trade, then, to take up business. For this purpose, let us pause in grinding Leiter with his own wheat, and stop for a time that game of freeze-out which has made railways and other public swindles so profitable to us, their refrigerators. Unfortunately, we have a moment's leisure in the ardent task of loving our country—for a consideration—now that untimely peace is about to end our fat contracts for lean food, our rich jobs in poor coal, our maximum compensation for minimum transportation, and our extraordinary over-valuations of very ordinary vessels. Might makes right!

"The ungrateful laboring classes, to whom we have never grudged a minimum of bread and a maximum of water (provided they pay the prescribed tolls to the seller and to the city) are organizing, although it is contrary to the law for any combination other than one of capitalists to be formed. Have not our Dogberries so decided? Is it not so written in the

Book of Judges? For our Federal Courts held the strike of the American Railway Union to be a conspiracy. They enjoined Debs the Demagogue from writing, telegraphing, or otherwise appealing to our slaves, and jailed him for contempt of their ukase, bidding him hold up his hands. The American Railway Union was composed of the sons of sweat. But the General Managers' Association was made up of men who had never known perspiration except by proxy. Representing the twenty railroads of Chicago, earning over three hundred and twenty-four million dollars a year on a capitalization of about two billion dollars! The entire twenty-four members moving as one man! (Not a low baker's dozen, you will perceive, but two high banker's dozen!) None of these eminent citizens were indicted by any grand jury, after a brief session, at the instance of any whippersnapper of an United States attorney. But these hardheaded industrials, who envy us our purple and fine linen (although they have paid for them, while we only wear them) are not intimidated by the decisions of our conscientious creatures on the bench. They would make *us* toil, too, which would tire our backs and blister our hands. To sustain the preposterous idea: wealth to the workers who create it—they are forming unions which, no longer hostile to each other and at peace with us, are at peace with each other and united in hostility to us. They are ably led. They are accumulating funds. They are purchasing arms, which the absurd Constitution prevents us from wresting from them; and, though our obedient Governors have prohibited them from public drill, their private halls are as yet free from invasion by our minions. Once disciplined, armed, united, they will blow death from their guns to every hireling who opposes their triumphant march to freedom. And against them, no longer separated by our wiles, what are police, militia, Pinkertons, marshals, or even our present army?

"Might makes right, and wealth is might! Through it we own the three branches of the government: the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. A bill shall pass and be

approved, increasing the standing army of this Republic. The courts shall sanction it. The poor shall be its privates, but we will officer it. If citizens fail to fill it, we will enlist aliens, to whom the difference between autocracy and plutocracy is simply a difference in pay and rations. Indeed, these will suit better; for free men are not stuff fit for our purposes. In this army there must be discipline, which means: unquestioning obedience with no excuse for non-performance except physical impossibility. Are our commands illegal? He who refuses to execute them must prove them such *beyond the shadow of a doubt!* What ignorant and friendless private would dare undertake the risk? But, were he to go before the civil tribunals, perhaps the enlisted man might find some generous soul, learned in the law and a lover of his country, to champion the oppressed for freedom's sake alone, rather than the oppressor for the sake of his retainer. We will blot out this chance. This army shall be governed by articles of war, regulations, orders, and unwritten usages, and these shall be applied by courts-martial made up of officers, irresponsible to the civil authorities, and answerable to their military superiors alone. Under this feudal system, we will seat an aristocracy of rank on the neck of the democracy of the ranks; and the rider shall so blind the eyes of the warhorse, and so guide his tremendous and irresistible course, that the blood of his own foals shall redden the hoofs of the on-rushing stallion. Might makes right!

"This army shall be our might. With it we will annihilate the unions; we will slaughter their leaders; and then we will fix wages according to our whim. Does this cost millions? They shall come, not from our oil, sugar, iron, or interest on bonds, but from the substance which we will sweat from the shilling of honest toil, as we apply the rule: government exists for the protection of the few, but its expenses are met by the spoliation of the many. Let us practise the stratagem of Orchan, that we may laugh like Orchan!"

But such a conspiracy must be cloaked by some plausible pretext of the public good. It would never do to let it be

understood that this standing army is to serve as the thugs of a new Bowhani in strangling, struggling labor. For, in that event, labor would probably crush plutocracy before its hedge of bayonets had become full-grown. The working people love their native land. On a thousand battlefields they have poured out for this Republic, the sacred oblation of their blood, dying without a murmur for the principles illustrated by the stars which shine upon the flag of freedom. They have given their lives, while the rich were lending their money to the Union. This is the chord for the plutocrat to strike. Let him play the patriot's part, until the tyrant's rôle is ready. Honest themselves, the toiling soldiers of industry will be loath to believe that their captain, the capitalist, is a traitor. This, too, notwithstanding their sad experience in the past. He need only be smooth of speech, then, until he has his army ready, with complaisant Cæsar in the White House, forgetful of the dagger of Brutus, and, therefore, not averse to ceasing to be the servant of the people in order to become their master.

The plutocrat has his cue. And so now we learn that the United States are in danger. Who says so? The metropolitan press, which crushes beneath its newspaper trains those country sheets, once molding public opinion on lines of public welfare instead of private gain. How does the metropolitan press come to proclaim this danger? Millionaires own each daily's stock, direct its thought, and rent at so much a month its editor's trick of expression. Do his views conflict with the "interests of his employers?" If those views go into the journal, he goes out of its office. And so their masters nod, and the sweating scribes shout aloud for a standing army. The country is in danger. "Our best business interests" (to wit: those employers who wish to rule the lines of their pay-rolls by the rifle barrels of the army; and those contractors who would fatten on increased military jobs) are unanimous in this opinion. Give us more regulars, even though we have to purchase this priceless boon by allowing their officers to insult the sweet-

hearts of our workingmen in good Berlin or Vienna style, and thereafter to run their swords through those workingmen who, by protesting, have insulted the honor of our gentlemen at arms! True, this is not as yet the vogue among us; but perhaps the fashion can be imported, as, to say nothing of other European pests and nuisances, the cabbage-worm came to us from abroad.

But what is this danger, which ought to silence all opposition, and make of each opponent a traitor to our institutions? A demand for accurate specifications embarrasses the plutocrat, who is less familiar with argument than command. But finally an outline is forthcoming. We are about to enter upon a period of colonial expansion. Porto Rico and the Philippines must be ours. An American protectorate will cover the Pearl of the Antilles. We shall save from anarchy the degenerate millions on these islands, if we have to stab them to death in vaccinating them with our healing civilization. Under certain contingencies will the Cubans burn powder against us, instead of boiling sugar for us? Are the Filipinos preparing for us red pepper as their "philopena" for the capture of Manila? This base ingratitude, which might cost us a lucrative East Indian commerce and rich West Indian trade must be put down. To put it down, we need a vast military force: to serve in part abroad, as armies of occupation in those, our provinces; and in part at home, as armies of defense in these, our satrapies. (For such are now the states.) Defence from what? Oh! . . . Kamtchatka might annex us on some day when Bering's Sea is frozen over. Then, too, suppose that the Chinese dragon should escape from the sacred coop of the Mandarins and should pounce down upon those timid doves, our trusts? Besides, Canada and Mexico are so near that already capitalists have their cat-naps rudely interrupted by the arousing apprehension of invasion! And, on the honor of an honorable man (for, "so are they all, all honorable men") these public reasons are the only spring which moves them!

The pretended fear of an invasion is too ridiculous to talk

about. But there can be no doubt the Republic is about to break the tomb of Lazarus, and to bid the dead body of territorial expansion: "Arise and come forth!" Unless this administration be prepared to hear the execration of every genuine American, it will not strike our colors from any flagstaff where now they are wooing heaven. No inch of conquered soil will be surrendered. No! Not for all the teeth and claws of allied Europe. And possession means armies of occupation. But why not regiments of volunteers, instead of battalions of regulars? Who were the indomitable Continentals, whose black bullets pierced scarlet jackets? Who wrote the words "New Orleans" on the standard of their country? Whose hands planted our ensign over the frowning fortifications of Mexico? Who dyed blue and gray to crimson in the blood of the brave and bravest of the warring North and South? At every hour, at every call of duty, what men have drawn, through smoke and flame, and shot and shell, and steel, closer than our volunteers to the side of everlasting glory?

Let the newspapers magnify their faults and minimize their virtues. We know the newspapers, and we know their owners. Let those owners thunder that it takes time to make seasoned soldiers. We feel no chill of apprehension, no fever of anticipation. Let the professional soldier criticize their poor training, instruction, and equipment, and sneeringly rendezvous them at Valley Forge. Is not the volunteer his rival in the field of possible promotion? and, if so, who estimates a rival by his rival's estimate? Our nerves are still serene. Precisely because the volunteer *is* the citizen-soldier, we are proud of him and love him. At home, we know that he will not fill the breasts of unarmed men with lead and steel, when those men are only seeking, by legitimate agitation, to wring living wages from the grasping fists of heartless plutocrats. With him, the arbitrary order of a superior does not outweigh the law. He is no eunuch, but a man; no Asiatic, but an American; no free-lance of fortune, but the most splendid soldier for principle on this earth.

Abroad, he will so perform the duties which will have devolved upon our forces, that criticism will find no cause for a complaint. This occupation will not be of long duration; for the teeming millions of a people which has acquired and populated an empire in less than one hundred years, will speedily submerge our conquests in the broad and resistless stream of its enterprising citizenship. Only a few years, and the Americans in the Indies will so outnumber all others, that Porto Rico or Luzon will no more need an army of occupation than will New York or Massachusetts.

It may be possible that the plot of the plutocrat will succeed. He has long desired to subvert our government for one which will not make him feel that he is a liar, hypocrite, and thief every time that he buys an election for hand-me-down legislation. He has no patience with demagogues like Jefferson, whose doctrine he detests. Men are *not* equal. They are *not* born free. The pursuit of happiness does *not* lead them to the factory, where he is the autocrat whose word is law. Force must rule, and wealth is energy translated into force. It can best accomplish the subversion of the substance by seeming to preserve the form of our institutions. We have the regular military establishment now. Let us increase it. This may be done so gradually as to alarm no patriot's suspicion; and thus the army shall rise, that the Republic may fall! Can the plutocrat carry out this crime? He *will*, unless the masses comprehend his purpose, and meet his plan, as the minute-men met the crisis of the Revolution. But he shall not do the deed in the name of patriotism, or under the mask of love of country. Our native land may be doomed, but she shall not die beneath the kiss of Judas. If she must lay down the scales of justice to judge the cause of humanity no more, she has one son who will not see his mother fall, without at least one blow struck as men strike who were not born beneath the shadow of a tyrant. The Volunteer may not win as did Timoleon, but he can lose like Cato. Preferring the liberty of death to the slavery of life, but finding that freedom in the strife of arms

rather than in the stillness of suicide, he yet may claim, when the gallant struggle has been ended, the proud glory of sharing with that Stoic the lofty title found in those few words: "The only free and undefeated man, with whom died the Republic."

FRANK E. ANDERSON.

Alexandria, Va.

WORKERS AT WORK.

II. FAY MILLS IN THE FORUM.

IT seems altogether appropriate that the "modern Athens" should be the scene of a revival of that classic institution, the forum. Especially suggestive is it that this later forum should stand for the same broad freedom of thought and of speech that made the old forum in large measure the most popular institution among the Greeks and the Romans, and, in its very nature, a guaranty of the people's liberties. A fear has been expressed frequently of late, that, with the vastly multiplied output of the printing press, the art of oratory was dying out. The popularity of the open platform, conducted in Boston under the leadership of Benjamin Fay Mills, is proof positive that, far from having died out, oratory of the right sort is so much in favor that Mr. Mills has been able in a few short years to make the Mills forum, as it is called, the center of a liberalizing influence second to none in the city of Boston. In Henry Ward Beecher's day, it was said that sufficient direction for any one seeking Plymouth Church was, "Cross Fulton ferry, and follow the crowd." The stranger who should follow the crowd of a Sunday afternoon in Boston, would find himself one of a great number of eager and earnest people flocking to the auditorium of the Parker Memorial, on Berkeley Street. The whole spirit and atmosphere of the scene is one which that valiant apostle of radical

religion and unfettered thinking, Theodore Parker, might well inspire.

The audience is a typical American audience,—conglomerate, composite—suggestive, in some ways, of Joseph's coat of many colors; and yet, in all and through all, held together by the deepest and truest of human emotions—"The greatest thing in the world." Love to God and love to man, is here no empty phrase. Distinctions of native-born and immigrant, of rich and poor, of lettered and unlettered, are here forgotten, or laid aside. That human brotherhood, which the American spirit is making, day by day, more and more a fact of existence, is here the universal solvent. One has to be early to get a seat, and, once settled in one's seat, one has hardly had time to more than survey the scene when the appearance of the chief figure for which it is the setting, is proclaimed by applause so general, so emphatic, and so spontaneous, that no room is left for doubt of its genuineness. Eyes light up, heads stretch forward, and from one to another goes the whisper:

"There he is; that's Mills!"

Mills is very interesting in himself, as a personality,—unique, powerful, magnetic, and persuasive. He is still more interesting as a type of the trend of thought on this American continent in these closing years of the nineteenth century. In advance of his day, perhaps,—yet not so far in advance as some people might suppose,—he presents the significant spectacle of the old-fashioned revivalist and enthusiastic and emotional apostle of orthodoxy, transformed by soul growth into an apostle of the larger Christianity, the larger science, the surer ethics, and the new conscience. Shall we not see the institutional evangelicalism of which the "revivalist" and the "salvationist" appear the last hysterical appeal to hysterical emotion, submerged in the rising wave of rational and humanitarian thought?

Let us take a look at this end-of-the-century prophet and preacher of righteousness, and see what he looks like. Certainly there is not much of the "sky-pilot" about him. This

is the kind of man to whom that antiquated and absurd prefix, "Reverend" has become superfluous. His wavy hair shades a broad brow, under which clear, sharp, blue eyes seem to look squarely into yours. Whom the Gods love are perennially young. He does not look his two-score years. However much there may be behind him, there is *more* before him. The pleasant face is strong in every line; shrewd and yet sweet. His magnetism is felt by every person in that crowded hall, as he steps to the front with a word of welcome to his old friends and to those who from that moment begin to be his friends. His voice has the strength that comes from character, rather than from volume. He does not speak loudly, but he speaks clearly, and his voice carries to all parts of the hall. He says briefly that the speaker of the afternoon will talk for twenty-five minutes: after that there will be fifteen minutes for questions, to be answered by the speaker, concerning his subject: then the meeting will be open for twenty-five minutes to the audience for expression of their ideas, but each person is limited to three minutes. Mr. Mills proves himself a remarkably good chairman, keeping the different elements in perfect order, and right to the question. There are expressions of all kinds of ideas, alike only in two respects,—they are all honest, and they are all strivings to answer Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Nor is there the slightest hint of churchliness about the proceedings, either in subject or method. No preliminary prayer or psalm, no cant or pietic pretense. No scene could more vividly demonstrate how far in the distance the traditional New England Sabbath has been left by these earnest thinkers. The people are practical, and the subject discussed is practical always. "Expansion" was the topic last Sunday, and it was plain that people are learning to do their own thinking.

No one can attend the forum without feeling that a forceful man is there before him, a man not only of force, but of remarkable tact. The man who can draw, under one roof, the Individualist and the Socialist, the Radical and the

Conservative, the Single-taxer and the Anarchist, to say nothing of representatives of various religious beliefs, and let them air their doctrines, without destroying peace and brotherly concord, is surely a wonder. All this, Fay Mills does. The work of the forum is the promulgation of truth, in the spirit of universal brotherhood. The meetings call out all kinds of opinions, yet rarely call out anger.

Mr. Mills is the son of a clergyman, and was himself ordained a Congregational minister, but no pent up Utica could long confine his powers. His gifts being meant for mankind, could not be prostituted to sect or party. Out of his spiritual struggles he brought one article of faith, to which he clings, and to which he wishes to convert the world—that of universal brotherhood. It is this he preached, first and foremost, to thousands while he was an evangelist in the West. It is this he preached to the thousands at Music Hall last year, as this winter he preaches to those who fill the Hollis street theater every Sunday night. It is for this he works in directing the meetings at the forum, Sunday morning and afternoon, and in overseeing the Monday and the Friday evening meetings, at which are speakers of distinction, on ethics and economics, and on every phase of the forward movement. The influence of this calm presentation of the latest and of the best thought, on the subjects of which all earnest men and women are thinking, is widespread, and must be for good. It explains why Fay Mills brings about him men and women of all ages, none of whom go away without taking something to think over. Whether it be of agreement or disagreement, Mr. Mills cares not at all. He says, "It is not my way that must be followed, but any way that leads to true brotherhood."

"Dreamer!" say some,—aye; but the dreams that true men dream, come true.

DORA M. MORRELL.

Boston.

THE AMERICANISM OF THOMAS PAINE.

AT the close of the American Revolution, it became a proverb, that independence had been achieved equally by the sword of Washington and the pen of Paine. There was no exaggeration in this, for it was the pen of Paine that converted the sword of Washington from a mere weapon of rebellion into an implement for founding a nation. Up to January 1776, Washington had protested his loyalty to the Crown. On the tenth of that month, Paine's "Common Sense" appeared; on the thirty-first of that month, Washington wrote from Cambridge to Joseph Reed, of "the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense.'" The die was cast. Paine had poised well before his swift descent on the mind of the country. He had converted Franklin by word of mouth,—Franklin who had so indignantly repudiated in England the charge that Americans were aiming at separation. He had tentatively published in the leading paper, the *Pennsylvania Journal*, (October 18, 1775) his "Serious Thought,"—a prophecy that God would sever America from England. He had submitted the manuscript to the competent criticism of Dr. Rush. Not only these men, but Jefferson, Adams, Lee, Laurens, and other leaders were converted by Paine. In an introduction to one of Paine's works, published in London in 1792, justly ascribed to Joel Barlow, it is said of "Common Sense": "It gave spirit and resolution to the Americans, who were then wavering and undetermined, to assert their rights, and inspired energy into their counsels; we may therefore venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that the great American cause owed as much to the pen of Paine as to the sword of Washington."

Edmund Randolph, our first Attorney General, and the most scholarly statesman of his time, ascribed much of the effectiveness of Paine's pamphlet to "a style hitherto un-

known on this side of the Atlantic, from the ease with which it insinuated itself into the hearts of the people who were unlearned, or of the learned." But what was it that Paine insinuated into the hearts of learned and unlearned? Independence, or separation from England, although an essential, was but a subordinate part of his aim. That was not his cause, but a necessary condition for the success of his cause; he therefore proves that a formal declaration of separate nationality could alone justify the taking up of arms, or bring to them the sympathy of other nations, or save them from failure; he also points out the adequacy of the resources of America for a great and prosperous nationality. But all of these points, momentous as they are, were comparatively only the feathers on the real arrow of Paine. That arrow was a new idea and scheme of government. This was Paine's cause; the rest was but demonstration of its practicability, and the impracticability of other governmental systems. But some biographical perspective is needed fully to appreciate the "art and mystery" of Paine's work.

"It was the cause of America that made me an author." These words of Paine gain significance when we reflect that when he began writing (1775), he was thirty-eight. He had in that time been an assiduous student of physics, astronomy, and mathematics; he was well versed in philosophic theories of government. He had derived from his father, and from the little Quaker meeting in Thetford, a hatred of priestcraft, a contempt for titles, hostility to privilege, horror of slavery, belief in the equality of all men in rights as the children of one universal Father, and abhorrence of war. These were thorough convictions; for Paine's mind was the reverse of skeptical, and there is every reason to believe that his outlawed religion was, to the last, substantially that of the Quakers, whose orthodoxy was a later development, rightly regarded by Elias Hicks as an innovation. But silence concerning most of their peculiar views had become, through persecutions, an instinct in Quakers, outside their own meeting; and, although Paine was never connected with any

meeting, he seems to have preserved an inbred habit of speaking only when the spirit moved him. When he was thirty, he used to preach occasionally in and about Margate, where he had married, but what he said is not reported. He wrote scraps of poetry, and, no doubt, other things; but never published anything. He knew some learned and influential people, and was quite familiar with the opinion of the English publicists, Josiah Tucker and Major Cartwright, that England should detach itself from America. He believed, while yet in England, that such separation was inevitable, but was not much interested in it. For it was only contemplated that there would be set up in America another British throne and another England. When he arrived in America (November 1774) he found it a kind of treason to talk about separation, and "Independence was a doctrine scarce and rare even towards the conclusion of the year 1775."

Paine's value was at once recognized in Philadelphia. He was employed as teacher of young gentlemen; in January (1775) became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and received welcome from the eminent friends of Franklin, from whom he brought letters. But the war-clouds were gathering, and, during those early months,—from Nov. 30 when he arrived, to April 19 when the collision at Lexington occurred,—Paine used all his influence, and it was much, to soothe the rising wrath, and promote reconciliation with England. So strenuous had he been, that, after the tidings from Lexington, and even while he was writing his plea for independence, he was suspected by some of being a British Tory, if not a spy!

Yet during those same months, while urging reconciliation, the real "cause of America" had laid hold of him, and made him an author. For the first time he saw slavery, and took up his burden against it. The first thing he ever wrote for publication was that powerful appeal for emancipation which the editor of the *Pennsylvania Journal* hesitated about, for it was delayed until March 8. It brought Dr. Rush to his side, and clearly caused the organization soon after (April 14) of

the first anti-slavery society. But while that first-written paper was in suspense, the "cause of America" had already in another aspect been presented in the introduction of Paine's magazine :

"America has now outgrown the state of infancy : her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood ; and science in all its branches has not only blossomed, but even ripened on the soil. The cottages, as it were, of yesterday have grown to villages, and the villages to cities ; and, while proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius, as if sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes hither for recovery. . . . America yet inherits a large portion of her first-imported virtue. Degeneracy is here almost a useless word. Those who are conversant with Europe would be tempted to believe that even the air of the Atlantic disagrees with the constitution of foreign vices ; if they survive the voyage they either expire on their arrival, or linger away in an incurable consumption. There is a happy something in the climate of America which disarms them of all their power, both of infection and attraction.

"But while we give no encouragement to the importation of foreign vices, we ought to be equally as careful not to create any. A vice begotten might be worse than a vice imported. The latter, depending on favor, would be a sycophant ; the other, by pride of birth, would be a tyrant. To the one we should be dupes, to the other slaves."

The man who wrote this (probably in Jan. 1775), was well aware that the same principle applies to political vices : an imported royalism merely tolerated, would be far less harmful than a new-created royalism in America. He was therefore anxious for reconciliation, for the constitution of England had not yet been subverted by the King's determination to govern as well as reign. But Paine was all the more indignant at the unconciliatory attitude of the ministry, and on Jan. 4, 1775, there appeared in the *Pennsylvania Journal*, evidently from his pen, a dialogue, in which his hero, General Wolff (on whom he had once written a ballad), comes from the elysian fields, sent by the heroes there to remonstrate with General Gage on his errand in Boston. Gage is told

that "the American colonies are entitled to all the privileges of British subjects. Equality of liberty is the glory of every Briton. He does not forfeit it by crossing the ocean. He carries it with him into the most distant parts of the world, because he carries with him the immutable laws of nature. A Briton or an American ceases to be a British subject when he ceases to be governed by rules chosen or approved of by himself. This is the essence of liberty and of the British constitution."

On the village green at Lexington, where others saw seven slain Americans, Paine saw an eighth corpse—that of the British constitution. He now saw that the independence, which he knew must come at some time, was in danger of coming under circumstances which would enable monarchy to renew its youth, and perhaps substitute a Cæsar in place of a royal figurehead. The heart of his pamphlet "Common Sense" is in its picture, drawn with subtle imaginative art, but simple and real, of an American republic. Here was no talk of Greece and Rome, of classic senates and the like, nor was there any scream of the demagogue, nor any nonsense about the infallibility of majorities. American independence is to mean the independence of every man. The only design of a right and normal government is to secure to every human being his freedom, his personal rights, which include protection of his property, and absolute liberty of conscience in religion. Government has no business with religion, other than to protect every man's freedom therein.

No one can now read carefully these early utterances of Paine without perceiving that he had studied the problems connected with democracy long before he came to America. What he poured forth with passionate earnestness, yet nearly always well restrained, were mature thoughts which had solved problems raised by Locke, Rousseau, Dragonetti, and others,—raised but not solved. How can individual freedom be harmonized with the supreme authority of a majority? In the "Dialogue" (Jan. 4, 1775) his General Wolff, answering General Gage's exaltation of parliament, says: "The wisest

assemblies of men are as liable as individuals to corruption and error. The greatest ravages which have ever been committed upon the liberty and happiness of mankind have been by weak and corrupted republics." Personal liberty could only be assured by a compact or charter whereby the people put it out of their power to infringe upon it. Paine proposed that a constitutional convention should at once be appointed (suggesting that it might be formed of two congressmen from each colony, two from each provincial assembly, and five elected in each provincial capital, by as many as chose to go there and vote), and that it should found its constitution on a charter of the rights of every human being. "A charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, professional freedom, or property." (In this sentence "professional" was probably a printer's error for "personal.") In 1786, when a national constitution was contemplated, Paine, on Franklin's suggestion, wrote his "Dissertation on Government":

"When a people agree to form themselves into a republic (for the word *republic* means the *public good*, or the good of the whole, in contradistinction to the despotic form, which makes the good of the sovereign, or of one man, the only object of government), when, I say, they agree to do this, it is to be understood that they mutually resolve and pledge themselves to each other, rich and poor alike, to support and maintain this rule of equal justice among them. They therefore renounce not only the despotic form, but the despotic principle, as well of governing as of being governed by mere will and power, and substitute in its place a government of justice. By this mutual compact, the citizens of a republic put it out of their power, that is, they renounce, as detestable, the power of exercising, at any future time, any species of despotism over each other, or doing a thing not right in itself, because a majority of them may have strength of numbers sufficient to accomplish it. In this pledge and compact lies the foundation of the republic: and the security of the rich

and the consolation of the poor is, that what each man has is his own ; that no despotic sovereign can take it from him, and that the common cementing principle which holds all the parts of a republic together, secures him likewise from the despotism of numbers ; for despotism may be more effectually acted by many over the few, than by one man over all. . . . A republic, properly understood, is a sovereignty of justice, in contradistinction to a sovereignty of will."

Among the "loyalists" with whom Paine argued, some used pleas not unlike what we hear in our own time. "Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the Colonies, that, in conjunction, they might bid defiance to the world." But, answers Paine, "What have we to do with setting the world at defiance ?

"Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe, because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. . . . The injuries and disadvantages we sustain by that connection [with England], are without number ; and our duty to mankind at large, as well as to ourselves, instructs us to renounce the alliance : because any submission to, or dependence on, Great Britain tends to directly involve this continent in European wars and quarrels, and set us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. All Europe is our market for trade, we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while, by her dependence on Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics."

This is what George Washington called "sound doctrine," and what he left as advice to his country. I have before me a manuscript diary of John Hall, 1786, who says that Washington, seeing Paine in poverty (though he might have been rich had he not given away his publications to the struggling country), declared to the President of congress that unless provision for Paine were made by that assembly he would make it out of his own pocket. Washington expressed to

several correspondents his high appreciation of the Crisis series, and one may feel pretty certain that he was impressed by the following, in the seventh "Address to the people of England," November 21, 1778 :

"There is such an idea existing in the world as that of *national honor*, and this, falsely understood, is oftentimes the cause of war. In a Christian and philosophical sense, mankind seem to have stood still at individual civilization, and to retain as nations all the original rudeness of nature. Peace by treaty is only a cessation of violence for a reformation of sentiment. It is a substitute for a principle that is wanting, and ever will be wanting till the idea of national honor be rightly understood. As individuals, we profess ourselves Christians, but as nations we are heathens, Romans, and what not. I remember the late Admiral Saunders declaring in the House of Commons, and that in the time of peace, that, 'the city of Madrid laid in ashes was not a sufficient atonement for the Spaniards taking off the rudder of an English sloop of war.' I do not ask whether this is Christianity or morality, I ask whether it is decency? whether it is proper language for a nation to use? In private life we call it by the plain name of bullying, and the elevation of rank cannot alter its character. It is, I think, exceedingly easy to define what ought to be understood by national honor; for that which is the best character for an individual is the best character for a nation; and wherever the latter exceeds, or falls beneath the former, there is a departure from the line of true greatness."

But this is revolutionary doctrine. What would become of armies and fleets, if nations conducted themselves to each other like gentlemen? Paine would answer in the language he addressed to General Sir William Howe, March 21, 1778 :

"If there is a sin superior to every other, it is that of wilful and offensive war. Most other sins are circumscribed within narrow limits, that is, the power of *one* man cannot give them a very general extension, and many kinds of sins have only a mental existence from which no infection arises; but he who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death."

In the introduction to "Common Sense," Paine says: "The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind." In his early patriotic writings he holds in prophetic vision a free America whose "first gratitude" is shown "by an act of continental legislation, which shall put a stop to the importation of negroes for sale, soften the hard lot of those already here, and in time procure their freedom"; a nation become "the asylum of persecuted virtue from every part of the globe"; refuge of the "genius" of other nations; the favorite of heaven, and friend of mankind"; the "ark in which all the liberty and true religion of the world are to be deposited." No Goethe had yet said to restless young Europeans, "Your America is here or nowhere."

When the war ended, Thomas Paine was the lion of America. He was not only held to have achieved victory by his pen, but by important military services, afterwards forgotten, but well remembered then. States competed for his visits; but he was not fond of fêtes, he was fond of science, and he retired to Bordentown, a small town in New Jersey, where he devoted himself to building a model of his chief invention—his iron bridge. But now there began to troop out the royalists. They had joined in the Revolution—some of them dragged into it—but they had no idea of any but English government; Paine they had applauded as a standard-bearer of independence, but they presently realized that he had done more important work: he had cleared out of the minds and hearts of the common people, and out of three-fourths of their leaders, all vestiges of monarchical notions and superstitions; and he had substituted a perfect architectural plan of an American Republic. The greatest states, Pennsylvania and Virginia, hastened to build up constitutions with Bills of Rights of which every stone was quarried from Paine's writings, and if, as Paine wished, a national constitution could have been framed toward the close of the Revolution, or just after the treaty of peace, there is little doubt that it would have abolished the slave trade at once, provided for the extinction of slavery, and would have contained nothing so English as the

disproportionate representation of states and the Presidency, —as now constituted. Paine had done away with these things, and it required a special propaganda, aided by menaces of disunion on the part of the small states, to undo any part of his work.

It is probable that if Paine had remained in America through the year 1787 he might have secured some of the republican principles that were sacrificed, and it is certain that he would have been in Washington's cabinet. As it was, Jefferson and Randolph wished the President to summon him from Europe for the office of Postmaster General, and but for Washington's fear of offending England, enraged by Paine's "Rights of Man," it would have been done. But Paine was a strangely unambitious man ; he never thought of gaining any personal power by his writings ; and when, early in 1787, he received a letter from his aged parents longing to see him, he sailed off with his iron-bridge model. His father had died, but he sat with his aged mother (in a house still standing), and settled an annuity on her.

England insisted on lionizing Paine. He was drawn from Thetford by scientific men interested in his bridge, and entertained in grand mansions by lords and gentry who affected the blue and buff of Washington. But his heart was in America, and he wrote to Kitty Nicholson, whom he had known as a school girl, on her approaching marriage : "Though I am in as elegant style of acquaintance here as any American that ever came over, my heart and myself are three thousand miles apart ; and I had rather see my horse Button, in his own stable, or eating the grass of Bordentown or Morrisania, then see all the pomp and show of Europe."

But not rather than to see the pomp and show catch fire from the splendor of the American Revolution. And that was the glory that arose in France. The king had consented to be a republican ruler, and Paine was summoned by Lafayette and other old comrades to bear the stars and stripes in the procession, which was to celebrate this, his ideal revolution,—peaceful and bloodless. There rose before him a new

vision uttered at a grand dinner given him in London, as his toast — "The Republic of the World!"

During the year 1791, all Europe was reading Paine's "Rights of Man," which was as effective as "Common Sense" had been in America: republican, or so-called "Constitutional" societies were organized throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Paine devoted to them every penny that came to him — thousand of pounds — for the enormous sales of the book which Madison declared to be a "defense of the principles on which that government [the United States] is founded." That indeed was the optimistic view shared by Paine, whose "Rights of Man" was received by England and France as a gospel according to America. "I am not an ambitious man," wrote Paine to Monroe, "but perhaps I have been an ambitious American. I have wished to see America the Mother Church of government, and I have done my utmost to exalt her character and her condition."

My friend, Clair J. Grece, LL.D., has just discovered in an old autograph shop in London, and has sent me, a letter in Paine's handwriting addressed to the Constitutional Society in Paris, in behalf of that in London, May 1792, from which I extract a paragraph:

"In contemplating the political condition of nations we can scarcely conceive a more diabolical system of government than has been generally established over the world. To feed the avarice and gratify the wickedness of ambition, the brotherhood of the human race has been destroyed, as if the several nations of the earth had been created by rival gods. Man knew not man as the work of one creator. The political institutions under which he has lived have been counter to whatever religion he professed. Instead of that universal benevolence which the morality of every known religion declares, he has been politically bred to consider his species as his natural enemy, and to define virtues and crimes by a geographical chart."

In conclusion, Paine applauds their "peaceable principles," and declares that their true defense against their enemies will be "establishing the general freedom of Europe." Such were the auroral hopes and visions of those who welcomed

the great apostle from America in England and in France, which entreated Paine to come and assist them in forming a republican constitution. After an interview with the American minister (Pinckney) in London, who agreed with him "that it was to the interest of America that the system of European governments should be changed, and placed on the same principle with her own," Paine went to Paris with an eminent Frenchman sent to escort him, and was appointed by the convention on the committee to frame a constitution.

But there he was presently confronted by an American minister, Gouverneur Morris, who under the cover of Washington's great authority was actively serving the royal courts leagued against France. Paine was the only real American minister in France, and the many Americans in Paris so regarded him. When Paine had completed his work on the constitution, and the convention had indefinitely adjourned it, and turned itself into a revolutionary tribunal, he absented himself from it. He then prepared to return to America, where he would have explained the reign of terror and also reported the proceedings of the American minister. That, Morris could not allow, and he conspired with the sanguinary committee to throw Paine into prison.

And there he lay, the guillotine blade suspended over him, for over ten months, in obedience to the supposed wishes of Washington! And Washington died in the belief that Morris had vainly endeavored to secure Paine's release as an American citizen, his treacherous minister having so written him, just after he had written to the Robespierrian minister that Paine was not within his jurisdiction!

I have just taken a walk past the site of the Hotel de Philadelphia where Paine was welcomed with enthusiasm in 1792, whence he was dragged to prison in 1793; past the Luxembourg prison (where a newsboy was crying his journal "Les Droits de l'Homme"); past the "Maison des Etrangers" where Monroe brought the half-dead prisoner immured by his predecessor; and my topographical walk ended in the rue de l'Odéon, where, after the Monroes had nursed him back into life, Paine found a home with the De Bonneville, — the

French government having refused to let him leave for America. There I pictured the apostle of Liberty, denied it himself, with his careworn face still to the sunrise. There he wrote his pamphlet urging a compact between all nations, that in time of war commerce should be protected as neutral. Every ship from whose mast floated the flag he had devised—a rainbow—should be secure.

I have an impression that this old emblem of promise, the bow on the cloud, had long haunted Paine's imagination. In his *Pennsylvania Magazine*, September 1775, there is a picture of the battle at Charlestown, and a ship bears a flag covered with stripes, the edges undefined. This was long before the adoption of stripes for the United States flag, and it is quite possible that editor Paine had suggested a rainbow flag to his engraver. However that may be, it is a strangely pathetic fact, that this veteran author, hero, martyr, after so many humiliations, seeing the rise of a military despot on the ruins of the French Republic, his comrades slain by the guillotine, did not yet despair of the future of humanity. There was still a bow in the clouds for his steadfast eyes. He sent his rainbow pamphlet to the chief minister of Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and to all the courts of Europe, and to the President (Jefferson), and fair responses were received. But the world still waits for Paine's rainbow flag, which to him meant the blending of all nations into a beautiful union, before which war must pass away forever. That rainbow he no doubt saw in the American flag,—which in his last *Crisis* he spoke of as beautiful to the eye, "and to contemplate its rise and origin inspires a sensation of sublime delight." The rainbow is in every one of Paine's writings, whatever storms sweep through them: he was the typical enthusiast of liberty, equality, fraternity; he was the passionate lover of America for the sake of its exalted virtues, its freedom and justice; and it is but sober historic truth to affirm that no man ever lived whose mind, and life, and work were more transfused with sweet humanity, than Thomas Paine.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Paris.

THE STRUGGLE OF ABSOLUTISM.

THE world is looking with anxious eyes toward the north, where, upon the mist-covered Neva, sits a monarch who has called mankind together to take counsel for the eventual overthrow of the colossus of militarism, and the inauguration of universal peace. With the approach of the time set for the opening of this council of the nations, — in many respects one of the most striking developments of the end of the century — the question that is pressing for utterance upon the lips of millions of men on both sides of the Atlantic is: “Will the plan of the White Czar result in advancing the world toward the time when war shall be condemned as a crime against humanity?”

The word “militarism” is the most sinister combination of sounds in the dictionary of the Old World, and the mighty man whose finger shall erase it therefrom, will have put the finishing touch to the great work which was begun by the Sea of Galilee nineteen centuries ago. While militarism, in all its terrible significance, remains an accepted and approved policy and practice of the rulers of Christendom, the people must sink lower and lower into the abyss of material distress and consequent moral degradation until — when?

It is recognized universally that if Russia, the greatest armed power in the world, begins the process of disarmament by modifying the scale of her own preparations for offense and defense, the coming peace conference will be productive of definite and beneficent results. Is the Russian government sincere, then, in its avowal of a purpose to bring about a general diminution of the armed forces of the world? There is not a single indication that such is the case. It is an extraordinary fact that in Russia itself, with the exception of the favored individuals who dwell in the shadow of royalty,

people, as a rule, are unaware that his majesty the Czar has issued an appeal for international peace. The conscription this year is larger than ever before, and the number of soldiers who are being hurried out to the Asiatic frontiers of the empire has increased, if anything. Even while the ukase of peace was being penned at St. Petersburg, Russia was centering all her tremendous energies in adding another link to the iron chain that is to throttle the British empire in India. The clank of sabers and the clash of bayonets was resounding throughout the length and breadth of the Slav empire—and the American locomotives on the Trans-Siberian railroad were puffing and snorting over the Mongolian steppes, freighted, not with the product of loom, factory, or field, but with Krupp guns and peasant recruits to be massed on the line of coming battle between Muscovite and Anglo-Saxon in the extreme east.

“The White Czar, in his childish fancy, has designed a curious thing,” reasoned Muravieff, the astute chancellor of the empire, and his no less astute coadjutor, Gen. Kouropatkine, whose ingenious brain has perfected every detail in the plan for the coming conquest of India by the great northern power. “The Czar has designed a curious thing, but he must be humored because he is the Czar.” And so the proclamation which stirred the heart of Christendom to its depths was issued by the cynical chancellor in a spirit of bitter ribaldry. The issuing of the proclamation itself was a perfectly harmless proceeding—for both the chancellor and the war minister saw to it that there was not a shadow of possibility that their plans for the aggrandizement of holy Russia should be injured in the least by the sentimental notions of the emperor.

It must be remembered that Czar Nicholas II. does not represent in any sense the traditions of the imperial house of which he is the head, nor of the nation of which he is the nominal master. The young man, who shortly before the death of his imperial father, committed the extraordinary indiscretion of publishing a book of verses breathing strongly

of the spirit of Nihilism, succeeded in donning the purple, only because his claim to it was absolutely flawless, and offered no pretext whatever for the machinations of the lawyers—and the doctors. Had the slightest blemish existed in the title of the Czarevitch to his father's throne, it is safe to say that he would never have been allowed to sit upon it. Nicholas II. is the least Russian of the long line of the Romanoffs, and his occupancy of the throne is still regarded, and will continue to be regarded, as one of the evil, but inevitable, bequests of history, and the Emperor himself is a sort of *bête noire* who must be endured because he cannot be cured. So that when the Emperor spoke the word of peace, he did not speak the word of Russia, but rather that of his English governess. The bureaucracy bit its collective lip when it heard of the latest piece of imperial folly, and said, under its breath, but loudly enough to be heard by the anointed of the Lord: "It will do no harm. The nations will regard Russia in the *rôle* of an apostle of peace, and, in the meanwhile, everything will be as it has been!"

Such is the bitter jest that has been perpetrated upon mankind by the great tyranny of the north—the power that is gathering all its terrible strength for a war of destruction upon the Anglo-Saxon race, the great civilizer of the world.

A CHECK TO ABSOLUTISM IN GERMANY.

A notable check has been interposed to the advance of absolutism in Germany—the movement which was inaugurated by the sinister genius of the peasant prince Otto von Bismarck, and to the furtherance of which the young and impulsive Kaiser has been devoting all his energies—along different lines, it is true, but to the same reactionary end.

Two continents laughed with mingled scorn and amusement when the diminutive principality of Lippe-Detmold first began to figure as a disturbing element in the imperial digestive system. The prince of Lippe having been debarred by glaring mental incapacity from wearing the tinsel crown of the principality, the Kaiser improved the occasion by ap-

pointing his brother-in-law, Count Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, to the regency of Lippe. The federation of princes nullified the Kaiser's action by declaring the appointment illegal. They carried out their anti-imperial action to its logical conclusion by recognizing the title of Count Ernest of Lippe-Biesterfeld to the regency, and that claimant accordingly assumed the reins of power in spite of the emphatic protest of the Emperor. But the latter could not reconcile himself to this snub at the hands of the federated princes, and the regency of Count Ernest has been made as unpleasant for him as the head of the empire could make it. Now the princes have closed the argument by declaring that their decision in the matter under dispute is not subject to imperial scrutiny, and that the Emperor's wishes in the Lippe controversy are not entitled even to consideration.

This action marks a significant and sensational phase of the struggle against absolutism in Germany, and cannot fail to operate favorably upon the course of popular freedom throughout Europe. The imperial power in Germany has been swelling into pre-eminence, side by side with the military prestige of Germany, until the race that gave modern philosophy, and a large share of the aggregate of modern science, to the world, may fairly be said to be the most despotically governed in Europe. The forces of socialism, working at first silently, and now with increasing boldness and vigor, have been joined by the princes of the empire in their successful struggle against that incubus of German political life — the will of the Emperor!

FRANZ JOSEF'S SEMI-CENTENNARY.

The flourish of the trumpets that were to announce the fiftieth anniversary of Franz Josef I., as Emperor of the federated empire of Austria-Hungary, was turned into a funeral dirge, by the sad events that marked the historic occasion. The aged Emperor, bowed down with grief and with years, reached that important moment in his own life and that of the empire, only to hear the harsh shouts of his

dissenting subjects, to see the overshadowing mass of the great northern power heavier upon the remnant of the Holy Roman Empire, and to feel, over and above all other melancholy reminders of his failing fortunes, the terrible desolation that was brought upon his closing years by the deed of an arch-anarchist.

Hardly had the flickering light of the torches, that had thrown a fitful glare upon the funeral-fête of the jubilee, been extinguished, when a fresh indication of the doom of the Holy Roman Empire was borne home to the dazed consciousness of the aged monarch, by the refusal of the Hungarian Diet to renew the terms of the agreement, whereby the imperial federation was kept in existence, and which was to expire on the last day of the year. This necessitated the employment of drastic political measures. The imperial chancellery met the situation by issuing a proclamation continuing the operations of the federal agreement for another year. This measure, while constitutional, is not calculated to conciliate the Hungarians, who have endured the Hapsburg domination with patient loathing at best. In the meantime, while the two opposing camps of the Austro-Hungarian parliamentary forces are making their respective preparations for the final conflict over the *ausgleich*, the peasants of Hungary are carrying on an agitation which may at any time produce serious consequences in the Hungarian part of the dual monarchy.

FEUDALISM IN HUNGARY.

Inconceivable as the anachronism may seem to the Western mind, the agrarian system of Hungary has not yet issued from the feudal form. The Hungarian farmer of today is virtually a serf, bound to his master, the hereditary owner of the soil which the peasant tills, by the tangible tie of personal liability. The Hungarian feudal lord of the end-of-the-century is entitled to fifty days' labor from each male adult who dwells on his land. The seignior is at liberty to demand this feudal contribution at whatever time may seem best to him,

with the frequent result that the tenant farmer is employed in gathering his master's harvests while his own crops are rotting after a rainfall, or are being consumed by an early frost, or suffer damage from one or more of the many possible causes which render destructive the slightest delay on the part of the harvester in gathering the fruits of a year's labor. The Hungarian peasant of today objects to this order of things as strenuously as generations of his forefathers did in the long series of bloodily suppressed peasant wars that stand out so conspicuously on the pages of history. The cable conveys, from time to time, fragmentary indications of the determined efforts of the Hungarian tenant farmers to rid themselves of this tenacious bequest of the Middle Ages. Disturbances are frequent in the agricultural districts, which the daily press, with its passion for accurate classification, labels as "agrarian riots," and dismisses with the stereotyped phrase: "The troops succeeded in dispersing the rioters. There were several casualties on both sides." To the observer who takes the trouble to see below the surface of things, these episodes are forerunners of the last struggle between feudalism and enlightenment in Europe, with Hungary as the battlefield.

While the voice of Louis Kossuth is thundering denunciations of the dual empire through the eloquent lips of Francis Kossuth, a son of the hero of '48, the other movement, which the stormy mid-century period inaugurated, is gathering force in the Hungarian Diet and among the swarming population that is tilling the fertile plains of Hungary. The Hungarian farmer bids Hungary solve the agrarian problem or prepare herself to combat a latter-day peasant revolution which the spirit of the age cannot fail to render fruitful of successful results.

FAILURE OF THE ANTI-ANARCHIST CONFERENCE.

The international congress which assembled in Rome to consider some method of checking the onward march of the forces of anarchism in Europe, has ended in definite and con-

spicuous failure. When the political wiseacres of the Old World compared notes on the extent and nature of the evil of anarchism, they discovered that no concerted proscriptive action could be taken against the anarchists, because there were so many of them in some of the countries represented at the conference that an attempt to exterritorize them would result in the partial depopulation of entire districts. The only tangible effect of the conference, was an emphatic demonstration to friend and foe alike, that anarchism in Europe is too widespread to be dealt with by the police, and that action by someone else than jail-keepers and sheriffs is necessary, if respect for the existing social order is to be promoted among the masses of the population of the Old World.

REVOLT IN ITALY.

The recent insurrections in Italy illustrated in vivid fashion the danger that threatens European society. The placid minds of the political academicians were thrown into a state of agitation by the outbreak of violence that recently shook the Italian monarchy to its foundation, and threatened for a moment to bring a bloody crisis in the fortunes of the royal house of Savoy. The Italian government had to call nearly a quarter of a million of the military reserves to the colors, and to create an army of half a million men — a figure that nearly reaches the full war strength of the country, and double the force enrolled by Uncle Sam to wage war with Spain — before it could stifle the bitter cry for bread that could no longer be repressed. And when the Italian in uniform had pressed the point of the bayonet against the breast of the Italian in rags, di Rudini and the heads of half a dozen of the other cabinets of Europe became conscious of a truth to which, after the manner of all academicians when they have to deal with conditions which their text-books do not recognize, they had deliberately closed their eyes. They discovered that the crust of political earth that stands between European society and the destructive elements of discontent is thin — so extremely thin that an outbreak at one point in

its surface is very likely, by the mere force of concussion, to cause ominous fissures to occur in the apparently solid surface at other points.

The repressive powers of Italy discovered that the unreconciled elements of the whole of Europe were vitally interested in the trans-alpine protest against existing conditions, and that men of innumerable shades of "Red" republicanism, with practically the entire continent as a recruiting ground, were pouring over the Alps and debouching upon the plains to the south of them—that the army of discontent had invaded Italy. The military arm crushed the malcontents and checked the protesting movement, with what rigors the cable dispatches from the Italian capital have told the world. The grip of iron fingers choked the cry of anger into muteness, and many of the hungry throats that uttered it had their fill of cold lead. But the problem still remains unsolved. The politicians have built a platform over the terrible fissure in the Roman forum, but the abyss still continues to yawn. Will the anointed head of the house of Savoy be the modern Quintus Curtius who shall cause the mouth of the pit to close, by plunging into its sinister depths?

Recent history tells us that there are perhaps no people in Europe who have sacrificed with more splendid devotion at the altar of national greatness than have the Italians. And now their divinity has become a Moloch. Cavour discovered that a great army had to be created—an army far in excess of the abilities of the Italian people to support—if resurrected Italy was to take its place among the great nations of the earth. Then came the *dreibund*, an ingenious international contrivance which the cunning mind of Bismarck devised, in order to construct a dominant Prussia upon the ruins of the rest of mankind. Italy has adhered to the terms of the triple alliance with a grim determination that would appear absolutely fatuous were it not for the explanatory fact that the Italians considered their national credit and their national greatness at stake. So the vintner of Calabria, and the herdsman of the Campagna, and the fisherman of Sicily submitted

cheerfully to a crushing system of taxation, the application of which in almost any other country in Europe would have brought about an instant and bloody revolution.

After Cavour came Crispi, who made the astonishing discovery that a colonial policy was the aching void of a greater Italy. If the African continent could be made a field for Italian activity, the exchequer of the monarchy would immediately feel the beneficent effect thereof, and the fiscal problem would become capable of solution.

When the Italian taxpayer had done a little quiet grumbling, he accepted Crispi's proposition, and Eritrea came into existence — Eritrea, which was the occasion of the absolute shattering of Italian prestige by the savage warriors of Ras Menelik. But the African colony still continues to consume a large proportion of the revenues of the kingdom, and to contribute to the terrible load under which the Italian is barely able to totter. Meanwhile, the Italian peninsula resounds with the tramp of soldiery, but the abyss in the Roman forum awaits the devotion of a Quintus Curtius. Will the hero be of the blood of the house of Savoy?

STARVATION IN RUSSIA CONTINUES.

Some bold Stanley may yet come out of the dark empire of Russia to give the world some inkling of the terrible conditions that obtain under the far-spreading shadow of the Muscovite throne. Christendom shuddered when it read the stories of hunger and pestilence in India. It has yet to realize that under the scepter of a monarch who is officially designated as the protector of the holy orthodox church, famine is carrying away its thousands of victims, and the government is hardly raising a finger to alleviate the terrible distress.

Russia has kept her ghastly secret well. No highly colored stories of pain and despair have been allowed to reach the breakfast tables of the civilized world. Only an occasional stray paragraph, too innocent in itself to have caught the watchful eye of the imperial censor, has percolated into

the columns of the daily press to indicate that anything extraordinary is going on in holy Russia.

Count Muravieff, the Russian chancellor, recently permitted the publication of an official note which announced to the charitably inclined that "conditions of scarcity" are prevalent in seven provinces of European Russia; that physicians have demonstrated the presence in the affected provinces of hunger typhus in a form bordering on the epidemic, and made the cheerful admission that the government is unable to cope with existing conditions. This famine ukase is the only official admission that the world has had of the grim fact that millions of Russians are starving.

In the meanwhile, troopship after troopship leaves Odessa bearing thousands of recruits who are being poured into Asia, there to be employed in the civilizing mission of Russia. Millions of roubles are being wrested, kopeck after kopeck, from the rigid fingers of the peasantry in order that holy mother Russia may wax great and terrible in the Far East, and that the foot of the Russian bureaucrat may rest as firmly and as heavily upon the neck of the Chinese peasant as it already does upon that of his Russian brother. And still the words "civilizing mission" fall glibly and facilely from the lips of the diplomats who are directing the hand that writes history at St. Petersburg.

S. IVAN TONJOROFF.

Boston.

FRANZ JOSEF'S DREAM.

A SILVER lampsh one dimly on the form of the kneeling Emperor. A crucifix stood above him, set with jewels, on an altar draped with black. The silver cross and the white head of the kneeling monarch alone gleamed out of the surrounding darkness.

It was long after midnight, and the Emperor had been alone for hours. Outside, the winds were moaning softly, and the wet flakes whispered along the panes. The Emperor was kneeling before the altar, his white head bowed upon his hands, his worn brow pressed against the altar-cloth: an old man, lonely and alone, grievously stricken, and very desolate. Overshadowed by sharp misery on earth, he was struggling toward the consoling light of the angelic world, but his soul beat against the doors of hope in vain, seeking entrance, and finding none; sinking ever backwards into the darkness.

There came no vision of the peace his soul was longing after, but only wild memories of pain, affliction on affliction, sorrow after sorrow. And glimpses of old joys, mingling with each scene of mourning, added a hot sting of bitterness to his misery.

He was a youth again, in the world of memory that opened before him, and his brother Maximilian was with him: Maximilian the dreamer, the enthusiast, dearest to him of all his kin. They were in the Tyrol hills, hunting together, in the goat's-hair jackets of mountaineers, with leather knee-breeches, and chamois tufts in their hats. The sunlit velvet of the valleys spread below them, with the green curtains of the pines, and the rose-white snow-peaks soared above them in the blue. Suddenly there was a whirring of broad wings, as an eagle swooped past them, his wing-feathers brushing against the cliff. Then a patter of pebbles from ledge to ledge, as a chamois moved past somewhere above them. Then at last,

after breathless waiting, the dun-colored body against the grayness of the rocks, and the little curved horns, and the big wondering eyes looking down at them. A moment's suspense, a long shot from Maximilian, and the joy of victory. The soft brown body came tumbling over the cliff, and blood was trickling into the big dark eyes. The prize was theirs. And then, in the evening, merry-making in the lodge, the wild cries of the Tyrolean foresters in the dance of the hill-men: the beer-mugs clinking together, and after the revelry, happy sleep, that no dream broke, till the auer-hens were calling in the dawning.

Then his brother again, but in another setting. The sun is bright now, but with the white brightness of Mexico; an eagle is soaring in the blue, and the scarred plain bristles with gray-green cactus. Away across the open, through the shimmering air, the snow-clad Sierra rising from the blue and purple of the foothills. There are thousands of Mexican soldiers, grouped in a half circle, and the anger of revenge is in their eyes. Maximilian is standing before them, chivalrous and hopeless: "good luck to my adopted country . . . *Viva Mejico!*" Then, as of old, a moment of suspense; a good shot, and a body falls, but it is Maximilian's, and the red gushing blood is his. And there is revelry of another sort in the evening. Wild cry after cry breaks from the lips of Maximilian's bride, as she peals forth into mad laughter, till rent heart and darkened mind bring the terrible mercy of oblivion. Then the Emperor sees his best loved brother again, hunting with him in the Tyrolean hills; the velvet valleys are beneath him, and the curtained pine-woods rise up towards the snows, but there is blood on the breast of Maximilian, and his eyes are closed in death.

"My brother, my brother! why did I let you go forth to die?"

And he pressed his seamed forehead against the altar-cloth, and the silver lamp gleamed white on that white head bowed in pain. All else was wrapped in gloom, and there was silence, but for the moaning of the winds, and the wet flakes whispering along the windows.

Then a glad vision of brightness, shutting out his brother's blood-stained breast, and those death's eyes. The castle-garden at Ischl, and he himself a youth, who coming to pay court to the one sister, had fallen in love with the other, the girl princess Elizabeth. He hears her first greeting under the apple-trees, where the fruit is reddening along the boughs: "God greet thee, Franz!" a voice of clear music, as she comes forward to meet him, and the world is suddenly transformed by the glamor of romantic love. They walk there among the flowers, the scented fragrance all around them, and their idyl is as simple and innocent as the love-making in some enchanted isle. He is the gallant lover of a charming maid, and his shy caresses are as sweet as the first heart's love of the dwellers in the quiet mountains. Then suddenly the scene changes: it is still his princess, his Elizabeth, but he is not with her. There is silver in her hair, and sorrow in her eyes. Then a wild-faced man, low-browed, ill-clad, and haggard, comes toward her. There is a swift movement and a scuffle, and the Empress is stabbed to the heart. His wife, with the blood upon her breast and lips; the white hand of death has stilled the voice that greeted him so gaily in the garden, in the glad days of long ago.

The Emperor wrung his hands in sorrow, and cried aloud: "My bride, my princess, how happy we might have been!"

The scourge of sweet and bitter memories still falls unsparing. A new picture rises before him. It is his first-born son this time, his little Rudolf,—named for the first who made the greatness of their race. He holds the little child upon his knees, and it smiles at him, and the soft curly head nestles up against his shoulder. The Emperor presses his lips against the boyish curls, and proud joy swells his heart. The boy is wayward and wilful, passionate like all the Hapsburgs, and the Emperor loves him for it. Even now, the child is telling how he has defied his nurse, crying that he was a prince, and would follow his own will; and the Emperor is laughing at him, and encouraging his son's re-

bellion. And the Emperor saw swiftly in a vision how that wilful spirit had grown, till it withstood even his own imperial will, and would know no law but its own waywardness; and the old man saw how that very spirit had fascinated him, and stolen his love, as it did in childhood, when the little boy sat very confidingly upon his knee, and nestled his curly head against his father's shoulder. And even while he stroked the young child's hair, and felt the warmth of the boyish life against his heart, there was a swift change. It was Rudolf still, but this time lying dead, with a red wound in his forehead, slain by his own hand. A terrible tragedy there in the hunting lodge of Mayerling; the heir to the throne of the emperors, lying there with Marie Vetsera by his side; her form long cold, the froth of poison on her lips; his body still warm, with the blood hardly congealed on his brow, and matting those same soft curls that his father had loved to press with his lips.

"My son, my first-born," cried the Emperor, horror-struck, "can a man so stricken live?"

Then another vision, most horrible among so many horrors: the sister of his Empress is crying piteously for help, and her cry has first called his eyes to the picture. A scene of wild panic spread before his fascinated gaze; it was in Paris: a splendid fancy fair, all bright with flowers and banners, and a thousand colored lights. The hall was filled with the best born of an old nobility, a roll of honor through the centuries was called up by the names of every one of them. And they are wild with fear, for the great building is burning; red tears of blazing pitch are falling all around, and the flames flare up wherever the red pitch falls. Women are shrieking, and trying to tear away their blazing garments, and the hot pitch flames up in their hair, and burns black gashes on their faces and shoulders. Among them is the Duchess d'Alençon, his Empress's sister, and it is her cry that has reached his ears. Now all are struggling at the door, and fighting for their lives. The men whose names were a scroll of undying fame, are striking at the women, beating them back from the

entry, struggling to be the first to escape, covering themselves with scathing shame and deathless dishonor. Then there are cries and curses, as the red rain falls, and the hall is filled with stifling smoke; the struggle at the doorway grows feebler, and darkness comes in mercy to cover the charred horror of burning bodies, still writhing among the ruins. Then the awful dignity of silent death. It is very quiet now, where there was so much crying a little while ago.

"My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!" cried the Emperor, heart-broken; "what have I done to be so grievously punished?"

Then night came down upon him, and, for a while, darkness wrapped him about with the hovering wings of silence.

Then out of the darkness came a voice, the voice of the Judge of All the Earth, stern and clear in answer to his passionate appeal:

"The sins of the fathers upon the children . . . to the third and fourth generation."

The Emperor started in fear. There was silence for a while, and then the voice echoed clear and stern again:

"Thus has Fate overtaken the Hapsburgs. Have they brought joy to those who felt their power, or sorrow and mourning? Have they brought the gift of mercy, or tyranny and pain? Have they followed pride and cruel ambition, or loving-kindness and tender mercy? Has gentle charity had any place in their hearts? Have they spared, or have they punished? . . . The Nemesis of the House of Hapsburg . . . the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Then, indeed, the soul of the Emperor sank within him, and his heart stood still with fear; darkness came in gathering mists upon his eyes, and he swooned into a long oblivion.

Then the altar draped in sable faded from before the Emperor's eyes, and there was a rough opening before him, like the doorway of a cave. He was looking into a sea of sunlit mist, and forms were moving in it dimly. The mist began to clear. A crenelated tower of rugged stones rose through it,

and then the turreted walls of a mediæval castle. The river Aar was tumbling beneath it, hurrying its blue waters down that green Swiss valley to the Rhine. The great doorway of the castle was wide open, the drawbridge was let down, and beyond the moat stood a gallant company of one and thirty knights, their armor shining in the sunlight, their horses waiting for them at the gate. The men and boys of the castle were standing round them, listening to the leader, Count Albert, whose proud plume and firm eyes showed him the ruler of them all. He was blessing his children, who stood bare-headed before them, amongst them the sturdiest, Rudolf, who should one day wear the Emperor's crown. Count Albert, whose fathers had been gallant warriors, was setting out that morning for the Holy Land, to fight for the Sepulchre, against the Saracens :

"My sons," he said, "follow after truth and piety; hearken not to evil counsellors, nor engage in needless war; yet, in war, be strong and valiant. Love peace more than profit. The Counts of Hapsburg did not gain their high renown by fraud, or by self-seeking, but by brave devotion to the good of all. While you follow in their footsteps you will uphold their honor, and increase their possessions."

There were ten thousand knightly castles that day in Europe, with mailed and plumed warriors ruling over them. Among all, none more gallant than Count Albert of Hapsburg, as he stood there in the sunlight, his eyes lit with the dream of the enchanted East. The horses were led forward, and, following their chieftain, the knights mounted, and the brave cavalcade rode down the valley that should never see them more, after that bright morning six hundred and three score years ago.

The Emperor saw it all, and all the bravery of the picture, but he saw something more, that had hitherto been veiled to his sight: out of the dimness of the mist that framed the picture, came peering countless haggard eyes; harsh voices sounded, and now and then a piercing cry, like a wounded animal; rough forms were moving in the mist, and pressing

forward toward him, low-browed men that lived and died like the beasts, but without the beasts' hearts-ease. They could not save themselves, or their sons and daughters; their sons must bend in toil, or bleed in battle, for quarrels they had no share in, or labor that brought them no reward. Their wives and daughters before their eyes were insulted by the brutality of soldiers, maddened with the fumes of blood, more cruel than the wild beasts of the forest. And those peering eyes glittered pathetically at him out of the mist, and the harsh voices moaned, rising and falling, and at last breaking into a wild cry:

"We are an-hungered . . . we are afflicted . . . we are tormented . . . for the glory of the Hapsburgs, and for their high renown."

The whole world seemed to be full of those peering, haggard eyes, and the air throbbed with those harsh, pathetic voices.

Then a voice from the silver crucifix:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brothers, ye did it unto me."

And the peasants in their misery, their pallor, and their wounds, closed up round Count Albert as he rode away, crying to him to bring them the victory of the cross, and its tender mercy. But the count did not see or hear them. His eyes were filled with a vision of glory, of great things to be done by the Hapsburgs for the Redeemer; something finer than mere love of the Redeemer's children. So the peasant bands shrank back again with their haggard eyes, to centuries of slavery and pain, to centuries of darkness and oppression, to centuries of misery and shame. And the stern voice spoke again:

"The sins of the fathers upon the children . . . to the third and fourth generation."

Then the four dead bodies flashed up again into the Emperor's sight, side by side, their eyes closed, with the blood on their breasts, and their lips, and their brows, and he cried aloud in agony:

“My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!”

Then came a low heart-rending and despairing echo from among the mists, where the haggard eyes had hidden themselves—the cry of multitudes mourning:

“My brother! my son! my wife! my sister!”

Once again the murmur rose from the infinite armies of sorrow, and then it died away into the stillness. It was the voice of the unprivileged, the disinherited, the lowly ones of the earth, in their boundless bitterness and pain.

Then the shimmering mists gathered together again, as they gather in autumn, in the valleys of the Tyrolean hills, and from the breathing mists came forth another picture. It was a hall, set with shields and bucklers, and trophies of stags' horns, in that same Swiss castle in Aargau. The grandson of the first Albert was lying dead, with a pall of black velvet thrown over him. The fortunes of the house had prospered mightily, since the days of the mailed crusader, when the Hapsburgs were lords only of this green valley. They had twice worn the crown of the Emperor, and should wear it for ages to come. But they had grown great in violence, in rapine, in tyranny, in wrong. And now the second Albert lay there dead, stabbed by his own brother's son, whom he had robbed of his estates. And beside the dead man's body kneeled the Emperor's two sons, and swore a terrible oath of vengeance. All who had taken part in slaying him, many who had taken no part, many who knew nothing of the deed, fell in that dire slaughter, covered with red wounds, and ghastly in the writhing of their misery. Their houses and castles were burned, the stones of the hot ruins were strewn through their fields and vineyards, their servants and all who owned allegiance to them were butchered in cold blood. Their wives and children were cast forth to starve and mourn by the wayside, a prey to the cruel desire of any that passed by them. They sat there, lonely and hungry, in tears or dry-eyed sorrow, the children begging for food, and the mothers with none to give them. Four men had been at the killing of Albert. In the vengeance of his sons, besides these

four who were guilty of that death, there fell one thousand innocent men; and the lives of twice a thousand weak and helpless ones were blasted and ruined. The Emperor in his vision heard the cry of an infant. A high-windowed room of one of the castles flashed up before him; in it, Agnes, dead Emperor Albert's daughter, was trying with her own hands to strangle the child of one of the innocent thousand already slain, trying in hate to stifle its life with her bare hands. Then the door burst open, and some of her father's soldiers saved the child, more humane in their trade of bloodshed than the Hapsburg's high born daughter.

The voice of the Judge of all the earth once more resounded:

"The tender mercies of the Hapsburgs . . . the sins of the fathers upon the children."

The years rolled on in red grandeur and splendid wrong. Figures hurried to and fro in the mists, voices were heard, cries, wailing, and execration. Then there came forth the greatest of all that line, Charles the Emperor, whose dominions girdled all the earth. He was old now, and towering ambition had turned to bitterness in his heart, and all the evil he had done to others, came back upon him, in a cruel desire to do evil to himself. His splendid royalty laid aside, he has hidden himself in a lonely cloister, looking down a lovely Estramaduran valley; melancholy and despair are his companions, the fruit of harsh ambition and bitter cruelty. Lord of a hundred peoples round all the earth, he had not one friend, or any that loved him. And now he lies here in a shirt of hair, on the cell's stone floor, slave to the worst arrogance of all, the arrogance of asceticism. His back is gashed and raw with many scourgings; his flesh is wasted with mortifications. And he has conceived one supreme sensation of the lust of false religion: to rest in the tomb, as one dead, while his body yet lives. Monks enter the bare and chilly cell; they look at him with repugnance and fear, as one full of menace, though in name their brother. They are carrying a coffin, where the living Emperor takes his place; they carry him, covered with a shroud, to the chapel. The bells are tolling

for this mockery of death, and a requiem resounds, solemn and mournful, for him yet living. The choir chant a mass of piercing and unworldly beauty, and then the great cruel monarch is left alone, with the shadow of death, in the darkness. A few days later, great Death came to him, and, cowering, he passed into the night. That arrogance and lust of false religion came forth again in his son, Philip the Persecutor, Philip the Torturer, Philip of the Inquisition; and his bitter spirit delighted in the smell of burning bodies, cries of agony, broken limbs, and broken hearts. And this too was of the house of Hapsburg. The fires of the Inquisition lit up again, in that scene of death in Paris, flickering flames paying the debts of fate. The sins of the fathers upon the children; the life of a sister, perished in the flames, for the lives of these, who passed through the fire-death, as victims of the Hapsburgs.

Then the mists closed and parted again, and there came a vision of the Hapsburgs' justice:

The second Ferdinand overwhelming hapless Bohemia with his Spanish armies; brutal massacre, and foulest barbarity, that spares neither sex nor age, passion baser than the beasts, for which innocence and helplessness are baits that whet the edge of appetite. And this done in the name of the Crucified, and for his greater glory. In that wholesale devastation of a helpless land, two thousand noble Bohemian families are robbed of all, turned out to starve, to beg, or fall by the wayside, in the depth of winter's snows. A hideous mockery of pity sparing them from swift death, that they may perish the more miserably by slow hunger and the deadly bitterness of the winter's winds.

Over this scene of snow-wrapt corpses, the kneeling Emperor read the legend: "The Hapsburgs' justice for Bohemia," and dissolving in white cloud, it gave place to another, bearing the title, "The Hapsburgs' justice for Hungary."

The scene is the fortress of Eperies, among the wild Carpathian mountains. Leopold the First, with an army of savage soldiers, is dealing out judgment to all that was best, noblest, and bravest in the broad Magyar lands, that now lie

conquered at his feet. Dungeons with abominable tortures seek to extort confessions against friends and dear kindred. After the dungeon and torture thirty executioners ply their red trade on dripping scaffolds, until the "peace" of Hungary is secured.

Yet another vision: "Justice for the Heretics." The city of Magdeburg besieged by the second Ferdinand, for the honor of the faith and the name of him who taught among the Galilean hills. The imperial troops, the hired ruffians of the Hapsburgs, make attack after attack on the walls, amid a hell of smoke and flame, and flashing steel; and at last the city falls. Then comes a picture among the foulest and most evil of the earth's long, bad annals. There were not soldiers only in the besieged city of Magdeburg; there rich men and poor, quiet workers, and followers of a hundred peaceful arts. They had their wives and children, and their homes, dear to them as their own souls; they had fair-headed boys and girls, with the morning of life yet young in them. The imperial bands of the Hapsburgs made war alike against all; slaying equally the children and the soldiers, and overwhelming in vile cruelty and abominable wrong all that was most helpless and innocent. Such was the horror of the scene that the nobler hearts of the assailants sickened within them, and they would have put an end to the cruelty and deep shame. Not so the chosen commander, confidant of the House of Hapsburg: "Wait yet an hour," he said: "let the soldier be repaid for the toils he has undergone." In that hour, even the boundless cruelty of lust, the boundless lust of cruelty, was sated, and the fair city was wrapped in flames, in the name of the Redeemer. The crimson wrath of fire ended what the red rain of blood had begun; and the burning city drove all fugitives forth from their hiding-places of fear. They had better have endured the tender mercy of the flames. Bodies writhing on spikes, cast into the Elbe, or pressed back gashed and mutilated into the flames, bodies young and old, strong or helpless, children, and women, and men; and in that day thirty thousand passed through red ruin and death, that the Hapsburgs might do honor to their faith.

As the kneeling Emperor watched these things, flashing before him in terribly vivid dream pictures, where the horrors of years were crowded into an hour, his soul died within him, and his heart refused longer to look on the handiwork of his race.

"Have mercy, Father," he cried ; "it is enough ; the utmost punishment, here and hereafter, could not atone for deeds like these."

And pressing his brow on the black cloth of the altar, he thought of his own life, and all the deeds now seen to be wrong and evil, that had filled it. The wrongs of Italy ; women of noble birth stripped and scourged in the streets, by the orders of his generals ; the long revelry of red war among the Magyars ; the promises of liberty made to his own Austrians, only to be broken ; the towering ambition that had lost for him the imperial suzerainty at Sadowa ; the strife of rival nations, all entrusted to his care, but finding no peace or faithful guidance into the haven of mutual tolerance. An Empire, the House of Hapsburg in the death throes.

And as he saw all this with the clear vision of the soul, all ambition and lust of rule died within him ; and his heart was empty, and desolate, and full of fear. And one thought alone filled him, the longing to flee to some quiet haven of rest and oblivion, to be done with it all ; to forget, to sink into the silence and the darkness.

Then once more it seemed to him that a quiet voice spoke to him from the silver crucifix, yet echoing within his heart.

"There is no refuge or hope in fleeing. What the Hapsburgs have sown, the Hapsburgs have reaped. The time is full. The judgment is set. The books are opened."

Then long silence, and again the same voice speaking, this time full of gentleness and peace :

"Be not too greatly cast down, nor fear that the doom is everlasting. These things were fated so, and what the Hapsburgs did, all men, even their victims, would willingly have done. They were the children of the evil times, not the makers of them. It was ordained that men should find their

way to peace, and mutual knowledge, and trust, through turning back in revulsion from the contraries of these : injustice, cruelty, and strife. Therefore strife ruled, until all hearts are weary of it, and cruelty carried suffering to all, so that all hearts learning the touch of pain, might withdraw that touch from others. What has been, was through the will of the Most High, who teaches souls immortal through the red lessons of war, as through the victories of loving-kindness and tender mercy. Life and death are but his breath, put forth over the souls of men, that they may learn.

"The times of strife are passing away, but they cannot altogether pass, until all men's hearts are softened by sorrow, for then only are they ready for joy. They must learn through strife, to be weary of strife, before they can come to touch each other's souls, drawing together, and living in a common life, and common greatness and love.

"All men's hearts shall feel the throbbing of each other, and all lives shall thereby be widened and made greater, each drinking in the vigor of all, that the earth and the heavens shall be too narrow to contain them, and I shall make for them a new heaven and a new earth, in the fulness of the cyclic times. Then shall men first know what life is, and what the soul is, and that all souls are one, perfected into One.

"But before that, many must yet pass through the old gray halls of sorrow. Many must suffer. Many must mourn. For their hearts are yet hard, and cruelty is on their lips. They are hardened into loneliness, and in loneliness they must learn their lesson.

"These things divide men's souls : the confusion of tongues, the confusion of colors, the confusion of race ; difference of faith separates them, but above all, the lust of ambition and pride in each man's heart. And among the nations entrusted to your care, are all these things : confusion of speech, confusion of race, confusion of faith, and, above all things, pride and ambition. Let this, then, be the task of reparation for the Hapsburgs : where they have sown strife, let them now

bring the heart's message of peace and good-will ; where they have led men against each other, let them now lead men together ; let them learn in their own hearts first, to put away ambition, and, instead, to draw in the power that comes from living in others' lives, the great power of the One Heart of Man. Let them use some of the influence so long used wrongly, to lead men's feet into the paths of peace, the ways of pleasantness, the gardens of joy. For these are men's heritage, peace, and power, and joy, not bitterness and strife. This is the task set for the Hapsburgs, that the wrong they have done may be forgotten. Gather courage, then, to begin the task ; for the time is come, the fields are ripe for the harvest. But the work will be long, and the burden heavy to bear."

There was once more silence, and the kneeling Emperor caught bright glimpses of days to come, like the distant snow-peaks flushing rosy in the dawn, but the valleys beneath were yet full of darkness, and his heart shrank before what might be in that darkness.

"Master," he cried, "I am very old, and very weary !"

And his head sank desolate, hopeless, on the black altar once again. Long he rested thus, in silence, as one who is very close to death and the great darkness. Then suddenly he started. The windows rang with a reverberation as of thunder. The cannon were sounding for his Jubilee.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Flushing, N. Y.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Dear, when I see you as today, before your great desk sitting,
And o'er the paper busily I watch your swift pen flitting;
As at your glance of mild surprise, your "hush" and soft kiss
tender,

I drop my cheek against your sleeve, my husband, my defender,

I sit and muse in large content, till fitful waves of fancy
Float o'er my soul, a silver flood of Puck's own necromancy.
How came this warm companionship! this perfect, perfect
molding

Of each to each, with some new charm for each glad day's un-
folding?

Dear, in some garden old, were we twin apple-blossoms blowing?
And did we nod there each to each, till with fruition glowing,
We kissed one day and fell away like witches-leaves, asunder—
And were you bruised, dear, as you fell? And was I sweet? I
wonder.

If next there were some tropic shore, some jungle deep and
dusky,

Where spotted leopards lashed their sides, with breathings hot
and husky,

If your great jowl were on my neck, my snarling mate, but
tender,

And if I stretched beside you there, lithe, tawny, sleek, and
slender?

And then, if in some desert land, a chief of Bedouin forces,
Of mounted legions, savage, fierce, and snowy Arab horses,
Rode swift to gain a fleeing bride, and crushed her with embraces
Till dawning of a human love burned in their shining faces.

I do not know, I cannot say, though oft in musings airy
I dream upon these themes of life, because some Fancy-Fairy
Slips soft a lump into my heart of her sweet harmless leaven:
I only know I'm sure of God, because I've lived in heaven.

—NANCY EATON WOODHOUSE.

OUR DAY.

And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him and fell down at his feet and worshiped him, and Peter took him by the hand, saying: "Stand up, I myself also am a man."—*Acts x. 25, 26.*

AS a boy I had a great love for great men. I have often paid my last dollar and last two bits to see one of them. I sauntered by the houses of Longfellow and Emerson several times before I made up my mind to go in. Longfellow received me as a human should, took me through the house, beautiful with books and pictures, and when I departed said, "Many people come here to see Washington's headquarters." He smiled. I think he knew that I came to see the creator of "Evangeline." Longfellow and Emerson did not disappoint me. Both were kind and gentle, and knew what I had come for. They were like their words, and level with their words. When in the Yosemite valley I saw the rock "El Capitan," I thought of Emerson—his forehead was a cliff. I made quite a journey to hear Wendell Phillips. I think Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Pericles would have been satisfied with Wendell Phillips. I did not see Thomas Carlyle. I have been to his places. I have missed seeing some people who would have disappointed me. I have seen some people great in their way, who have disappointed me. Sometimes it is better not to know an author whose books delight you. But I would experiment if I could on Robert Louis Stevenson, the best story teller, to my mind, of this generation. He is one of my latest heroes. To lie flat, when sentenced to death, and write stories of adventure that please the world, that is heroism. I could and can mingle in a cavalry charge for fifteen minutes, but to be unable to get out of bed, and write such a tale as "Treasure Island!" No, I would faintly call for some ice, broken fine, and meditate on eternity.

But there does come a sense of disillusion, a sense of incompleteness in all our saints and heroes. John Burroughs thinks that Ralph Waldo Emerson would have been larger if he had been a trifle coarser. His sympathy would have gone out more to sailors, and soldiers, and miners. He absented himself from the sight and sound of the miserable. Mr. Emerson felt this: He never posed as hero or saint! Once wishing to know what the other half were doing, he walked into a Boston barroom and observed. A man came in, put his left foot on the shiny rail and his elbow on the bar, and ordered a cocktail prepared. He took it down at one gulp and departed. Curious as to the composition and effect of the decoction, curious as to society in general, Mr. Emerson ordered some of the same that the gentleman had consumed. The barkeeper surveyed him—the face, the form, the dress—and he said, “Mr. Emerson, you do not want a cocktail, you want pop.”

Emerson is my delight. All that is good in my style, in writing, or speech, I received from him and my mother and myself. I was reared in a family where silence was gold, speech was silver. After supper we had an individual book, and an individual candle light, and an individual opportunity.

If one could braid Ralph Waldo Emerson with Theodore Parker, with John Brown, with Gladstone, with Robert Burns, and with Lincoln, then he would have a Navajo blanket that people would buy and be satisfied.

People have the defects of the qualities. Thomas Carlyle, discussing Jesus and Shakespeare, spoke of Jesus with extreme reverence, but said he had limitations. He laughed and said, “Jesus had no Sir John Falstaff in him.” There is humor in the Bible, but not much mirth. The perfect human never existed. In fact, we love a man better for a redeeming vice. We feel related to him. He is more like one of the family. How else do you explain the world-wide affection for Robert Burns?

I still love heroes, but not utterly. We carry about with us something by which we measure men and things. You

have a desire, a hope, an ideal, and you go about to find the thing in man to fill the bill. In former days a man would search the woods to find a natural crook for a scythe snath. He would not find what was in his mind, but he would find a stick that would do. The greatness of man is in the fact that he can always suggest something better than the thing as it is. There are millions of homes, but in this city there is much variety, and nobody is quite satisfied with the house he has built. One is not quite satisfied with Niagara Falls. Things and men fall short of your standard, and this standard that you carry about with you is not a memory. It is a hope, a prophecy. The only picture of heaven that I care about is a state and a place in which I can say, "I am satisfied." If I grow I shall never find that state or place, but I shall be larger myself.

Try to buy a horse; let your want be known. There is always something the matter with a horse, something that you could wish otherwise—temper, gait, color—something. Perhaps he interferes, or has one white eye, or is "tender for'd."

In California I saw a horse, "Palo Alto," a two-hundred thousand dollar horse, but he was of delicate constitution. Two months after I had seen him he was dead. In Western Kansas I rode seventy-six miles in eleven hours after a couple of little bronchos that would bring fifty dollars. Palo Alto could not do that day's work. Demosthenes was a great orator, but a small soldier. Colorado I find is a little too hot in the sun, and a little too cool in the shade. But I think we have to die to find a better climate. Personally I prefer to stay here rather than take a risk.

We think we remember perfect things, but historically we are mistaken. Happy childhood will not bear investigation. The woes of childhood are many and bitter. Fishing in Wisconsin I longed for dinner, and spied a lonesome house and made for it. Inside the house I found two people, a baby not able to walk, and a seven-year-old brother taking some kind of care of him. Both were weeping. I inquired

where the balance of the family were, and found that they had gone to Sparta, seven miles away, to a menagerie and circus. The baby did not understand, but he howled that something was dead wrong with that household. His brother understood, and to be expressive, was "chewing the rag." That little fellow was suffering as much as he will ever suffer. He wanted to hear the band play, and see the elephant go round, and the trick mule. I made him as comfortable as I could, paid him an enormous sum for bread and milk, and walked to town, and met the family coming home, and said nothing. A happy childhood is not so common. I do not wish to revisit mine; I much prefer to "go on, and on, and on." I like "The Old Swimmin' Hole," by James Whitcomb Riley, but I remember the boy who could not go with the rest of us cross lots through the grass. He had to go three times the distance by the main traveled road—he always had a stubbed big toe, not the nail wholly lifted off, but hanging by a piece of painful skin. No cross lots or grass for him! Will not somebody write on the sorrows of childhood?

I think we find that old homes will not bear revisiting. Everything has shrunk—rivers, and hills, and folks. By the grace of a friend I receive a Providence, R. I., monthly paper, called "Book Notes." I find that the water of that decent old city has been, and is, regularly poisoned. The water we drink (some of us) is ambrosia compared with the water used by the memorable city of Providence, R. I.

There is no use in going back to the coast of childhood or the coast of the country. What we could learn from New England we have learned. It is time now to put in practice what we have learned from Emerson, Channing, Parker, Phillips, and all the dead great of New England. Colorado is good soil if we will only make it moist with rain from the East, and perhaps from the Far East. If one goes far enough, the West and the East come together. The gentle, clean Hindu who talked to us in fine English, had something profitable to say. Very few that we have sent to his country

can talk to him in his language, or have anything to say when they talk.

I shall not consume much time over the past. I will take what it gives me. I read some of Plato, some of Shakespeare, some of Jesus Christ every day of my life, but this is our day. I dislike to think of Wordsworth reading over and over his own poems.

It is a new day—make a new poem suitable to the day. The best thing that Moses ever said was “Go forward.” It is well enough to reverence dead saints and heroes, but do not sit down to do it.

Cornelius was a hero worshiper, but he mistook a way station for a terminus. Peter knew that he was only a way station; he would not be worshiped. He remembered his failings. All good deeds are but splinters of the True Cross.

Finally, do not hate human nature because it is wicked, do not despise it because it is weak, do not kneel to it because it is strong. Set not a man on a gibbet, nor in a shrine. Shall we who have evil in us notwithstanding our good, despise others? Shall we who have good in us notwithstanding our evil, despair of others? Human nature as we see it on the street and in the newspapers is not a hopeless thing, and it is not a finished thing. It is a blooming, growing thing. Says Emerson: “The new man must feel that he is new and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, and Asia, and Egypt.” It is our day.

MYRON W. REED.

Denver, Colo.

UNDER THE ROSE.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Some of my readers seem to imagine that my references to Eastern obtuseness concerning the West, in the article "East and West" in the December Arena, were overdrawn. Here is an excellent illustration of a common Eastern attitude. The sonnet, "Silver and Gold," which appeared in the January Arena, was originally sent by the author, from her home at Colorado Springs, to a leading Eastern magazine. It was returned with a polite intimation that the magazine did not desire to publish "poetry dealing with the currency question." The sonnet, as every reader will see at a glance, has really nothing to do with the currency question *per se*, being a variation of the familiar old legend in regard to the two knights who saw the varying sides of a shield from opposite points, — a story which has been used a thousand times, perhaps, to point the moral that there are always two sides to a question. The author of the sonnet long ago earned a reputation as one of our truest American poets; — her verses having appeared frequently in The Century and other leading publications, and her volume of "Sonnets to Sculpture" having received high praise at the hands of leading critics. Because the poem was sent from Colorado it was assumed that the plea for fair play was intended as a "silver argument"; but it is an amusing fact that Mrs. McClurg, although the wife of a strong bimetallist, is, without being a politician at all, a very honest believer in the gold standard.

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A valued Eastern correspondent and frequent contributor to the Arena writes his "IMPERIALISM." regret that I "feel obliged to stand for Imperialism." I most distinctly do not stand for Imperialism, and consider it unfortunate that the issue which is now very much to the fore seems likely to go

before the people in newspaper and platform discussion in the garb of an epithet. The term "Imperialism," as used by the opponents of the expansion policy, is as dishonest as was the phrase "dishonest money," in the last campaign. It is intended, by this phrase, to attach odium, not merely to the present administration, but to all honest advocates of America's assumption of her rightful place in world politics. It is assumed, all too readily, that there is no choice between a rigid adherence to the policy of Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine on the one hand, and to widespread military conquest and the domination and exploitation of the conquered peoples, after the fashion of England's colonial career, on the other. While thoughtful men, of every shade of political belief, must appreciate the dangers and duties incurred by the developments of the war, and while the methods and policy of the administration in many respects may call for wholesome criticism, it will be well for us to realize that the era of expansion which has dawned means an era of growth for the nation, and for the people who compose the nation, in many wise and beautiful ways. That the United States should repeat, in the West Indies, or the East Indies, or in China, the history of England in India, should be simply impossible; indeed, thoughtful students of the great question of the control of the tropics, like Benjamin Kidd, have pointed out clearly that, for England as well as America, a new spirit and new motives must govern the Anglo-Saxon in these countries; that is to say, the control and direction of the enormous natural resources of the West Indies, the islands of the Pacific, and the continent of Asia, must be undertaken and carried forward as a trust for humanity. The fears that we shall, at this late day, repeat the mistakes of Rome, of England, or of Spain, in the matter of colonial government, are for the most part groundless. Where they are not in the nature of political bugaboos, put forward with intent to confuse the popular mind, they are the result, it seems to me, of short-sighted and inadequate grasp of the situation that has so suddenly arisen. My readers will note, however, that the

pages of *The Arena* present with judicial impartiality the best to be said on either side of the question.

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**GOVERNOR
PINGREE'S
MESSAGE.**

People who can see beyond the ends of their noses will probably find something more than a straw indicative of the direction of the political wind in Governor Pingree's remarkable message. He well says that "there is no feature of our time which should so alarm the patriot as that which confronts us on all sides, in the rapid concentration of all the productive energies of the nation in the hands of overgrown corporations, or multiple corporations, called Trusts." He traces the beginning of this process, which, during the year 1898, was exemplified in a larger degree than ever before in our history, to private control of such natural monopolies as the means of transportation and intercommunication, viz., the railroads, telegraph lines, and telephones. He sees the same cloud of centralized ownership and control spreading over the means of movement on our interior waters, "where floats, and must float for many years to come, the chief part of the American merchant marine." He brings the great issue squarely before the people when he says, "Short of government ownership and control of these quasi-public functions, no means are yet apparent, adequate to prevent their rapid concentration in a few hands, and at one great center of wealth." The utter inadequacy of the attempts to control the growth of trusts and other like combinations by congressional legislation is plainly pointed out, a formidable list of new trusts organized during the period of such legislation being set forth in this message. "Government ownership of railroads," he says, in closing this part of the message, "is the only equitable and permanent solution of the great questions arising out of railway transportation. This proposition is just in principle, and the experience of countries where railroads are operated by the state proves that it is practical." Significant, also, of a possible new alignment of parties is Governor Pin-

gree's declaration that he has always been a loyal republican, and is a republican still, but that he "prefers to believe that the republicanism of Abraham Lincoln is superior to that of the more modern type." Those readers—and they are not few—who were inclined to the view that my account of the development of a sectional feeling in the West, that endangered the permanency of the Union, was exaggerated, will find that view more than confirmed in Governor Pingree's declaration that "the centralization of ownership and control threatens a new sectionalism, more dangerous than that which led to the War of the Rebellion. . . . It is only a question of time—and not so very long a time, either—when the East shall have sopped up, as with a sponge, the whole surplus wealth of this nation. What discontent, what jealousy, may we not then expect to grow in the hearts of the population of the other sections, to possibly precipitate another civil war." Long ago, when Governor Pingree, then Mayor of Detroit, took the initiative in the direction of municipal expansion, which has since been followed by one city after another, I pointed out, in reform gatherings, the fact that he was a man who would be heard from, and who could be trusted. As he says in this latest message, his republicanism is not of the Hanna stamp, but of the Lincoln stamp. It is very certain that, if Lincoln were alive today, he would not be in the republican party, as it now exists. It is also very certain that a vast majority of those who now find themselves opposed to the policy and program of the republican party could, with Governor Pingree, proclaim themselves republicans of the Lincoln stamp. If the issue in the next presidential election should be, *The Corporations versus The People*, the democracy may find a worthy standard bearer in the one man in the United States who has done more to curb and restrain corporation greed—at the same time giving practical expression to his devotion to the popular welfare,—than any other dozen men in the country put together.

**THE ISSUE
IN 1900.**

Recent developments plainly indicate a very distinct change of mind on the part of the administration and its supporters concerning the issue to be made in the next presidential election. As Mr. George Fred Williams very ably points out in his article, "Currency Reform," in this issue of *The Arena*, the powers behind the present administration had fixed upon a carefully considered plan, by which the real object of the gold standard should be attained. That object, as Mr. Williams now shows, was nothing more or less than a complete bank monopoly of the circulating medium. The fact that the McCleary bill, which, before the assembling of Congress, it was distinctly understood should be pushed through during the present session, has now been practically withdrawn, indicates a radical change of front on the whole question. It looks very much as if this particular scheme had been so vigorously exposed during the fall campaign that the administration had become alarmed. A new issue is badly needed, and, desiring to evade going before the country on the burning and vital issue of monopoly rule, another is to be manufactured. That is what all this talk about "Imperialism" means, when sifted down. Friends of the popular cause should not be misled into taking the apparent split in the republican ranks too seriously. It is now quite well understood that Senator Hoar's magnificent oratorical effort is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. He himself has declared that, while opposing the alleged imperialistic policy of the President, he should vote for the ratification of the treaty of peace, by which the United States acquires sovereignty over the Philippines. The treaty of peace is really the only tangible presentation of any policy regarding our new possessions put forward by the administration, and for which senatorial approval is asked. So with other speeches and resolutions, on both sides of the Senate. Senators identified with what is called the anti-expansion policy have, nevertheless, fathered resolutions declaring that "the Filipinos are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," etc., etc. What is

this, if not expansion, in the only sense of the word possible to this republic? To superstitious minds, an incident of Colonel Bryan's recent visit to Denver will appear ominous. While devoting himself to an attack on "Imperialism," the platform gave way under his feet. Yet it is by no means certain that the democratic champion has been trapped by the farce going on in Washington. In a letter to Richard Croker of New York, recently published, he most emphatically and decidedly declares that while he lives he will not abandon his devotion to the cause of free silver coinage, as the issue of paramount importance. It is early, yet, to say just what shape the issue will take in next year's conventions. The next national democratic platform is yet to be written, and whether or not the demand for free silver coinage shall occupy the leading place in it will depend to a very great extent on the logic of events. The precise nature of the republican platform will also be conditioned by the chapter of accidents. All that can safely be predicted is, that if each of the great parties still follows the lines of evolution by which they have so far been differentiated, the Chicago platform will be developed further in the direction of the widest possible recognition of the rights of the people as opposed to the privileges of trusts and monopolies; and of the worker's right to employment, and to a minimum wage based on the wholesome American standard of living, as opposed to relentless exploitation of labor for the purpose of dividends. No one can doubt that on the republican side the development will continue to be, as it has been in recent years, in the direction of compromise and expediency. As the successful candidate of the party had no hesitation in sacrificing and suppressing his own real views on the currency question, and in lending himself to the purposes of the trusts, so he will not hesitate to twist the new issues raised by the results of the war with Spain, in the interest of perpetuating his party's lease of power.

**"HONEST"
MONEY.**

Several valued correspondents express surprise and indignation, aroused by a sentence in Dr. Gordon's article on "The Real America," in the December Arena.

With several of our friends, indeed, it appears as if the good Doctor's words were taken as an intentional insult to the intelligence and good faith of the nearly six millions of his fellow-citizens who voted for Bryan. The sentences referred to are as follows: "The financial struggle of the autumn of 1896, and the victory for honest money, was a victory for all the people. The cause that won, the honor that was preserved, and the confidence that was renewed in us as a nation throughout the world, belonged to all the people." It should be quite unnecessary for me to say that I most emphatically disagree with the sentiment of these remarks, and that the author of the article is alone responsible for them. On the other hand, as, no doubt, expressing the honest opinion of a public teacher of otherwise broad and high ideals, and of wide influence, nothing could more strikingly illustrate the point made in my own article on "East and West," concerning the utter obtuseness and arrogance of the average Eastern man concerning the West and its people. These remarks were allowed to appear without objection, also, because such hospitality on the part of The Arena must clearly demonstrate the genuineness of my purpose to make it an absolutely independent and impartial review, open to fair, courteous, and dignified discussion of every side of important questions. There are those who might raise the question as to whether or not the implication of dishonesty and dishonor on the part of Mr. Bryan and his followers did not pass the line of courtesy. It is worth while, perhaps, that the question should be brought up, and that Dr. Gordon, and thousands of other well-intentioned men like him in the East, should question their consciences on this point.

**THE SPIRIT
OF
THOMAS PAINE.**

January 29 was Paine's birthday, and I think The Arena's readers are distinctly to be congratulated on my good fortune in obtaining from that brilliant and forceful pioneer of liberal thought, Dr. Moncure D. Conway, the article in this number on "The Americanism of Thomas Paine." In the present crisis of the nation's history, there are certainly very valuable lessons to be learned from the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." Because he declared "the world" to be his country, "and to do good his religion," Paine has never been fully accorded the place to which his devotion and services justly entitle him, among the fathers of the Republic. Washington himself, it will be remembered, acknowledged most gracefully that the success of the American cause in the War for Independence was due more to Thomas Paine's pen than to his own sword. We are only just beginning to realize what Americanism really stood for in the mind of Paine, and why the system he was so greatly instrumental in establishing on this continent embodied a meaning and a mission far beyond mere political or geographical limitations. When we have grown a little further, we will commemorate the birthday of Thomas Paine, not merely because he was a liberal thinker, a foe to superstition, a champion of human rights in any iconoclastic sense, but also because in his life and work he embodied the spirit of true Americanism, in the large and positive sense. When that day comes, we shall not be alone in honoring his memory, for England and France owe to Paine almost as much as does America. It is interesting in this connection to know that Dr. Conway is now in Paris superintending the translation of his monumental *Life of Thomas Paine*, by the eminent historical writer, Félix Rabbe.

As this issue of The Arena goes to press, the telegraph announces the passage into the invisible of Myron W. Reed. To many men and women all over this broad land, the news will come with inevitable sadness. Although during the last three or four years Mr. Reed's health has at no time been robust, his brave spirit battled so heroically, and appeared to triumph so frequently, that his friends had all begun to hope that many years of usefulness were still before him. It is too soon to estimate with any degree of definiteness the work that he did, or the place that he earned in the American pulpit; for that, the perspective of years is necessary. What is certain is, that the death of no other single man in the whole inter-mountain country would have caused such deep and universal grief. Taking into account the differences in population, Myron Reed has preached to larger gatherings of people, Sunday after Sunday, during the last fifteen years, in Denver, than any other preacher in the United States. His eloquence, however, was never attuned to catch the ear of the groundlings. Through good and evil report, through struggle and persecution, he held steadfast to the highest, noblest, and broadest ideals. Practical in his religion, he did much for the new movement which is carrying the spirit of true Christianity into our civic life. The Golden Rule was the measure he applied to political parties, plans, and programs. Master of a pointed, brilliant, and epigrammatic style, his every sentence seemed winged with a love that reached deep into the heart of humanity. Ever the friend of progress and of greater freedom, the West owes much to his genuine sympathy and untiring efforts in behalf of every forward movement. Like Carlyle, he became in latter years a radical of the reddest. His courageous attitude regarding social questions cost him the church in which he had labored during the best years of his life, and with it friends, position, and income, so that at an age when the comfort of an assured competency means much to a man, he found himself almost penniless and alone. It was only

for a short time, however, for his personality was one that could not fail to furnish a rallying point for liberal thinkers, and the unattached of every school; so that during the last three or four years of his life, in the Broadway Theater, he preached to larger congregations than ever before, and exerted a constantly increasing influence in the affairs of the community in which he continued the most conspicuous figure. Only a year ago he refused a very handsome offer from a California congregation, although the rigors of the Denver winters had begun to tell on a constitution undermined during his service in the Civil War. And his followers, while numerous, were too poor to support him at all adequately, on the financial side. He was much interested in the Civic Church which I started in Denver two years ago, and alone among the ministers of the city stood forward and championed it as the church of the future. The article "Our Day," in this issue of *The Arena*, was revised by him a short time before his last illness, and is a delightfully characteristic specimen of his quality. A volume of his addresses at the Broadway Temple, recently published under the title "Temple Talks," will be reviewed in the next issue of *The Arena*.

* * * *

**THE STRUGGLE
ACROSS
THE WATER.**

Corollary to the truth expressed by Paine in his introduction to "Common Sense": "The cause of America is the cause of all mankind," is the truth that the cause of all mankind is peculiarly the cause of America and of Americans, in these closing years of the nineteenth century. From the standpoint of the American, in this true sense, every reader of *The Arena* will surely find food for thought in Mr. Tonjoroff's masterly review of the present movement in Europe. It is a bit curious that the first of a regular series of such reviews of the month abroad, from a writer thoroughly informed as to the trend of European politics, should, on being summed up, fit admirably under the title, "The Struggle

for Absolutism." That is what it all means. Whatever passing shape it may assume, and in whatever part of the Old World, all the events described and discussed are parts of the great human tragedy which express the aspiration of the race toward greater freedom. In no arrogant or self-sufficient spirit are we to judge the struggle abroad. We have not quite ended the same struggle on the American continent. The difference between Absolutism in the robes of Royalty, and Absolutism in the guise of political parties dominated by the selfish interests of politicians and monopolists, is a difference only in name. We must awake to the dangers at home, if we would not see ourselves reduced to the condition of the masses in Europe. Some realizing sense of just what that condition is, its causes, and their working out, must surely tend to rouse and strengthen us for the contest at home.

* * * *

**ROOSEVELT
IN THE
CAMPAIGN OF
1896.**

Passing reference was made in my article "East and West" in the December Arena to a report that just prior to the election of November 1896, Theodore Roosevelt had threatened, in the event of Bryan's success, to organize and lead a regiment to Washington to prevent the inauguration of the silver candidate. A reader of *The Arena*, copying this reference, and therefore placing it out of its proper connection in the article, sent it to Governor Roosevelt, asking if it were true that he had made such a threat, to which Governor Roosevelt promptly replied that "the statement is a peculiarly base lie." For the information of other of *The Arena's* readers in the East, to whom this alleged foolishness may also be news, I want to say that this particular campaign lie, as it now appears, went the rounds of the Western press, and was extensively commented on during the campaign of 1896. Although a close and regular reader of *Denver* and *Chicago* dailies, I failed to come across any refutation or disclaimer of the story, and accordingly assumed that it had a basis in

truth. I am very glad indeed that it had not. Every admirer, not merely of Roosevelt, but of true Americanism, should be glad that, even in the heat and rancor of partisan politics, so representative an American as Theodore Roosevelt was not guilty of the utterance imputed to him. Of course, far worse things were said about Bryan and other leaders of the Democracy during that eventful campaign, and it would be strange indeed, if all the lying were on one side. This, however, does not affect in the slightest degree my desire, here and now, to make the *amende honorable*, by the fullest and sincerest apology for giving even passing mention to a report which seems to have been unfounded.

* * * *

**A MODERN
PRODIGAL.**

I am reminded of the part played by that remarkable scion of the House of Orleans who abandoned the royal style and ducal title, adopted the name "Citizen Egalité," and espoused the cause of the Red Revolutionists, even to his death, by the appearance of Mr. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont in the rôle of editor of an anti-monopoly paper called "The Verdict." It certainly seems as if Mr. Belmont had sickened of the swine and the husks, and with perhaps some quickening consciousness of the heroic blood of those naval heroes, Hazard and Perry, to whom he is related on the mother's side, is at last claiming his birthright as a genuine American. "'The Verdict,'" he says in his salutatory, "favors the Income Tax, as a measure at once honest, fair, equal, and just to all. 'The Verdict' is in earnest favor of cutting the claws of corporations [greatest wonder of all]; 'The Verdict' is in favor of the city owning its own street franchises, and does not endorse the surrender of its thoroughfares, rentless and priceless, to become mere hunting-grounds of money for monopolies." This sounds well. Coming from the erstwhile spoiled darling of New York society, the millionaire member of a banking-house which has been for many years the American agency of the Rothschilds, and a man hardly suspected, heretofore, of any serious purpose

in life, it is certainly cause for rejoicing. His elder brother, Perry Belmont, a few years ago, seemed likely to turn in this direction, evincing decidedly more liking for politics than for finance, and beginning what promised to be a brilliant career in the national legislature, by his masterly defeat of the "Plumed Knight of Maine," in the famous investigation of the Peruvian Company. But it now seems as if the younger brother was to embrace the magnificent opportunity sacrificed by the elder when he walked out of the Chicago Convention of 1896 with Governor Flower, William C. Whitney, and other eastern Democratic leaders identified with corporation interests.

* * * *

**IS THE
FARMER
WAKING UP?**

Word comes of a movement, quietly spreading in the West, to form a National Farmers' Party, intended, primarily, to give fuller representation to agricultural interests in State legislatures and in the national Congress. Simultaneously, I have received a five-column, broadside sheet, headed in black, scare type, "The Voice of the Farmer." This sheet contains articles alleged to have been taken from representative agricultural papers in all parts of the country. As stated in the large "scare head," these editorials show the voice of the American farmer to be "solidly against imperialism and annexation." Although attributed to many and various sources, there is a suspicious sameness, not only in the sentiment, but in the style of these editorials. The scattering broadcast of this sort of literature also suggests the reorganization of the literary bureau, which during the last five or six years has been flooding the country with printed matter, upholding what is euphemistically termed "Sound Money." It is the dear farmer, now, who is to be led by the nose to vote for the G. O. P., in the interest of better prices for potatoes and turnips, and to resist the demoralizing effects of the pauper cultivation of mangoes and aguacates, in the West Indies and the Philippines. About all the fat seems

to have been fried out of the manufacturers ; the bankers evidently do not propose to put up for goods whose delivery seems uncertain ; and, as a last resort, the horny-handed son of toil on the farm will be called on to "save the nation's honor." The transformation is at least amusing.

* * * *

A valued correspondent writes me that some years ago, foreseeing the result of falling prices and depressed business, he settled up his affairs on this side of the Rio Grande and went to Mexico — "the only country enjoying a liberal government and a sufficient money volume in circulation." "Here," he says, "despite the legacies of Spanish misrule, is found prosperity and progress. Thousands of Americans are coming, and unless the bondholders succeed in forcing Mexico to the gold standard, it will in the near future be the richest and happiest country in the world." What American influence, enterprise, energy, and protection has done for Mexico, they will surely do for Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Action and reaction being equal, it looks very much as if Mexico had begun to repay us in her demonstration of the profit and practicability of a non-monopolistic currency.

P. T.

BOOK REVIEWS.

“**V**IBRATION the Law of Life,” by W. H. Williams,* contains “a system of vital gymnastics with practical exercises in harmonic breathing and movement.” The author has expressed a great truth in this book; he has stated it in clear, smooth-flowing language, and with the emphasis of strong conviction. Moreover, the book has a spiritual quality which produces an uplifting effect upon the reader. Its central thought, that of entering into harmony with the motion or rhythm of life, is, indeed, the way *par excellence* of escaping from human ills. The first step is through right breathing, and this is deemed so important that all efforts at development should begin with it; until man, himself a mode of motion, shall rise through the various forms of motion to the spiritual or spiral form. While some might doubt the adequacy of the theory of the universe here proposed, and the methods advocated, it is evident that the book is sound as far as it goes; that here is a part, at least, of the great secret of the universe. We recommend the book particularly to those who are interested in either the atomic or vibratory theory, and to those who are seeking to harmonize mental and physical methods of development and cure. The author’s wisdom is alleged to come through an exalted spirit who tells him the great truths of man’s relation to the solar system and to universal movement, that he may benefit humanity thereby. But the reader may either accept or reject this portion of the book, since its doctrine is made to speak for itself. And whatever one may think of this supposed communication, the book is surely one of the most rational works yet issued in its special field.

*Boston, The Temple Publishing Company, 176 pp., cloth, \$1.00.

ELECTRIC COSMOLOGY.

It is an ungracious task to dispute a man's claim to originality, but when an author labels a theory "new," and puts it forth as his own, he challenges unsparing criticism. "The New Cosmogony, or The Electric Theory of Creation," by G. W. Warder,* is so nearly like "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology," published by J. B. Dodds, in 1850,† that the most superficial reader would note the resemblance, which is so marked that every proposition in the new book can be paralleled from the old. The author has brought the theory up to date, and discusses Marie Corelli's electrical story, "The Romance of Two Worlds," Theosophy, Christian science, and recent exact science. But here, also, he borrows so freely that he deserves little credit for originality.

METAPHYSICAL VERSE.

In "Songs of Destiny," Julia P. Dabney‡ has embodied very clear conceptions of the New Thought in form worthy of it. The following is typical of her dainty touch:

"Heard ye my sigh
 Wakened mysteriously
 Out of eternal space?
 From the midnight's bosom deep,
 From the arms of sleep,
 Wafted it knoweth nor
 Whence nor why:
 Gift with the grace
 Of celestial space;
 Soft as unuttered note
 That low in the fledgeling's throat
 Hovereth, hovereth;
 Faint as a breath
 Of roses as they die—
 Heard ye my sigh?"

It is not often one can say unqualifiedly of modern verse, This is poetry. But every poem in this volume is worth

* New York, G. W. Dillingham.

† See The Journal of Practical Metaphysics, May, 1897.

‡ New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo. 180 pages. \$1.25.

quoting, every one is rich in lofty sentiment and purity of spirit. The poet seems to have caught the inspiration of the "Portuguese Sonnets" and the optimism of Robert Browning. Love, gentle and eternal, speaks throughout the poet's verse, suggesting the soul's reality, its happy destiny.

"And love asks little of the perfect love,
So silence falling doth in essence prove
The soul's profoundest union, fathomless!"

Those who have felt the touch of the modern scientific spirit, no less than devotees of the New Thought, will find their own wisdom given back to them, many advanced ideas here receiving for the first time genuine literary form.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Sexual Law, and the Philosophy of Perfect Health,"* is a pamphlet on the creative principle in the universe, based on the theory that everything is ultimately masculine and feminine; that love is the supreme power, and its individuality is sex. It is earnest in its appeal for the development of individuality, and will be especially welcomed by readers of "The Free Man," edited by the author.

Among the important announcements of books soon to be issued by the Macmillan Company are: "The Missing Link," by Haeckel; the third and concluding volume of Professor Ratzel's "History of Mankind"; "Spinoza, his Life and Philosophy," by Sir Frederick Pollock; "The Development of English Thought," an economic study by Prof. S. N. Patten; "Democracy and Empire," by Professor Giddings; "The Distribution of Wealth," by Professor Clark of Columbia University; "The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," by Professor Seligmann; "The Lessons of Popular Government," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Government of Municipalities," by Hon. D. B. Eaton; "Democracy and the

* Sexual Law, C. W. Close. 16 pp.; 10 cents. 124 Birch Street, Bangor, Me.

Organization of Political Parties," by M. Ostrogoski; "The Theory of the Leisure Class," by T. B. Veblen.

In a little pamphlet entitled "Medical Monopoly Exposed," Dr. J. W. Lockhart of St. John, Washington, has spoken a vigorous word for freedom, the right of the people to adopt such healing methods as they choose, and the utter wrong of passing restrictive medical laws, uncalled for by the people, but urged upon them by the selfishness of the doctors. I am glad to learn of the existence of this strong appeal, and hope it will reach large numbers of people.

H. W. D.

SOCIAL PURITY.

A welcome message comes from one who appreciates the sacred joy, the rich possibilities of motherhood. To read "Ideal Motherhood"* means an upliftment of soul, a keener appreciation of woman's highest privilege. While presenting an ideal, the author does not carry it beyond the pale of the practical; she believes in the necessity of combining the masculine and feminine elements, the developed intellect and intuition, as commensurate factors in shaping the young life. "It has now become generally recognized that the well-rounded man has the love or feminine side developed, and the all-round woman has her reasoning faculties awakened and trained ready to serve her. In the true home, the energy and thought of the husband is softened by tender love; the affection of the wife is made strong and enduring by her intellectual perception of her duties and privileges. The tremendous mistake is the idea that while woman must be pure, man can be less than pure. Is it not of more vital consequence that the idea of husband and father be rescued from its present hazy thought-environment, and placed upon the high scroll of life beside the words of wife and mother?" It is especially gratifying to read the earnest plea for the necessity of teaching boys and girls the meaning and use of the sex nature, that they may enter the marriage relation pre-

*"Ideal Motherhood." Minnie S. Davis. 34 pp. 35 cents. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

pared to use rather than abuse this precious creative gift. "They have studied physiology ; but everything pertaining to sex-life has been omitted in the course, and so they are profoundly ignorant of the sacred mystery of generation." Had this point been treated at greater length, it would emphasize a vital principle now very generally disregarded and degraded. For here is the keynote of ideal motherhood—yes, of parenthood. The same ring of common sense is perceptible in stating the necessity of woman's freedom : " Only free women can bring forth free children. And where will you show me truly free women ? The mother should be free in body, mind, and heart, free in the inmost sense of that word." The book is equally suggestive throughout and worthy of heartiest commendation.

THE ETHICS OF SHAKESPEARE.

As a pioneer, Mr. W. D. Simonds* has written five sermons in which he "seeks in Shakespeare the soul of virtue"; to speak from the pulpit a message "inspired by the beauties and high moralities of Shakespeare"; and to popularize "the rich inheritance, the choice product of the best four centuries the race has known." The author seeks to fulfil his purpose by "embarking freely upon the ocean of truth ; to listen to every word of God-like genius as a whisper of the Holy Ghost." These moral lessons are suggested by a study of noble Brutus, faithful Cordelia, faultless Desdemona, destiny-driven Hamlet, Lady Macbeth. The sermons are based on ethics rather than on pure theology ; as such, they appeal to the closing nineteenth century mind, one of whose criteria is rationality. "A moral universe governed by law is Shakespeare's supreme lesson. What folly to ask for a religion that can set aside God's law of cause and effect in the human soul!" In every one of these addresses the author exhibits a bold originality of thought, and his style is genuinely eloquent and effective.

*"Sermons from Shakespeare." William Day Simonds, 109 pp. Alfred C. Clark & Co. Chicago.

SOCIAL QUARANTINE.

A fresh proof of the growth of scientific study of the education problem comes from the pen of Horace Fletcher: "That Last Waif; or, Social Quarantine."* That the author sends out his book from purely altruistic motives is frequently evidenced in the earnest appeals of its pages. Mr. Fletcher pleads for "social quarantine" as a solution of the social conditions menacing our nation. Beginning, rationally, near the root of present difficulties, Mr. Fletcher first points out the deplorable condition of "the waifs" of our large cities; the prevalence of immorality and crime. He argues sensibly and forcefully that the care of the very young, the establishment of good habits during the impressionable age, is more efficacious than correction after negative habits are formed. "Conscience is character, and anything that helps to dull conscience helps to kill character; and, as character is the only firm foundation on which a republic can stand, indifference to neglect is an influence which must wash away, in time, the very foundations of liberty and happiness."

The truth of irremedial hereditary taint is denied. The idea of the necessity of a "Have-to-be-bad" class is false.

What is Social Quarantine? "Social Quarantine means throwing a perfect cordon of care around tender souls coming into a nation or community so that none shall escape contact with the wholesome suggestions and adequate nourishment that are essential to growth and habit-forming according to the best intelligence of the Science of Child-Life. Social Quarantine requires the extension of the crèche and the kindergarten systems, and the provision of parental farms and manual-training schools to meet all needs, and it promises in return a crop of material for good citizenship whose character and efficiency shall save at least one-fourth of all taxation, and add a proportionate percentage to the productive equipment of society."

* Kindergarten Literature Company, Chicago. 267 pages. \$1.50

While establishing "protection for helpless infancy during the period of present neglect," effective attention should be given to the victims of the "sweating system" and similar evils. "The duty of social quarantine is to seek out the children of the greatest need first, and work back through the strata of misfortune to those of fortune." This plea is based on the score of duty to children, "the innocent and helpless guests of the nation." On the score of economy, also, the necessity of quarantine is strong. "There is no present excuse for neglect on account of cost or inability to reach them with effective methods of character-building. The success of the kindergarten system has proved the cost to be insignificant in comparison with other branches of government or education. That it should be considered the most important branch of government we reiterate, because it is actually the nursery of good citizenship." The book is well worth the careful attention of all who are interested in "the waifs" and, through them, in the nation at large.

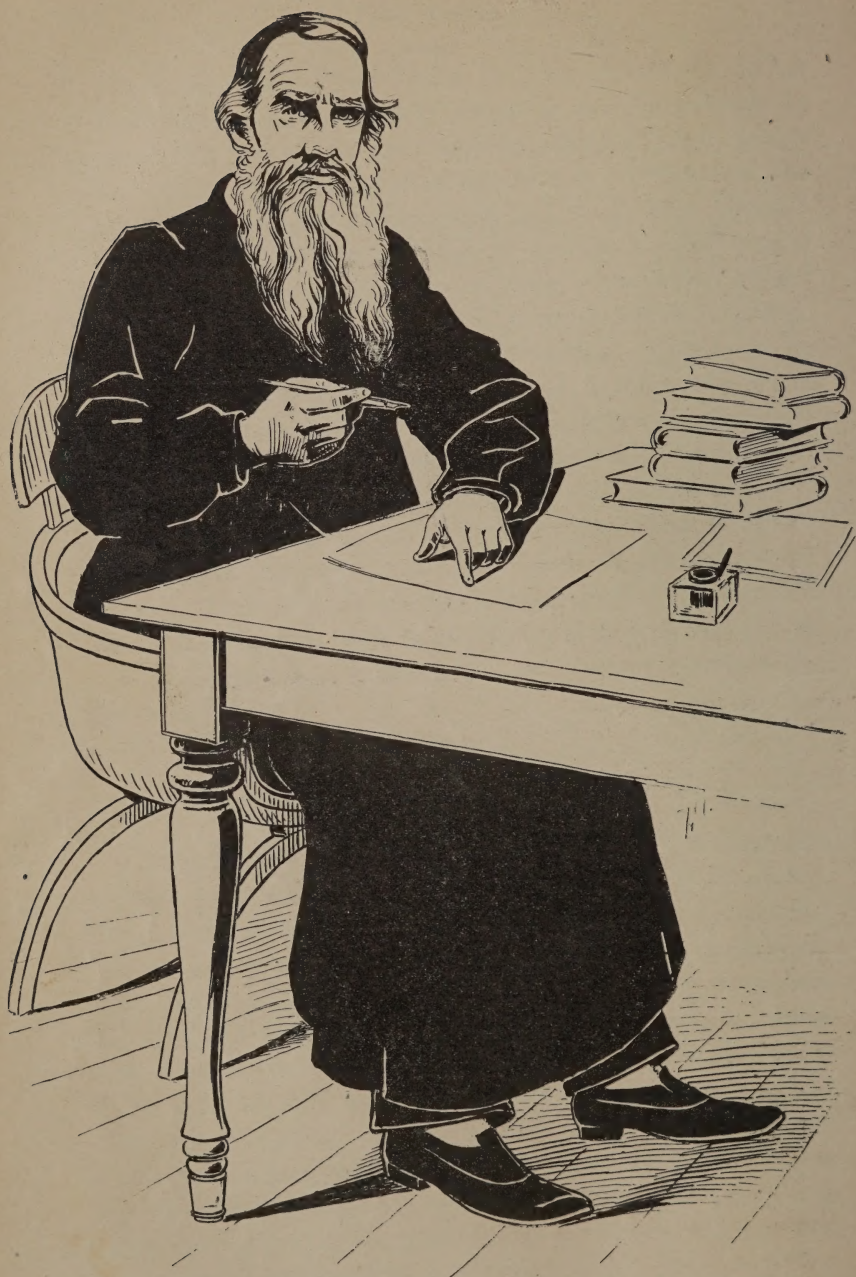
A. R. D.

OPTIMISM CONDENSED.

"All's Right with the World," by Charles B. Newcomb,† is a well-made volume in every sense of the word, broad-margined, well-spaced; the Sphinx on the cover it is true, but the beams of a rising sun behind it, token that all questions the mysterious figure has so long refused to answer are at last to have light at its fullest thrown upon them. The book is the work of a cultivated, broad-minded man of large social as well as general experience, who finds in the best form of mental science a solution for many problems. Common sense, geniality, firm faith, and hope as firm, are the characteristics of the book, and the pleasant pages hold many an aphorism worth quotation — many a thought that might easily expand into a sermon.

H. C.

† Cloth, 12mo. Pages 261. \$1.50. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.



HOW TOLSTOY WRITES.

Workers at Work Series, No. III. (See page 269.)

THE ARENA

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No. 3.

WORKERS AT WORK.

III. HOW COUNT TOLSTOY WRITES.

HOW does Count Tolstoy work? The *Russian Review* gives an answer full of interesting detail, as it sheds a rather amusing side-light on the famous novelist's massive and earnest, if somewhat eccentric character, and at the same time lets us in some degree into the secret of a man who is certainly one of the greatest living writers, perhaps the greatest; a leader certainly of the strongest school of novelists in the world. Stories of Count Tolstoy too often show him in a morose and unamiable light, dictatorial, full of fault-finding, and bitter zeal; it is a real pleasure to come upon something personal, which has quite another tone, showing in him a child-like eagerness, a certain self-distrust, and a fine enthusiasm for his work.

In his technical method, says the Russian writer, whose words I translate, Count Tolstoy is like one of the great painters of old. After forming the plan of his work, and gathering a great number of studies, he begins with a charcoal sketch, so to speak, and writes rapidly, not thinking of details. What he writes in this way he gives to Countess Sophia Andreëvna to copy out, or to one of his daughters, or to one of his intimate friends, to whom this task may give pleasure. Lyof Nicolaievitch, Count Tolstoy, generally writes on quarto paper, of rather poor quality, in a big, rope-

like handwriting, writing about twenty pages a day, amounting to some four or five thousand words. He has no special habits with regard to pens and paper. And when a firm in Moscow conceived the idea of giving to the world a "Tolstoyan pen," it was discovered that on the subject of pens "Count Tolstoy had no opinion." He works mostly in the morning, and considers this the best time of the day for work.

When the clean copy of his manuscript makes its appearance on the writing table, Count Tolstoy begins at once to work it all over again. But it still remains very much of a charcoal sketch. The manuscript is quickly dotted over with corrections, alterations, interlinear additions; at both sides, above and below, appear new thoughts and phrases, with inversions and transferences of sentences from one page to another. The whole is copied out again, and once more subjected to exactly the same process. A third time exactly the same thing happens. Some chapters Count Tolstoy has written more than ten times. At the same time, he pays almost no attention to details of wording, and even feels something like repugnance to everything closely clipped in art.

"All that often dries up the thought, and blunts the impression," he says.

When he has once armed himself for writing, with reminiscences or observations, or with new views on the subject he is treating, Count Tolstoy works steadily and persistently at every chapter, only making short breaks for rest; and when he is in difficulties, taking refuge in a game of *solitaire*, until he sees his way clear. The intent search after the inner being of every hero he represents, forms at this stage Count Tolstoy's chief task, and his favorite expression on this subject is: "Gold is found by persistent sifting and washing."

It is only an occasional scene that Count Tolstoy succeeds in perfecting at first blush, under a vivid impression. In this way was written the race scene in *Anna Karenina*, under the

impression of a very graphic and exciting description by Prince D. Obolenski.

By dint of this repeated copying and correcting, certain details come out ever clearer and clearer, while others are gradually obscured and dimmed.

After reaching a certain clearness by persistent work, Count Tolstoy reads his new production to a circle of his intimate friends, in order to profit by their impressions, while the work is still unprinted. After finishing "The Powers of Darkness," he read the play to the peasants, but received few guiding impressions from this reading. At the most affecting places in the drama, which Lyef Nicolaievitch himself cannot read without tears, some of his peasant listeners began to laugh, and chilled the writer completely.

The severest critic of Count Tolstoy's new work is generally Countess Sophia Andreëvna, who, with characteristic directness, expresses her opinion without the slightest softening or circumlocution. Count Tolstoy sometimes agrees with her, and sometimes sticks firmly to his own opinion.

The moment word goes abroad that Count Tolstoy has finished a new work, admirers of his talent, of both sexes, begin to flutter over the horizon, with requests that he should hand over his work to them to supervise, in consequence of special knowledge in some department possessed by them. He generally accedes to these requests, in order to profit by the criticism of the specialist.

But his labor on the new work by no means ends here. There is still the proof correction, which generally calls forth in Count Tolstoy a flood of extraordinary activity. While the work is in the hands of the printers, many things occur, many new impressions are received, which light up some side of the matter he is dealing with, from a new point of view. At the same time, the space for corrections is limited, and there is little time to make them in. And so, checking the flow of his new thoughts, and economizing every corner of his proofs as far as possible, Count Tolstoy turns the sheets into a regular net-work of

inky marks. Exactly the same thing happens with the second proof, and it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that if ninety and nine proofs of one of his works were submitted to him, the same thing would happen nine and ninety times. In this he seems to labor under the same difficulty that made Balzac the despair of his printers, for he runs up bills for changes on proofs that often entirely consumes his share of the profits.

In general, a critical attitude towards his own work is very strongly developed in him, and the day after writing, he can clearly see his mistakes. But in correcting his proofs, his clairvoyance comes out even more strongly, and some chapters issue from the process changed to the point of unrecognizability.

Once when there was a discussion as to strenuous work on artistic productions, Count Tolstoy said :

"It will not do to neglect the slightest detail in art ; because sometimes some half-torn-off button may light up a whole side of the character of a given person ; and that button must be faithfully represented. But all efforts, including the half-torn-off button, must be directed exclusively to the inner reality, and must by no means draw away attention from what is of first importance to details and secondary facts. One of our contemporary novelists, in describing the history of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, would certainly not miss the chance to exhibit his knowledge of life, and would write : 'Come to me !' murmured Mme. Potiphar, in a languishing voice, stretching out her arm, soft with aromatic unguents, on which shone a bracelet decorated, and so on, and so on, and these details not only would not light up the heart of the matter more clearly, but would certainly obscure it."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

BLACKLISTING: THE NEW SLAVERY.

AN American jury, composed, with one exception, of employers of men, the foreman of which was an ex-banker, and not one of whom was a member of a labor union, after a trial lasting nearly three weeks, before Judge Richard Clifford in the Circuit Court at Chicago, recently returned a verdict for \$21,666.33 against the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company for blacklisting one of its former employees who left its service during the American Railway Union strike of 1894. The plaintiff in the case was Fred R. Ketcham, who had been in the employ of the road as a freight conductor for a period of about ten years preceding the strike.

The principle involved in this case was much more than personal injury or vindication, it was one of human liberty. As but \$1,850 actual loss was proved, the amount allowed in excess of this sum by the verdict, was for exemplary damages or "smart money" — an emphatic assertion by the jury of this view of the case.

The character of the jury emphasizes the enormity of the offense as proved, and shows what a jury of American business men think of a conspiracy to deprive a citizen of his right to earn a living in his own chosen calling. People who do not know the facts shown in this case may think the verdict excessive, but had they this knowledge, they would consider it too small. The issues involved are of the highest importance, not merely to organized labor, but also to the great mass of our people, as the conspiracy was one of the most infamous ever known in this country. It is to make the facts known, that this article is written.

Divested of legal verbiage, the charge was, that all the railroads entering Chicago had agreed and conspired to keep each other informed of the names of all their employees who belonged to the American Railway Union, or who quit work

during the American Railway Union strike of 1894, and that no such employees should be employed by any of these railroads without first having a release or consent (commonly called a "clearance") from the road by which he was last employed before the strike; that the plaintiff voluntarily left the employment of the defendant during said strike, and afterwards obtained employment from the Chicago Great Western Railway, but was discharged from its employment because the defendant notified the Chicago Great Western that plaintiff was one of its strikers, and because he did not have a "clearance" from the defendant; that the plaintiff had requested such "clearance," which was refused by the defendant for the malicious purpose of preventing plaintiff from securing employment in the railroad business, for which he was well qualified; and that for said reasons the plaintiff was denied employment by all the other roads, and that by reason of said conspiracy, *and for no other cause or causes*, the plaintiff was prevented from securing employment in his chosen occupation as a railroad man.

It is not within the scope of this article to publish all the evidence given at the trial, but facsimiles of some of the letters introduced, and excerpts from the oral testimony given, will show, beyond question, that the jury were justified in finding the defendant guilty.

Benjamin Thomas, chairman of the General Managers' Association, testified that his association was a voluntary association of all railroads running into Chicago; that it was organized in 1892, and supported by contributions from all the roads belonging to it; that its meetings were held in secret; that its objects and purposes were the discussion of problems of railroad management; and that while the different roads were not legally bound to adopt the acts of the General Managers' Association, they were morally bound to do so.

The first two articles of the constitution of the General Managers' Association were then offered in evidence, and are as follows:

ARTICLE I. *Title.* — This Association shall be called The General Managers' Association of Chicago.

ARTICLE II. *Object.* — The object of this Association shall be the consideration of problems of management arising from the operation of railroads terminating or centering in Chicago.

Here is the record of the proceedings of the General Managers' Association at its meeting of May 18, 1893, then produced.

"The Chair then called for the report of the committee, to which had been referred at various times (1) Tabulation of Wages; (2) Employment Bureau; and (3) Rules for Government of Employees.

"Thereupon, Mr. Wall, acting chairman of said committee, read the following :

"REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 18, 1893.

"Mr. E. ST. JOHN,

*Chairman General Managers' Association,
Chicago, Ill.*

"*Dear Sir:* Your committee appointed to tabulate the rates of pay paid by all roads centering in Chicago, and to report on the formation and maintenance of an employment bureau for railroad employees, and to formulate a set of rules for the government of all railroad employees, begs leave to report :

"I. With reference to tabulation of wages. They have classified all classes of railroad employees below the rank of division superintendent and superintendent of motive power, or general master mechanic. . . . In classifying the employees, it has been necessary, in order to secure uniformity, to adopt certain terms in describing a man's employment, and the committee requests the co-operation of the general managers, in so far as possible, in using these terms, instead of the special term that may be used in some particular locality. It will be found that the terms recommended by the committee are synonymous with those in use, and are only introduced so as to make the wage tables of the different roads readily comparable.

"II. The matter of the establishment of an employment bureau : *The subject has been discussed at great length, and it*

is the opinion of the committee that such a bureau would be of advantage to the Association.

"First : In assisting them in the procurement of men, both under ordinary conditions, and in times of emergency.

"Second : *In assisting the roads to guard against the employment of a man who has been proved unworthy on some other road.*

"Third : *In abolishing the state of affairs with which we are all familiar, that is expressed, when a man is disciplined, by the statement that 'your road is not the only road in Chicago,' and that 'employment can readily be obtained on some other road,' although an offense has been committed.*

"Fourth : Each railroad shall designate to the manager of the bureau the name, or names, of its officer, or officers, empowered to approve applications for employment, and certificates of transfer or dismissal.

"III. On the matter referred to your committee, relating to the adoption of rules for the government of all classes of railway employees, we beg to report progress."

The plaintiff, Fred R. Ketcham, testified that he quit the employment of the defendant company during the Railway Union strike, and remained at home, not going near any railroad during the trouble ; that about July 3 of that year Superintendent J. C. Stuart came to his house and asked him to take out a train ; that he refused, as he considered it dangerous ; that he was not at this time a member of the American Railway Union, but afterwards joined it about July 20 ; that he had been in the employ of the defendant company about ten years ; that upon his refusal, Stuart "threatened him with arrest, adding that he had sympathy for his family, and that if he did not take out the train he would find hard work getting a job from any other road"; having heard of the black list, he went to the Chicago Great Western Railway and secured a situation as conductor of one of its freight trains July 28, and made one trip to Dubuque, Iowa, and back, arriving home July 31, at five ; that at seven he was arrested by a United States marshal and kept in custody several days until he could give a bond for three thousand dollars ; but was never prosecuted, no evidence being offered, against him ; that August 6 he went to Superinten-

dent Stuart and asked for a clearance and was given a letter showing how long he had been in the employ of the Chicago and North Western, but at the bottom was the following: "Left his post during American Railway Union strike and was active in persuading others to do likewise. When he returned for duty his place was filled." On the same day he returned to the Chicago Great Western for duty and was told by Train Master J. B. Strong and Superintendent J. A. Kelly that he was discharged, Superintendent Kelly telling him that he was a good man and he would like to keep him, but could not unless he first obtained "clearance" from the North Western. When asked why he was discharged, Kelly said, "because he had heard he was a North Western striker." Ketcham then asked where he got his information, and Kelly replied: "From the one we all get it from." Ketcham then asked if he was blacklisted, and Kelly replied: "You can call it that or anything you're a mind to. I can't put you back to work unless you bring a 'clearance' from the North Western. I am sorry, but it comes from above me."

Daniel Cash, who was with Ketcham, had a letter exactly like Ketcham's, and showed his letter to Kelly. Kelly said that was not a "clearance," so Ketcham did not show his own letter. Ketcham's testimony was corroborated by Cash.

The following facts also appeared from Ketcham's testimony. After being discharged from the Chicago Great Western he applied to several other roads for employment, but was everywhere refused, and never secured railroad employment after the strike. In the autumn of 1897 he worked as stationary engineer at the Michigan Central Railroad elevator at Kensington, but was discharged about two weeks before the trial, for the alleged cause that business was slack, though the elevator was running full time, and continued to do so after his discharge just as it had been doing previously.

J. D. Green, a former conductor on the Illinois Central Railroad, testified that after the strike he applied for work to Train Master J. B. Strong of the Chicago Great Western; that Strong told him he needed men but could not hire him

unless he had an Illinois Central clearance from the strike. Strong added that he had hired a man by the name of Ketcham without a clearance and had had to discharge him, and that he (Strong) "got hell for hiring Ketcham without a clearance."

About thirty-five other men who had quit various roads during the strike testified that they had applied to all the roads in Chicago, were told they needed men, but were denied employment because they did not have clearances. Many of these men had letters showing years of faithful service and good habits, but whenever a letter said they had "quit during the strike" they were told "that is not a 'clearance'" and were denied employment. Some were given work and required to make out written applications showing what road they had last worked for. In a few days they were discharged, and when they asked why, were told that their "applications were rejected."

Among several letters placed in evidence as corroborating this testimony was the following significant and unequivocal official declaration of the position taken by the Wabash Railroad Company.

Subject: Application of A. J. Henton.

THE WABASH RAILROAD COMPANY.

OFFICE OF TRAIN MASTER.

Forrest Ills. Aug. 16th. 1894. 189

2711 Bonfield St. Chicago.

Dear Sir:—Referring to attached. If you have not been concerned in recent strike, and can bring clearance to that effect, showing where you were working June 30th, and since, I can give you a job of braking.

Yours truly *H. W. Ballou*
Train Master

J. H. Dungan testified that at the time of the strike he was in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and quit with the men ; that after the strike he secured successively

several positions, but was discharged from each in turn because his applications were rejected; that he finally obtained a situation in Argentine, Kansas, on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, put in an application referring to the Northern Pacific as the last road he had worked for, worked for about five months, when he was discharged; that he wrote the superintendent, H. U. Mudge, about it and received the reply which is reproduced on page 280. This letter shows that even officials of the United States Court were parties to the conspiracy.

Burnham testified that after seeking work in vain for more than a year and being denied because he had no clearance, he went to J. W. Higgins, superintendent of terminals for the Illinois Central Railroad, told him his family was starving and he could not get work without a clearance, and begged Higgins to give him a clearance, whereupon Higgins gave him the letter reproduced on page 282. He asked Higgins why he (Higgins) couldn't give him employment, and Higgins said: "I can't; that's all." He went to Robert Cherry, general yard master of the Nickel Plate Railroad, and asked if he needed any men. Cherry said: "Yes, I can use a man or two. Have you a clearance?" Whereupon Burnham said "Yes," and showed him the letter above mentioned. After reading it Cherry said, "Burnham, that's a good letter, but it is not a clearance. I can't hire you on that letter." Burnham further testified that he had traveled all over the country and had shown that letter to railroad officials who were hiring men, yet was denied employment, and had never been able to secure any employment on a railroad since the strike of 1894.

All the other witnesses related similar experiences, covering nearly every railroad in the United States. Not one of the witnesses for the plaintiff had ever committed any violence or violated any law. All were shown to be sober, careful railroad operatives, and all had good letters of recommendation from their respective roads. No charge was made save that that they "had quit during the American Railway Union strike."

Subject: Reemployment

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad Company.

ALDACE F. WALKER, JOHN J. MCCOOK, JOSEPH C. WILSON, *Receivers.*H. U. MUDGE,
General Superintendent.Office of General Superintendent.
EASTERN GRAND DIVISION:

IN YOUR REPLY PLEASE QUOTE

No. 13

D-255

On the Line.

Middle Division, March 27, 1895.

Mr. J. H. Dungan,

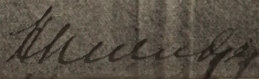
Argentine, Kansas.

(Postoffice box 69)

Dear Sir:

Acknowledging receipt of yours of the 21st. I have investigated the matter and find that immediately upon your being employed letters were written to ascertain your record with the Northern Pacific; the delay is entirely due to the fact that they neglected to reply earlier to references. It is against the policy of the receivers to have any man who was mixed up with the strike; and if we intended to do so, there are certainly a large number of men who had worked for this company who should be given preference over men from other roads. In being allowed to work five months you were more fortunate than most others, and I regret to say that I do not see my way clear to do anything further for you in this case.

Respectfully,



SUPERINTENDENT MUDGE'S EXPLANATION.



Michael Driscoll, who had first-class references for twenty-five years' service as a railroad man, testified that he left the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway during the strike; and that after the strike he secured a position from the Chicago and Western Indiana Railway by telling Mr. Warner, the superintendent, that he was in New York during the strike. He was required to make out an application and gave the name of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad as the road he last worked for, having had the promise of Mr. Belz, of the Fort Wayne, that he would recommend him. After working a short time he was discharged. When he asked Mr. Warner why he was discharged, he was told that the Fort Wayne objected, and that "it was the Fort Wayne which kept him from working." He called on Mr. Belz of the Fort Wayne and asked him to write a letter to Mr. Warner in his behalf. Belz said "if he did so it would be the price of his own head."

Frank Deyer testified that he quit the Michigan Central Railroad during the strike. He subsequently obtained several positions, but was discharged from them all, because his application was rejected, though his services were entirely satisfactory. Becoming discouraged in seeking work under his own name, Deyer secured several letters belonging to his brother-in-law, W. G. Cherry, who had quit the railroad business before the strike. Under the name of W. G. Cherry he obtained a position with the Chicago and Erie in January, 1896, which he has held ever since. A similar story was told by H. F. Elliot, who testified that he was working for a railroad under an assumed name.

Andrew Stader testified as follows: He did not belong to the American Railway Union nor to any other labor organization. He had been in the employ of the defendant railway four years before the strike. When the strike broke out, he was off duty on a leave of absence. He was called to take out a train to Milwaukee on the night of July 6, during the height of the trouble, and promised he would go; but when his wife, who was in a delicate condition, heard he was going, she became nervous and



ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.

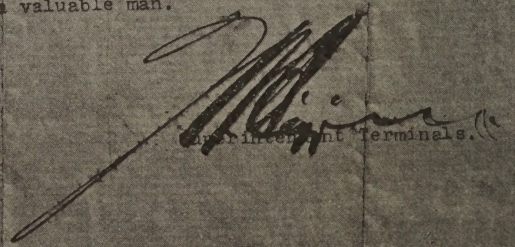
Office of Superintendent Terminals.

Chicago, December 23rd 1895.

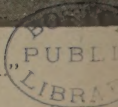
TO WHOM PRESENTED:-

The bearer, Louis Burnham, was employed by this Company from 1867 to 1892 as freight brakeman and conductor, from 1892 to 1894 as switchmen in Chicago yard.

During that time he was sober, steady, performed his work satisfactorily. Unfortunately he was influenced to leave the service, but so far as I am aware he was not actively aggressive, did nothing to hinder the transaction of this Company's business. I believe he now regrets his action, and as he has been out of work a long time, has an invalid wife to care for, I should be glad to see him given employment, and feel satisfied that he will make his employers a valuable man.


Superintendent Terminals.

SUPERINTENDENT HIGGIN'S UNAVAILING "GOOD LETTER"



frightened, and begged him not to go. Yielding to her entreaties, he went to the foreman, and told him of his wife's condition, saying that under those circumstances he could not move the train. The foreman abused him, and accused him of sympathizing with the strikers. He again reported for duty on July 10, when the master mechanic, John Heath, discharged him. After the strike, he again applied to the defendant for employment, but was refused. An alderman interceded for him with General Manager Whitman, who ordered an investigation. After the investigation, the superintendent had him re-employed as an extra man, and he worked as such during the winter of 1894-5, but was discharged in the spring of 1895 owing to slack business. After he was discharged and paid off, he asked the master mechanic for a clearance, so that he could get work on some other road, whereupon he was given the letter reproduced on page 284, which speaks for itself.

This letter is the necessary "clearance," — the explicit written consent of one of the conspirators, without which, employment was, by the terms of the conspiracy, denied to any worker even suspected of the temerity of joining his fellows in a demand for better conditions. It can be explained on no other hypothesis than that the master mechanic knew that Stader must have this *permission* before he would be given work on any other road.

Proof was made at the trial that the superintendent and the general attorney of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company had tried to bribe the witness Stader to leave and not testify in the case; and a pass given him by the superintendent to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and return, good for thirty days, was offered in evidence. Stader has since been discharged by the Chicago & Northwestern. His testimony is believed to have cost him his place.

The secretary of the General Managers' Association testified that the general manager of the defendant railway had a copy of the proceedings of the General Managers' Association, and the defendant was notified to produce this copy

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

MOTIVE POWER DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE MASTER MECHANIC.
WISCONSIN DIVISION.CHICAGO, April 26th 1890-

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is to certify that the
 bearer, Andrew Stader, has worked for the C. & N. W.
 Ry Co. since July, 1880, as a locomotive fireman.
 Mr Stader has been laid off on account of de-
 pression in business causing reduction in
 force. He has permission to obtain work
elsewhere providing he can obtain a position
 that is satisfactory to himself, but in the
 event of his not getting work elsewhere he
 can return to us for service when we have
 work for him. Any favors shown Mr Stader
 will be appreciated.

Yours truly

John Heath
M. M.

for inspection, an affidavit having been filed alleging that it would show the blacklisting agreement of the railroads. The defendant refused to produce the records.

Norman Ford testified that in August, 1894, he was employed as a messenger boy in the office of J. W. Higgins, superintendent of terminals of the Illinois Central Railroad, and was instructed to make fifty mimeograph copies of a list of five hundred and twenty-four names, containing thirteen sheets ; that he made the same and mailed forty-nine copies ; that a copy was sent to the officials of the Illinois Central Railroad who hired men ; also that a copy, marked "Private," was sent to every railroad in Chicago, and that he addressed and mailed these.

An original of this list was introduced in evidence. On page 286 will be found a photographic reproduction of the first page of the list.

Despite this damaging documentary evidence, many railroad officials, including eight general managers, sworn by the defendant, testified they had never received or sent out such a list, that they knew of no blacklisting agreement, and had never heard blacklisting discussed in the General Managers' Association !

Almost the last witness introduced by the defendant was Mr. Atwater of Detroit, Mich., superintendent of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway. He was shown the Illinois Central black list, and asked the stereotyped question which had been asked of all the other officials : "Did you ever see a list exactly like this in all respects, except that it was not addressed to J. T. Harrahan ?" He naively replied to the railroad's attorney : "*Never until I saw one in your office this morning.*" At last such a list had been located in the hands of a railroad official not an official of the Illinois Central, and Norman Ford was corroborated.

The defendant's attorney sought to break the force of Ford's and Atwater's testimony by the side remark that he had simply "had a copy made," insinuating that the paper which Atwater had seen was simply a transcript of the list

NOTIFY

Vice-President
Second Vice-President
General Supt.
Chief Engineer
Supt. Machinery
Supt. Locomotives
Supt. Telegraphs
And each
Div. Superintendent

These officers are to be notified
in case of any strike or
other emergency.

Form 1534

Illinois Central Railroad Co.

Chicago Terminals

DIVISION

Chicago August 25th 1894. 189

The under-noted men of Transportation Department have been discharged, or have left the service under circumstances rendering it undesirable for them to be re-employed by this Company, and should they apply to you, you are requested to deny them employment without first conforming to General Rule No. 36.

Superintendent Terminals.

NAMES	EMPLOYMENT	REMARKS
Chicago yard.		
Quinn John	Night Yd. Master	Participating in the
Burns, Jas.	Asst. Night Yd. Master	late A.R.W. strike,
Sheehan, J. H.		
Abbott, W. C.	Switchman	
Bailey, L. N.		
Dreeman, M.		
Bennett, Thos.		
Brown, Geo. S.		
Pruce, W. G.		
Pomeroy, Jas.		
Borley, W. H.		
Burns, E. M.		
Burns, R. J.		
Clark, C. E.		
Cronin, H. E.		
Crawford, A. W.		
Cetali, Jas.		
Holmes, J. P.		
DeVore, Jas.		
James, Peter		

Heads of Departments will send notice on this blank to the Officers of the Company indicated above, of persons leaving the service under conditions given, and a record of these names must be kept in the book provided for the purpose.

LIBRARY

shown in court, and not one of the sheets mailed by Ford. He did not testify to this view of the facts, though challenged to do so, obviously wishing the jury to accept it as the correct one. Next day, when plaintiff wanted to show, in rebuttal, that the list introduced in court had been in the custody of the clerk, and could not have been copied, defendant's attorney admitted that the list exhibited in court was not the original of what he had shown Mr. Atwater. He then produced a blank form of Illinois Central order No. 1324, without any date, signature, or names, and said, as a side remark, that that was what he had shown Mr. Atwater. He did not *testify* to this, though at the time challenged to do so, but closed his case, leaving the Ford-Atwater evidence in full force.

I go into this detail here to show the efforts put forth at the trial to conceal the existence of a black list, indicating a keen sense of the significance of that device, if proved to be in use.

A jury of business men, deliberating but two and a half hours, found the defendant railway guilty as charged, *thus establishing as a fact the existence of the conspiracy.*

The state of affairs disclosed by the above evidence is a serious one, deserving the attention of every American citizen.

I do not believe that all the directors and stockholders of the railroads countenance this crime of their general managers. It is too atrocious to be approved by any conscientious man. If all the suffering of innocent women and children caused by this conspiracy could be laid bare; if the cases of homes sold under foreclosure, of husbands separated from wives, and of strong and willing men forced to assume false names, or driven insane by this criminal deprivation of employment, could be published, such a protest would be heard from every lover of fair play in the land that these criminal officials would be driven from power by honest stockholders and directors, and officials with some instincts of humanity put in their places.

It will not do to say that most of the men who were in the strike have been taken back, for it is not true. Out of the thirty thousand in Chicago who were proved to have struck, only about thirty-one were proved to have been re-employed. Many of these were brought from other cities to testify for the defense. Fully one-half even of these were men who returned for work before July 10, when notified by the roads to do so; hence they were really not strikers.

If the blacklist be necessary, as some of the railroad officials claim, to prevent strikes and to enforce discipline; if private corporations cannot administer our railways without depriving American citizens of the liberty guaranteed by the Constitution, without starving innocent women and children because their husbands and fathers sympathized with the American Railway Union strikers and generously tried to help them, then it is high time the government became the owner of the railroads, put the employees under civil service rules, and secured them in their positions during good behavior.

Strikes, to be sure, inconvenience the public, and they may be mistakes sometimes; but what other remedy have laboring men when aggrieved and refused all redress? It is important that the business interests of the country should not be interrupted, but it is more important that our citizens should be free. The victims do not complain that the roads they were working for at the time they struck did not re-employ them. They admit that the roads had a right thus to refuse them. They complain that their old employers not only refused to employ them again, but vindictively pursued them, and prevented them from getting employment anywhere else. "Once a sailor, always a sailor"; once a railroad man, always a railroad man. The most skilful railroad men in the country are usually unfitted for any other work. The public are interested in having men of this class — careful, sober, and skilled — to operate our railroads.

The evil criticized cannot be justified under any of the specious excuses offered.

No one questions the right of a railroad to report to another road the name of a drunken or careless employee. This is not only their right, but their duty, as the public are interested in having sober and careful men operate trains. But when a railroad official sends the names of such employees to other roads than his own, it must be done in good faith and for good cause. If railways combine to keep from work men who have simply struck to better their condition, violating no law, their act becomes unlawful and dangerous to public welfare. A combination of employees to vindictively injure employers, in any similar fashion, would be equally wrong and unlawful. Both should be condemned as un-American without discriminating in favor of any one class as against the other. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

If public conscience can be aroused, the people will put a stop to this iniquity, and corporations will be taught to obey the law. Corporations have their place in the industrial development of the times, being at present necessary elements in our economic system ; but they should be the servants, and not the masters, of the people.

The street car companies have joined in a national organization. They claim the right, not only to form corporations, which are combinations of capital, but also to form a national combination of such corporations ; yet they, or many of them, refuse their employees permission to form a union, or any combination whatever, under penalty of dismissal. During the autumn of 1897, the Chicago City Railway Company refused to allow its employees to join a union, and discharged those who did join.

A railway vice-president in discussing these questions, recently said to the writer : "The people who own this country propose to run it." Asked if by "owners" he meant the corporations and the wealthy class, he replied : "I mean those who own the property." He then repeated the above remark, and gave permission to publish it over his name. I refrain from giving his name from personal considerations. This instance merely shows the sentiment of many capitalists.

Capital cannot, in justice, insist on its right to form combinations, and deny the same right to labor. A corporation cannot reasonably insist on treating with its employees only as individuals, while itself joining other corporations in disciplining laborers. Either organized capital must recognize organized labor, dealing with labor organizations as entitled to recognition like organizations of capital, or the conflict between labor and capital will produce results more serious than have yet occurred. Confronted by a great organization of capital, the individual employee is helpless. If his demands are backed up by the power of an organization of his fellows, he has some chance of securing just concessions, and correcting the abuses of which he complains. When the rights of both labor and capital, to organize and to act in their organized capacity, are recognized, mutual concessions will be made, and many of the antagonisms which now occasion strikes and lock-outs will be unknown.

If our workingmen are to be independent, manly citizens, and not obsequious vassals, blacklisting must be done away with. Involving conspiracy to thwart most sacred rights, it is dangerous to public welfare, and contrary to the common law.*

The Supreme Court of the United States, at the last term, in the case of *Allgeyer vs. Louisiana*, held that the word "liberty," as used in the fourteenth amendment to the federal constitution, means not merely the right to freedom from physical restraint, but also the right to pursue any livelihood or calling. If, then, a man is denied the right of contracting for his labor, he is denied the liberty guaranteed him by the constitution.

If a man who quits the employ of another cannot get work in his chosen occupation without first obtaining the *consent* of the man whose employ he has left, he becomes a slave. He will not dare resist any oppression his employer may see fit

* See Cooley on Torts, page 326: "Every person has a right to make use of his labor in any lawful employment on his own behalf, or to hire it out in the service of others. This is one of the first and highest of civil rights."

to impose upon him. His wages may be cut to the starvation point; he may be called upon to work extra hours; yet he dare not complain, as he knows he cannot leave and get employment elsewhere. If he protests, his employer will say: "Very well, if you don't like it, you can quit." The man having a wife and children to support will bow in submission, knowing that his master has him in his power, and that he cannot support his family if he is defiant, as he cannot get work elsewhere without the consent of his employer.

This is slavery pure and simple, yet it is without exaggeration the condition of most railroad employees in this country today. The blacklisting system is also being adopted in nearly all other branches of corporate employment, such as the large packing-houses, street railroads, clothing manufactories, and coal mines. It is one of the growing evils of the present era of combinations and trusts, menacing the liberty of a large class of our citizens. A recent illustration shows this. In 1897 the Chicago City Railway Company, as I have mentioned, forbade their employees to join a union, and discharged such as did join. The men, having freshly in mind the terrible suffering and privations of the American Railway Union men who struck out of sympathy for the oppressed employees of the Pullman Company, also knowing that winter was coming on, yielded to the tyranny of the company rather than bring misery and distress on their wives and children.

The railroads use the black list not only to punish those who have been discharged, but to coerce and intimidate those still in their employ.

How long will it be, if blacklisting is allowed to continue and spread, before the laboring masses of the country, having become the helpless tools of these mighty masters, will do their bidding in the exercise of the elective franchise? We shall then have a government of corporations, by corporations, and for corporations. The wage-earner who feels his little children tugging at his coat-tails for bread, will fear, in voting, to assert his manhood and resist oppression. Can a republic made up of such citizens long endure? Are such

mere tools fit to be electors in a government of the people? These are serious questions, which must be wisely answered by American voters at the ballot-box, or the answers will be blood and revolution.

Blacklisting is thus seen to be a chief agency in fostering anarchy. It destroys manhood in citizens and makes them slaves. There must be a change. The love of liberty is too deeply rooted in the hearts of Americans long to tolerate this dangerous abuse. It is peculiarly against public policy, because when men cannot find work, they become paupers and public charges, if not criminals.

The conspiracy proven is the most subtle device ever devised by the brains of man, to subjugate and oppress labor, and make it bow to the dictates of capital.

If it is held by the courts of our land to be lawful, other employers will be swift to take advantage of it, and it will be but a short time when the liberty, independence, and patriotism of the American citizen will be but a mere tradition that our children will talk about, but not understand; and labor which hewed this nation of freemen out of the wilderness, will bow its head to the dictation of corporation bosses. The mission of the United States is to enlighten and civilize the world. It is the Knight Errant of liberty and justice. If it fail in its mission, the world will relapse into barbarism. This question is the greatest question facing our courts today. On the action of our judiciary in this case depends the salvation of the republic, the preservation of our liberty.

WILLIAM J. STRONG.

Chicago.

THE LORDS OF THE AIR.

IT was in 1903, that the Supreme Court of the United States found for the plaintiff in the great case of Simon Magus, against the mayor, aldermen, etc., of Olathe, Kansas. The case was this: A part of Olathe was built on the lands owned by Magus, who acquired an enormous fortune by selling them. He laid out streets, granting rights of way, *but reserving to himself all other rights in the streets*. Nevertheless, the people of Kansas, as the complaint set forth, "wrongfully and maliciously assumed to breathe his air in said streets, and committed other trespasses upon the rights of said Magus in said air."

The Court held, following the "Single Tax" case (*Tawresey v. the Town of Dover*, Superior Court of Kent Co., Delaware), that the street was merely for passage.

This finding occasioned greater surprise than the income tax decision of some years past (*Pollock v. Farmers' Loan and Trust Co.*, and *Hyde v. Continental Trust Co.*, 158 U. S. 601), and a rehearing was held.

It was urged that the use of the air was necessary to the right of way, and was therefore included in it; but the learned judges pointed out that it was just as necessary to be fed as to breathe, in order to travel; and yet, although food, unlike air, was actually produced from the ground, no one had claimed the right to grow food product on the highway, as an incident to its use.

The Court urged with much force that the railroads were also highways, in which the people have special rights (*Munn v. People of Illinois*, 94 U. S. Supreme Court). And that cars were necessary to their use; but that it could not be claimed that the right to the use of the road-bed gave a right to the free use of the cars.

It was urged that it was in violation of the right of the people peaceably to assemble as provided in Amendment I,

United States Constitution. But, citing "The Commonwealth *v.* Davis" (Massachusetts Law Reports, June, 1897), the Court held that by taking the proper steps and paying the fee, any citizen could obtain license to breathe the air in public highways (Same case, 140 Mass. 485).

Laws taxing immigration had been uniformly upheld (*Edge et al. v. Robertson* Circuit Court E. D. N. Y. 1883), and such laws denied the use not only of the air, but even of access, without payment of the fee. It was further said, that the ordinances opening the streets in their turn, excluded such use, and that the principle of the ordinance was constitutional. (Dillon's Municipal Corporations, p. 250, 2d ed.)

The decision was quickly followed in the House of Lords, the Chamber of Deputies, and the High Courts of other countries, and as nearly all land owners have rights in the streets, numerous suits were instituted.

In fact, one shyster attorney, the owner of a little plot which was mortgaged for all it was worth, had summonses printed, and, relying upon the principle that everyone has a right to sue everyone else, served them upon every person who passed, at the rate of several hundred every day. Nearly every one failed to answer, and the costs brought him in a pretty fortune.

The new doctrine was followed, and injunctions obtained against certain strikers, who breathed the air upon roads belonging to the company, on the principle laid down in *Mackall v. Ratchford*, 82 F. 41. The Court justly said that common property in air worked very well in primitive times; but so did common property in land. The general experience of mankind, however, had improved upon those plans. "There is no force," said the learned Court, in the "strenuous contention of counsel for the defendants, that the doctrine of rights in air was new, for we find in Blackstone, Book II, Chap. xxvi, Sec. 31: 'Ancient Lights. Thus, too, the benefit of the elements, the light, the air, and the water, can only be appropriated by occupancy. If I have an ancient window overlooking my neighbor's ground, he may not erect any

blind to obstruct the light.' " It follows that easements of wind and even of light were, and still are, allowed in England.

Nor is the decision of the lower court in contravention of the 5th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the right to life and liberty, for it is open to any one to become an air lord.

See cases cited on behalf of Warren Bridge in Charles River Bridge *v.* Warren Bridge case, 7 Pick. 344, Mass.

Capital came to the rescue, and the Pneumatic Tube Company, to which a franchise was granted in 1897, to lay tubes under New York streets, supplied "penny-in-the-slot" flexible tubes, from which air might be inhaled as pedestrians passed over land whose proprietors had reserved their rights in air. Boxes of condensed air, to be carried on the back, were also supplied at a nominal charge.

Knowing that the poorest boy might become an air lord himself, just as he might become President, and that "competition among owners would keep prices down to a reasonable figure," just as it had kept down the price of rent,—the people acquiesced, and were just as contented as they are now.

BOLTON HALL.

New York.

SIMPLICITY.

Who, list'ning, hears no music in the brook,
Or sees no beauty in the flow'ring trees,
Except the subtle promise there implied
Of added gain, in later fruitage stored,
Fails of the higher purposes of life,
And thereby cheats himself of that which makes
The finite seek to grasp the infinite.

Better a crust in some poor dungeon cell,
With mind unfettered and a conscience clean,
Than pampered royalty in courts and camps,
Flaunting the bauble power, that soon must yield
To unrelenting Death, and be forgot.

GEORGE W. SHIPMAN.

AN 'ANGLO-SAXON IN THE EAST.

NO book of travel of greater importance or more fascinating interest has been given to the world than Henry Savage Landor's account of his terrible journey into the heart of Tibet.* The work is valuable from a scientific point of view, for the new light it throws on the customs of the Tibetans, the discovery of the principal sources of the great Brahmaputra river, and for the accuracy of its many illustrations. It is even more important as a study in human character. The scope of the work is remarkable in that it furnishes opportunity to consider many questions of particular interest. These I shall try to suggest as we follow the author's narrative through an unprecedented series of experiences.

At the outset, it is important to remember that the traveler is apt to find and to report that which his particular interest fits him to discover. It is to be doubted if Mr. Landor would have been the man to appreciate the subtleties of spiritual philosophy, had he found the reputed seers and mahatmas of the sacred land. But for that very reason, because of his unprejudiced scientific interest, he was especially adapted to the discovery of the bare facts, and to relate what he saw without regard to its proof or disproof of some cherished philosophy. His equipment was that of the scientific explorer and artist, one who was not to be caught meditating or napping, but who could on occasion outwit a company of soldiers, or by sheer pluck save his life on the verge of a terrible accident. One is reminded throughout of the unflinching determination of Stanley, while in search of Livingstone: "*Find him! Find him!*" were the words that ever came to mind when a dread obstacle appeared. With

* "In the Forbidden Land," by A. H. S. Landor, 2 vols. 8vo. 556 pages, \$9.00. Harper and Bros., New York.

the same heroic will-power, Mr. Landor fixed his mind on Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet.

Mr. Landor's journey began at Bombay in April, 1897, but owing to the extreme difficulty of collecting a company of followers, and the impassability of many passes until the arrival of summer's heat, it was many weeks before he was well on his way. Long before he actually set foot on the treacherous territory, his plans had been discovered by the Tibetans; a bridge was destroyed, making the usual route impassable, and he was obliged to follow a mountain path along the face of a cliff, by means of two rows of small hollows in the smooth rock, along two parallel horizontal lines, the upper row for the hands, the lower for the feet. A series of difficult mountain ascents followed, during which the tents were frequently pitched at an altitude of from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet above the sea,—where the party suffered severely from the cold,—across huge glaciers and snow bridges, until, among the high Himalayas, footprints of spies were discovered in the snow.

From this point on, the Tibetans continually harassed the party. Spies were sent to watch their movements, and large numbers of soldiers were despatched in different directions with orders to capture and behead them, until Mr. Landor was compelled to travel almost wholly by night, on circuitous and dangerous routes, deserted and betrayed by many of his followers, at times almost on the verge of starvation, and again and again miraculously escaping from his enemies. It became almost a common occurrence to be pursued by bandits, and surrounded by companies of soldiers, at sight of which his followers trembled with terror, while Mr. Landor was left to put them to rout alone. In this task fortune favored him, for the Tibetans possessed only match-lock guns, while Mr. Landor and his most faithful follower had repeating rifles. Invariably he compelled his foes to lay down their arms, to bow down and put out their tongues in token of submission; for one and all of these pig-tailed warriors proved to be the most abject cowards, when thus outwitted by a man

of steel. When he was finally captured, together with two followers, it took no less than five hundred men to overcome and bind them, after a fierce struggle of twenty minutes!

So many and so successful were his escapes, that Mr. Landor in time bore the repute of being able to make himself invisible, yet this simply exasperated his pursuers the more, until a sum sufficient to make a man wealthy for life was offered for his capture. Even then he might have eluded them all, and actually entered Lhasa, had not a very serious accident made him almost powerless, when not far from his journey's end. While crossing a stream, his possessions were irrecoverably lost.

"Our situation can be summed up in a few words. We were now in the center of Tibet, with no food of any kind, no clothes to speak of, and no boots or shoes, except those we wore, and those were falling to pieces. What little ammunition I had left, could not be relied upon, owing to its having been in the water on several occasions; and round us we had nothing but enemies,—insignificant enemies if you like, but enemies for all that."

Almost starving and helpless, the three men were compelled to enter a settlement, where they were received so kindly that Mr. Landor at first felt no suspicion, when, without warning, he was set upon, thrown down, and attacked on every side by a host of men. The final struggle so well represents the character of the man and his opponents, that we must let Mr. Landor tell the story in his own words.

"Weak as I was, they knocked me down three more times, and three times more I regained my feet. I fought to the bitter end with my fists, feet, head, and teeth, each time that I got one hand or leg free from their clutches, hitting right and left at any part where I could disable my opponents. Their timidity, even when in such overwhelming numbers, was indeed beyond description; and it was entirely due to it and not to my strength (for I had hardly any) that I was able to hold my own against them for some twenty minutes. My clothes were torn to bits in the fight. . . . One rope which they flung and successfully twisted around my neck

completed their victory. . . . Dragged down to the ground, they stamped, and kicked, and trampled upon me with their heavy nailed boots, until I was stunned."

Then follows a fearful tale of tortures, which could hardly be paralleled for brutality and savagery in the entire literature of history, science, or fiction. Mr. Landor was compelled to see his faithful servants beaten almost to death, his own tortures were dragged out for several days, during which he was compelled to ride on a pony at break-neck speed, bound to a saddle with spikes lacerating his back, to be bound standing upon a piece of sharpened timber with legs stretched as wide apart as possible, while a high official held a red hot iron to his eyes; and, worst of all, he was suspended for twenty-four horrible hours by his hands, his legs tied wide apart, and his head drawn forward by a rope attached to the neck of one of his servants, suspended in the same terrible fashion.

I mention these tortures in detail because they were ordered by the highest officials in Tibet, and *participated in by the Lamas, the alleged holy men* of this strange land! And this, too, within a short distance of Lhasa, the holy city of Tibetan Buddhism. Is it in the least degree probable that within that city any exalted seers exist, when religious and civil authorities unite in inflicting such brutal punishment upon one who came "simply to see the country"?

Throughout these fearful proceedings, this man of steel had played the part of one who shows no sign of pain, but is absolutely determined not to yield. This, of course, incensed his tormentors the more, and they clamored for his death so loudly, that the high official cut off a lock of his hair and resorted to the usual incantations and references to occult science. Then the merest accident saved him. It was discovered that his fingers were webbed unusually high. This with the Tibetans is the sign of a charmed life; to them it explained the mystery of his almost incredible endurance. He was set free, bound to a pony, and, with his half-dead servants was conducted back toward the frontier, under a guard of mounted soldiers.

To illustrate the strong love of scientific truth of this undaunted man, I may mention, in passing, that he drew maps with blood from his own wounds at night, in order to preserve a record of the return route, and he turns from the account of his tortures to describe the customs of his tormentors, with utmost coolness and lack of self-regard.

The cowardly Tibetans, unwilling to bear the responsibility of his death, had determined to abandon him on an impassable mountain, that they might send out the report that he had died from natural causes. From this last danger he was rescued by his good friend, Dr. Wilson, an American Methodist Episcopal missionary, who had accompanied him part way on his journey into Tibet, and who, having learned of his whereabouts, once more left the missionary station and intervened for his release, barely in time to save his life.

Under the doctor's kindly care, Mr. Landor soon began to recover, although his spine is probably injured for life. The photograph taken in October 1897, is that of a man twenty years older than the picture beside it, taken only eight months before. The appendix contains a careful statement of the author's wounds, certified by Dr. Wilson. The government inquiry report, and the statements given under oath by Mr. Landor, his two servants, and others, are also printed in the appendix; leaving no room to doubt that the account of the capture, tortures, and injuries is truthful in every particular. In fact, the author secured the testimony of one of his tormentors, who gloated over the malicious misery he helped to inflict.

So much for the bare facts. If we turn to a consideration of the character of the Tibetans, we find them throughout the land as barbarous as the men who performed the tortures. They have actually had the audacity to oppress and collect taxes from natives on British soil adjoining Tibet. "On the slightest pretext, the Tibetans arrest, torture mercilessly, fine and confiscate property of British subjects on British territory." They are not only cowardly, sly, hypocritical, and utterly lacking in honor, bearing the reputation of being

"terribly cruel" among neighboring tribes, but "no Tibetan of any rank is ashamed to beg in the most abject manner for the smallest silver coin."

The common people bear the same relation to the priests that is generally recorded of primitive tribes. They are enslaved by the priests, kept in absolute ignorance, superstition, and poverty. All classes in Tibet are in fact poor, except the brigands and priests. If, in disguise, we penetrate with Mr. Landor into a monastery, or lamasery, among the rosaries and Buddhistic shrines, we are compelled to bear away an equally unfavorable report. The Lama, or priest, is an idolater, superstitious, crafty, making great pretensions to piety, infallibility, and to occult power; but, so far as the author informs us, capable only of exercising great hypnotic influence, of making exorcisms, and consulting oracles. There are nunneries with a show of religion, but the nuns represent a very low type of humanity, and are the concubines of the Lamas, who theoretically swear to celibacy, but seldom keep their vows.

In fact, the Tibetans can hardly be said to have reached the moral plane in any respect. They neither keep their word, nor respect any ideal of marriage or society. They practise not only polygamy, but polyandry. A man who marries an elder sister receives the younger sisters as his wives, and a woman necessarily becomes the property of her younger brothers, the first child being assigned to the husband, the second to the next younger brother, until, finally, when each brother has been credited with a child, the husband is given the next arrival. There is an absolute lack of honor and decency, the most degrading practices being common everywhere, while sexual diseases are generally prevalent. As a result, the rate of mortality is very high; the medicine man is an important factor in the community, and the flesh of the diseased victim is sometimes wholly consumed by these pious wizards. Besides these cannibals, there are Lamas who make musical instruments and eating-vessels out of human bones, and delight in drinking human blood.

Turning from these revolting practices, we are informed that notwithstanding the irregular behavior of the Tibetan woman, she possesses a "wonderful amount of frankness and simplicity of manner, with a certain reserve which has its allurements; for the Tibetan swain being attracted by the charms of a damsel, finds that his flirtation with her has become an accepted engagement, almost before it has begun, and is compelled, in accordance with custom, to go, accompanied by his father and mother, to the tent of the lady of his heart. There he is received by her relatives, who have been previously notified of the intended call, and are found seated on rugs and mats awaiting the arrival of their guests. After the usual courtesies and salutations, the young man's father asks, on behalf of his son, for the young lady's hand; and if the answer is favorable, the suitor places a square lump of yak *murr* (butter) on his betrothed's forehead. She does the same for him, and the marriage ceremony is then over, the buttered couple being man and wife."

The utmost Mr. Landor can say in favor of the Tibetans, of whom he saw thousands during his occasional incognito visits to settlements, is that they are a "deeply devout race," while the Lamas are "very intelligent, but inhuman, barbarously cruel, and dishonorable." No doubt is left in the reader's mind that this clever Anglo-Saxon actually saw all phases of Tibetan life, and has given the plain, unvarnished facts concerning this pig-tailed, superstitious people. No evidence is given of a high degree of attainment in any direction, unless it be in barbarity, and the power of the Lamas to hypnotize the people so that they should "see Buddha," whose apparition is frequently reported. Mr. Landor states that the Lamas are adepts in the use of hypnotic power, and, of course, this implies considerable knowledge of the human mind. Generally speaking, their force is apparently so far wasted by sexual indulgence and abuse, that there is no energy left as a foundation for higher attainments. It would indeed be difficult to educate a Tibetan, or to appeal to anything in him that might evolve into morality. For his

non-moral life is not simply that of ignorant simplicity ; it is combined with a treachery that deceives even the elect. The problem then is, what is the line of least resistance? How ought one to appeal to the Tibetan's soul, and turn his force into a new channel?

Some would argue, "Treat him as a criminal, capture him, and keep him in subjection, until he shall have been taught new habits."* Others would contend that he needs to be routed from his lair and destroyed as effectually as the British lion hunted and expelled the abominable Kalifa of Khartoum. But to others it would appear uncharitable and pessimistic to hold such a gloomy view of this ignorant people. Other travelers may follow Mr. Landor, who will find the Tibetan character not altogether despicable.

Yet there is a deep truth in pessimism. The exposure and cleansing of the darker side of life has its place in human development. There is a work to be accomplished by a bare statement of fact such as Mr. Landor's, which no easy-going optimism can displace. Knowledge of actual fact is worth infinitely more than the idealization of those who have not met actualities face to face. This knowledge may seem pessimistic to the visionary, but let us face fact as resolutely as he who first told the tale. Then let us be as faithful as the visionary, in the pursuit of ideals, first discovering what a thing really is, then asking what it ought to be. Is this not the broader method? Is the destruction of human life ever justifiable?

In striking contrast to the weak and cruel Tibetans, the two Hindus who remained faithful followers of Mr. Landor, are among the most touchingly true servants of which literature has any record. These men, Mansing and Chanden Sing, accompanied the author without complaint wherever he went, suffering with him when he suffered, true to him when their own companions played him false, absolutely refusing the proffered opportunity to turn back and leave him to his fate, and offering to die with him if he died. "We fear not death,"

* See Charles Dudley Warner's able argument in *The Arena*, for January, 1899.

they said. "We are sorry to see you suffer, *sahib* (sir), but never mind us. We are only poor people, therefore it is of no consequence."

When they were half dead with starvation, they stood by their master with the same fidelity, although they might easily have betrayed him for a great reward, and escaped unharmed. Taking the cue from their master, they made the same fierce resistance when captured, and bore their tortures without complaint. The pitiful cry of Chanden Sing, "Sir, sir, I am dying!" sounds through the pages of the narrative, as it must have sounded to Mr. Landor, who could have saved himself from torture had he been willing to throw the blame on his servant, when the fiends were beating him. The author never expected to see either of his followers alive again, when they were taken away for punishment, but they, too, were set free, and accompanied him to the end of his journey.

Chanden Sing remained with Mr. Landor as his servant, and Mansing showed great grief at parting. "As we steamed away from the platform," says the author, "he salaamed me affectionately, having previously begged that, if ever I should go back to Tibet, I would take him with me; only, next time he, too, must be provided with a rifle! That was the only condition." In such self-denying service as this, one sees somewhat of the true Christ spirit.

It was a curious and motley gathering that accompanied Mr. Landor at the outset. There were Coreans, Humlis, Jumlis, Tibetans, Shokas of Bias, Rongbas, Nepalese, Rajiputs, and Totolas, a Brahmin, two native Christians, and a Johari. An amusing feature of this odd assemblage of human beings, was, that each caste looked down on all the others, separating from them at meal time, and building separate camp fires. Of the two who proved faithful, it is interesting to note that Mansing was a Rajiput leper, while Chanden Sing was a former native policeman of Northern India. The Brahmin, who proved trustworthy as long as he was employed by Mr. Landor, was always cool and collected, and never

worried over anything. "He was a philosopher . . . and took no active part in preparing for our defense, for he feared not death. God alone could kill him, he argued, and all the matchlocks in the country together could not send a bullet through him, unless God wished it. And if it be God's decree that he should die, what could be the use of rebelling against it? The two converts, like good Christians, were more practical, and lost no time."

Here we have the calm philosophic fatalism of the Orient face to face with the Anglo-Saxon energy that accomplishes. Mr. Landor pays small respect to philosophers. For him, restless persistence is the power that succeeds, and while his companions cowed and trembled in terror, he alone had the wisdom and pluck to take the initiative.

But is a philosopher necessarily impractical and inactive? He is usually reputed so, much to the disadvantage of philosophy generally. He may be visionary and impractical in the Orient. But is not the Anglo-Saxon just as truly a philosopher, is not the life of action, of unflinching endeavor, as sure a road to the truth of existence, as the meditative life of a Hindu Yogi? Would not his thought and conduct when rationalized, imply a philosophical system, as truly as the emotion and superconsciousness of a Swami?

The modern student of philosophy would be inclined to answer in the affirmative, and to regard the active life of the Anglo-Saxon as much a candidate for philosophical honors as it is a claimant for the empire of the seas. The world of philosophic thought is, in fact, experiencing a change in regard to the speculative, as compared with the practical criterion. It is coming to regard the practical demands as of supreme worth, and to look upon its applicability as the ultimate test of philosophical wisdom. The philosopher of the future may, therefore, be a man of action, the one who, in his own life, exemplifies the standard of conduct he inculcates, and who proves his right to be called a philosopher, because of his ability to meet trying situations, to keep his head, to exert himself instead of relying on fate. He will then draw up his

scheme of life as a result of actual contact with the world, building it upon the sure foundation of severe personal experience.

Applying these principles to the present case, is there not greater self-control exemplified, greater mental power, in Mr. Landor's determined attitude, to show no signs of pain or displeasure at his tortures, than in the experience of the Yogi, who introspects, that he may understand and master the nerve currents and thought impulses? Comparisons are odious, but it is matter of doubt whether the contemplative philosopher, who has known no life but blissful meditation, has ever met the test experiences of life,—if the greatest power can ever be developed except through suffering. One may also doubt if the highest spiritual attainment may ever be made by self-conscious methods, or if introspection can ever displace the life of actual struggle with the world.

Much wisdom may come to the one who sits apart and philosophizes. The life of action can never be a complete substitute for the life of thought. It is also possible that the man of great spiritual faith shall, by virtue of his trust, be saved from all danger. I would not for one moment question this great possibility, nor discount the power of spiritual trust. Nor would I doubt the value of Oriental meditation and mysticism. But can this form of experience ever bring man that knowledge and power which come when he assumes all responsibility, and dashes fearlessly and aggressively forward? Is it not this indomitable energy that has built up the New World? Is this not the one power on our earth that has never met decisive defeat? Will it not persist until it has explored the last quarter-section, not only of "Darkest Africa," but of all other countries, and routed the last savage from his lair, be he Tibetan or Pacific cannibal? Have we not yet to witness the full result of this tremendous world-covering energy, to hear the full message, whether literary, scientific, or philosophical, of the man behind it?

One might argue that the meditative man would be saved from the dangers which greet the aggressive man. But it is

just these dangers that call out the active man's powers, and make him alert. And surely Mr. Landor records as many "miraculous" escapes as the history of the spiritual man's life can show. It was Mr. Landor's remarkable presence of mind, when sliding down a snow precipice, that guided him to a projecting stone on the brink of a river foaming far below, and saved his life, at the cost of a fearful jarring of every bone in his body.

Again, he and his followers hurried across a great ice bridge in time to see it fall with a crash behind them. The superstition of his persecutors saved him more than once, and he would be classified as a "lucky" man. But what is luck? One is inclined to think that it depends largely upon the tireless activity of its possessor.

Yet there seems to be something providential in Mr. Landor's escape from death, when buried in snow on a twenty-two-thousand-foot mountain. One by one, the followers who had gone with him on this detour, were overcome by mountain sickness, and at eleven o'clock at night he attained the summit with one companion. His companion fell into an exhausted stupor, and struggle as he might with that great will power of his, Mr. Landor himself at last succumbed. Then came a horrible nightmare, in which he saw his followers frozen to death. He awakened suddenly, to find his hands and legs partially frozen, and a layer of ice on his forehead, that had probably caused the dream. "Had it not been for the hideous vision that shook my nerves free of paralyzing torpor, I should never have awakened from that spell-bound silence."

Another phase of Oriental thought is brought out in connection with Mr. Landor's arrival at the sacred Mansarowar Lakes, and the distant view of Tize, the holy mountain visited by many Hindu pilgrims. To the fact that many of the greatest gods in Hindu mythology are supposed to live in these sacred regions, is probably due the desire of many Indians to visit Tibet, and this fact, too, has caused a "holy" glamour to be cast about the region. The sacred lake is forty-six miles in circumference, and a journey round it on

foot is supposed to confer great sanctity. A single trip of four to seven days suffices to rid the pilgrim of ordinary sins, a second frees the conscience of murder, and a third will even purify one who has slain father, mother, brother, or sister.

Some fanatics make the circuit on their knees, others by lying flat at each step. A dip into the holy lake is said to purify both soul and body, and secure one a share in the paradise of Mahadeva. The circuit of Tize, the sacred mountain, usually requires three days. The pilgrim offers prayers and sacrifices as he proceeds ; some make the journey serpentwise, lying flat ; while others make it on hands and knees, or by walking backward. At Askote, Mr. Landor met a pilgrim returning from Mansarowar, who, with whitened hair, dyed beard, and a body covered with ashes and paint, still spent his half-stupid days rolling himself in ashes, and enduring bodily privations, "with a view to attain a state of sanctification."

An interesting problem for the radical mental healer to solve, is the question, How does it happen that the Tibetans suffer from disease in so many of its forms, if the mind is its only cause ? Surely the doctors are not responsible, for their art has not evolved beyond the plane of incantations and spells. Evidently the Tibetans do not believe that it comes from evil spirits alone, for they are practical enough to affirm that all diseases arise from fever, which, however, is deemed an evil spirit. One would be inclined to say that it is their life, not simply their mode of thought. For example, Mr. Landor discovered that their stomachs are seldom in good working order. "But how could they be, when you consider the gallons of filthy tea which they drink daily, and the liquor to which they are so partial. This poisonous concoction is enough to destroy the gastric juices of an ostrich !" Many other diseases Mr. Landor traced to the prevalence of sexual troubles. Rheumatism and deafness were found very common, while abnormities and deformities are frequent, as well as melancholia, and mania of different types, also traceable to irregular sexual life. In other words, conduct, and not belief,

is the cause; disease among the Tibetans is the natural result of their temperament.

On the other hand, there was somewhat in Mr. Landor's life, in the lightness of his apparel, in the simplicity and regularity of his habits — he insisted upon having his bath, even when the water nearly froze upon him — that evidently contributed very largely to the success of his dangerous journey. There was probably a power in that marvelous persistence of his, which kept him free from many a trouble that might have lodged in a less active, energetic individual. It is, perhaps, this animation, this restless persistency, which keeps the entire machinery of the body in healthiest condition, and which enabled this lightly-clad man to reach an altitude which the majority have failed to attain.

But the ultimate question that confronts us in this volume, as in all literature and life, where Orient and Occident are brought face to face, is the proper attitude of the Anglo-Saxon toward his weaker brothers. For he should regard them as his brothers, if he is to civilize them where they are still uncivilized, and help them where his wisdom is superior to theirs. It is too frequently the case that the Anglo-Saxon, and especially the Briton, thinks the milder or less-developed nations have nothing to give him. Among barbaric tribes, like the Tibetans, this may be largely true. But missionary and traveler alike, are far too apt to begin by calling the objects of their charity, infidels or heathen, whereas the true teacher recognizes the individuality, the soul of his pupil; he first wins the sympathy of his hearer, then points out what seems to him a better way.

Approached in this spirit, the Hindu, at least, will be found in possession of a wealth of wisdom, which, although it may not be the equivalent of the contribution which the Anglo-Saxon has to give, is surely worthy of equally thoughtful consideration. It would be well then, for both missionaries and travelers to acquaint themselves with the religious and philosophical systems of the Orient, that they may be in a position to appreciate the Eastern spirit, that they may learn of the

Hindu, the Parsee, the Jain, and even from the Chinese Buddhist.

While, then, one would not like to see the Anglo-Saxon tolerant of barbarity, immorality, and treachery, while he should guard the welfare of his fellow countrymen who may journey to forbidden lands, one would like to see him sympathetic, and not iconoclastic, a learner, and not frigidly exclusive or dominating. Anglo-Saxon activity is not the only valuable factor in world-life; the western intellect does not possess all truth. We may think that our temperament combines all virtues, and our religion all spiritual knowledge. But each national revelation has its measure of original wisdom to teach. Each "barbarian" or "heathen" is, in some way, worthy of recognition. The first lesson is the acquirement of sufficient tolerance to accord him the right to live. The second is to appeal to him in such a spirit that he will know that we care more for human brotherhood than for the preservation of selfish pride. One should then make sure that one has a better truth to teach, before one condemns the other's creed. In this way, Occident and Orient shall be drawn together. Each shall be developed by contact with the other, and each tie that draws them closer shall make more impossible the hatred and cruelty of war, while extending the empire, not of oppressing colonialism, but of education, of broad fellowship and sympathy.

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NOTE.—*The fourth article in Mr. Dresser's series on "The New Thought in its Relation to Exact Philosophy," will appear in the next issue of The Arena.*

THE LEGISLATURE THAT ELECTED MR. HANNA.

O HIO, like other states of the Union, is supposed to be governed by law, and to enjoy its constitutional representation in the United States senate. As one result of this pleasant and popular, though certainly in recent years exceedingly ultra illusion, this great state regularly harbors, only every two years now, however, one of those motley, much-abused aggregations known as a state legislature. Harbors, I say designedly, because notwithstanding the glamour of power and importance which this lingering illusion still lends to it, as a matter of fact, the state legislature here, as in nearly every other state, has long since almost universally begun to be regarded as a kind of necessary evil, to be patiently endured until such time as a satisfactory substitute can be agreed upon, rather than as an up-to-date factor in promoting the welfare and progress of society and the state.

On the one hand government by injunction and various other forms of judicial legislation threaten it; while on the other the initiative and referendum, or direct legislation, is urged as practically a substitute, by an increasingly large class of intelligent, honest, and earnest citizens.

In the meantime, the great corporations and other moneyed institutions, organizations, and men appear to think it perfectly legitimate to buy or abuse it; the newspapers, great and small, almost without exception, are constantly attempting, in the name of honesty and good government, of course, to bully or belittle it; while the country and common people, generally, have long since lost almost all faith and hope in it. So much, in fact, has it fallen into disfavor in recent years that in the year 1894, the present President of the United States, then an ambitious buckeye governor merely, by shrewdly abating it to the extent of substituting biennial for annual sessions, first brought himself into prominence as a presiden-

tial candidate. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks and difficulties, however, a state legislature is sometimes elected in Ohio as well as in other states, which its enemies even admit is almost honest, and which very nearly accomplishes some really great moral and political victories, and magnificent far-reaching reforms.

This description perhaps more accurately applies to the general assembly that in January of last year formally, and upon the face of the returns at least, elected Marcus A. Hanna to the United States senate, and which, after four months of fierce, bitter, stormy, and volcanic, but practically useless and futile existence, finally adjourned at Columbus, April 26 last, than to any other state legislature which has lately attracted public notice.

The pen of Alfred Henry Lewis, the pencil of Joe Davenport, and of a host of other able and gifted correspondents and artists, no less than the names of Mark Hanna and Mayor McKisson, have given it a wide celebrity. Therefore, as a medium through which to look at the defects at least of our modern methods of legislation, and of selecting United States senators, it may be worth while to give it a retrospective glance.

That it was in many respects a paradoxical as well as a most unusual legislative body; that from the first morning of its assemblage until the last moment of its existence, it closed in a veritable death struggle with the influences that usually control, and generally disgrace, similar legislative bodies; that it wanted to be honest and do something that would be worth while, not merely for the common people of the state, but something that would count in the universal uprising and battle of those who do the world's honest work against the cunning and subtle powers, forces, and influences that have them at present in their grasp—all this is well known. That there was a majority in each house intelligent and able enough to know how to do these things, and that it actually set about them honestly and in the right way; that nevertheless it ignominiously and completely failed in every

instance ; all these things, too, are very well known to every intelligent and impartial observer of its efforts and actions. But the point that most strongly impresses me now, as I calmly look back, after the lapse of almost a year of soul- and world-stirring events, upon the great history-making chess-board of intercontinental diplomacy and war, and view it in the cold perspective of past and perished, is not that it utterly failed, but that it so nearly succeeded.

Let me enumerate a few of the many light, cheerful undertakings, and pleasant, easy reforms which it so hopefully and bravely, blithely even, set out to accomplish in a single brief legislative session.

First and foremost, as is well known, and will no doubt long be remembered in some quarters, it calmly undertook to overthrow the whole power, not only of the newly inaugurated national administration with its vast amount of undistributed patronage, but the united influence and power of the multitudinous trusts, monopolies, and corporations, not of this country alone, but of the world, by the defeat for election to the United States senate of no less a personage than their well-known direct representative, advocate, and advance agent in this country, Marcus A. Hanna.

Secondly, it sought to compel the railroad companies, in some degree at least, to discontinue their present unjust and outrageous discriminations against the poor, in favor of the rich and official classes, by enacting a law reducing the maximum legal rate of passenger fares in this state, from three to two cents per mile.

Thirdly, it sought to stop, in large part at least, the legalized robbery of the people, which is at present going on all over this and nearly every other state, under the iniquitous, so-called fee system of compensating county officers, under which their salaries are determined rather by individual elasticity of conscience and the chance custom of each incumbent's immediate predecessor, than by any respect for the antiquated and unintelligible statutes which purport to regulate such fees ; but under which, as a matter of fact, conviction is

scarcely possible, no matter what any officer may see fit arbitrarily to charge and take.

Fourthly, it tried to reclaim the splendid metropolis of Ohio, its Queen City, Cincinnati, its scarcely less magnificent and metropolitan sister, the Forest City, Cleveland, as well as cities of lesser importance and population, from the grasp of office-grabbing politicians and aristocratic tax looters, and incidentally to solve that great overshadowing question of modern politics,—the municipal government problem.

These are the important matters with which it principally occupied itself, the ones in dealing with which it can at least truthfully be said that it was so nearly successful as to make even its failure, after all, comparatively glorious.

There were other problems of vast interest and pressing importance, bearing mostly upon the subjects of taxation, temperance, and education, with which it grappled in a half-hearted, helpless, and hopeless sort of way at various intervals during the session, but upon the four enumerated above it expended its vital energies. These were the ones to which it clung with the stubbornness and tenacity of—yes, a bull dog, or a Mark Hanna even—and fought over with the fiercest and most unrelenting bitterness and determination. The last serious attempt, in fact, in either house, was that of Mr. Bracken, a member from Franklin County, to make a motion upon the floor of the house to relieve the committee on railroads from the two-cent fare bill, and put it immediately upon its passage; hoping in that unguarded moment he might at least secure from the speaker the recognition for which he had so long sought in vain, and which was absolutely necessary to get his bill before the house for consideration. He failed, however, a moment after the gavel fell for the last time in this notable legislative session.

Of the first of these four chief undertakings it would now be idle to speak at length or in detail. That fierce, memorable, and exciting struggle was served steaming hot to the public by an army of trained writers and lightning artists. It is ancient history now, with which, if it has not forgotten,

the reading public everywhere must be thoroughly familiar. Every newspaper of importance upon the continent was represented at Columbus during that exciting time by its own special representative. For days before the session opened these correspondents swarmed from every direction, and not until the stimulated applause, the hired hurrahs, and forced cheering which proclaimed Hanna's high-priced yet hardly hoped for victory had ceased to grieve and dishearten honest and patriotic men, did this force of faithful, but hard worked news-gatherers think of leaving. Nor were any of them disappointed. The trouble and expense the press was put to in presenting fresh and first-hand to its readers the story of that remarkable fight, was very profitably invested. Nothing like it, speaking conservatively, had ever before been accomplished in this country. The charm of novelty was upon it for even the oldest and most hardened political "sensation springer" of them all. For once it was unnecessary to draw upon the imagination. The facts had to be toned down, rather than colored up, in order to be made more acceptable for publication.

Here, my thoughtful reader, permit me to interpolate a perhaps irrelevant remark. I emphatically do not include in the category of those who have openly bought senatorships that much-maligned, but colossal genius, the late Calvin S. Brice, who was the victim, not the cause or exponent, of polluted politics. His genius was commercial, constructive, and world-embracing, not petty or political. He had faults, grave and serious faults, for he was human; but his virtues and abilities magnificently atoned for them. In his comparatively brief life of fifty-three years, he succeeded, not only by his own unaided efforts, in winning first place among the great projectors of gigantic original enterprises in this or any other land, but he left also a record as a brave soldier, an indulgent husband, a kind father, a genial, polished gentleman, thoroughly alert, informed, and abreast of the times in regard to everything, whether in art, science, or letters, that was calculated to promote the progress, not of the race merely, but of humanity at large.

But I am digressing. In the classic phrase of the only Kipling, "that is another story." To return—if senatorships had been sold before in Ohio, or elsewhere, it had been done, if done at all, "covertly."

Openly and insolently, a seat in the United States senate was, with brazen effrontery, auctioned off to a bidder who had not even the grace to use merely his own money to pay for the traitorous votes that secured it, but who bartered for it by telephone, wire, and letter, personally and by proxy, not only United States offices then at the disposal of the administration, or such as might at some time in the future, directly or indirectly, come within its control, but, in at least two instances, offices that had to be subsequently specially created to suit the fastidious taste of certain capricious statesmen with pretty, choice, pink-tinted, political pulls. And that was not all. Those whom money or the promise of political preferment could not tempt were, with a refinement of villainy seldom conceived, sought by working upon the sympathy, vanity, or ambition of the aged mothers, terror-stricken wives, frightened sisters, and even sweethearts, of such recalcitrant members. That the wife of one peculiarly uncertain and unreliable member was, in fact, kidnapped and actually held prisoner, for several hours at least, in a room at Mr. Hanna's headquarters, is authentic and undeniable history, however much it may seem like a fairy tale.

Finally, when it was supposed that everything else had failed, the methods of the French revolution were not forgotten. The mob was appealed to. Inflammatory proclamations were issued. The Hanna postmasters and cormorants generally, throughout the state and nation as well, were called upon to assist the man in whom all their hopes of future largesse and preferment centered. And the mob responded with the promptness almost of its great French predecessor of a century before. It filled Columbus, it swarmed into the capitol, it surrounded and surged about the members of house and senate, at their hotels, on the streets, even in their very seats in their separate legislative chambers; it rushed off to

the great capitol auditorium, where it riotously howled itself hoarse in expressing its approval of the anathemas that were furiously hurled at all the opponents. One section, headed by an ambitious Hanna congressman, who barely regained his seat this fall, although in a strong republican district, had the audacity to invade even the private office of the dignified governor of the state, to whom Hanna owed his appointment to succeed Senator Sherman, but who resolutely refused to prostitute his high office by attempting to dictate to the co-ordinate branch of the state government, the legislature, its choice of Hanna's successor.

But I am both descending to detail and writing at length about a matter which I know has not become merely stale, but absolutely nauseous to the public taste.

There are only two things in regard to Hanna's alleged election, the lesson of which seems to me now may have escaped us, and which it is worth while for us to consider. One is, that more than a majority of the people of Ohio, it is not disputed, notwithstanding it is ordinarily a reliable republican state, were opposed to Mark Hanna for United States senator. This is conclusively shown by the fact that, although both Bushnell and the entire republican state ticket easily won at the fall election of 1897, yet more than a majority of the popular vote in the state was cast, on the other hand, for legislative candidates known to be openly and defiantly opposed to Hanna's ambition to represent the state in the United States senate.

The other important fact to be noticed is, that the legislature so elected was, even after every ordinary effort was made to change its sentiments, still, in the face of the gravest dangers to the political lives of a number of the recalcitrant republican members, nevertheless opposed by a majority of three to Hanna's selection for that exalted position. This was conclusively shown by the speakership contest in the house, when the lines were drawn precisely and solely upon the same issue—Hanna's candidacy for the senate. The vote in that contest stood 56 for Mason, the anti-Hanna can-

didate, to 53 for Boxwell. Boxwell, the Hanna candidate, too, it was universally conceded, would have secured the speakership without a contest if it had not been for the senatorship fight. The senate stood 17 for Hanna to 18 for McKisson, from beginning to end.

So it happens that we have the paradoxical spectacle of a man occupying a seat in the United States senate to whom a majority of both the people and the legislature of his state have, by their ballots, expressed their unequivocal opposition. And there is no means of remedying the evil except by an appeal to a body where the balance of power is held for the most part by men who are, no doubt, encouraged by Hanna's success to hope for similar victories of their own in future senatorial contests in their own states.

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is easy for any unprejudiced and intelligent person to grasp. If the people are not allowed by direct vote to name their United States senators, at least provision should be made for an appeal to them—a referendum of the matter, if you please—in such cases as the above. Surely some remedy for this defect in our present method of selecting United States senators must be found, if we wish the United States senate to be not merely a representative, but even a respectable body.

In the struggle with the railroad companies over the two-cent-fare bill, and with the county officers' associations, mainly the auditors' and sheriffs', over the general salary bill, another crying evil of modern legislative procedure came prominently into notice. There were two two-cent-fare bills introduced very early in the session, one in the senate and the other in the house. Each of these, after a bitter and protracted struggle with every kind of dilatory tactics, was finally put upon its passage in the house in which it was introduced. When the members were thus forced to go upon record squarely for or against the proposition of a two-cent fare, there was no difficulty in securing the necessary constitutional majority in each house. The friends of two-cent fare thereupon rejoiced in the

belief that the victory was won, thinking that it was merely a question of a few days when one of the two bills would come up regularly in the other house and be enacted at once into law. Such, of course, would have been the case if the decision of the majority in the modern legislature amounted to anything; but unfortunately it does not. Those who think so reckon without that ever-present and almost all-powerful legislative czar, the speaker. The speaker of the house of representatives apparently experienced a peculiar and surprising change of heart, unfortunately, in reference to the two-cent-fare bill. Starting in, as all the friends of the bill understood, in favor of it, it was suddenly discovered, after both houses had favorably passed upon the measure in separate bills, that neither the committee in the house nor the corresponding one in the senate would report for consideration the bill which, having passed the other house, had been referred to it merely as a matter of form. And, to the still greater consternation of the friends of the measure, it was discovered that the speaker of the house would not recognize as in order for the remainder of the session a motion at any time to take the bill from the committee in the house and put it upon its passage. In the senate a similar difficulty was experienced with the house bill. This committee, like all others in the house, was, of course, named by the speaker, at the beginning of the session, and was, no doubt, made up by him with a view to just such contingencies as this. Thus this very important measure was quietly, but effectually, disposed of and defeated.

Of course the decision of the speaker might have been, and, I believe, was appealed from; but there are many considerations that influence a member in voting upon an appeal from the decision of the speaker that have nothing to do with his views upon either the actual parliamentary point raised, or upon the question which gives rise to the appeal. For instance, a member may have, as many of the members of the house of which I write did have, other bills of importance against which they were afraid of bringing down the opposition of

the speaker, if they refused to sustain him in his decision of the point of order, vitally affecting this bill. In some cases personal or partizan considerations induce members to vote to sustain the decision of the speaker, even though they may be opposed to the result which the ruling appealed from has upon the pending measure, as well as the ruling itself. Others take advantage of this, as well as other similar opportunities, to dodge a vote upon certain important questions, which, if compelled to vote upon squarely, the fear of the wrath of a betrayed constituency would compel them, notwithstanding their incidental financial loss, perhaps, to support.

Thus it happens that an unscrupulous and determined speaker may, without the aid even of the celebrated Reed rulings upon the question of appeal, over-ride the will of the majority of the house over which he presides. It matters not how much of an intellectual pigmy he may be in other respects, his power is the same. A certain amount of cunning vindictiveness and narrow-minded partiality, in his treatment of members, will but more securely entrench him in any position, however autocratic, he may assume. Speakership favors become proportionately more important than a knowledge of parliamentary law, and are more sought after.

The general salary bill, providing for a reasonable fixed salary for each county officer in the state, instead of enormous and extortionate fees, as at present, met a similar fate. After passing the house by an overwhelming majority, and receiving in the senate a vote of 27 to 5 in its favor, with only comparatively slight changes and amendments, it failed nevertheless to become a law, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of its friends, merely because the speaker forced the consideration in the house of the senate amendments at an inopportune time, and refused altogether to permit their reconsideration. The senate amendments, the adoption of which in the house was all that was necessary to make the bill a law, received a large majority of the votes present in the house when considered; but this not being a constitu-

tional majority, on account of the fact that it was Saturday afternoon, and many of the friends of the bill therefore unavoidably absent, it did not become a law. The speaker, by refusing to recognize any one to make a motion to reconsider the vote later, then compelled its friends to permit it to go into the hands of a conference committee of both houses, appointed by the presiding officers, both of whom were opposed to it. This committee amended the bill in such a manner as completely to vitiate it, in the opinion of many of its sincere friends. When even this conference report, however, was permitted to come up for consideration, it was only twenty minutes to the time fixed upon for adjournment; so the speaker again, with greatest ease, triumphed over the will of the majority of the house, over which he presided not only, but of the senate as well.

The lesson to be learned from the fate of the two-cent fare and general salary bills, is equally as obvious as that suggested by the manner of Hanna's alleged election. The parliamentary practice of legislative assemblies everywhere, should be so revised as to dethrone the speaker, and make the will of the majority supreme, in fact as in theory, by requiring a direct vote to be taken upon all bills of general interest within a limited time from the date of their introduction. That is, all bills petitioned for by a fair proportion of the people, say five per cent. In addition, as a further safeguard against the betrayal of the people, by even a majority of those elected to represent and legislate for them, a right of appeal to the people themselves should be given, in case a bill thus petitioned for, be nevertheless defeated, even when voted upon in the legislature. To secure the submission of such a bill to a direct vote of the people, the petition of a greater number, say ten or perhaps fifteen or twenty per cent. of the people might be required. This would not only take away from the position of speaker its present pernicious and autocratic prominence in legislation, but would instil into the minds of members in general, a new sense of their responsibility to the people they are selected to represent.

Of the numerous bills introduced and urged ostensibly at least for the purpose of ridding the people of Cincinnati, Cleveland, and a few other buckeye cities of unscrupulous and despotic political bosses, it is sufficient to say, that they were practically all with a single notable exception merely ordinary "ripper bills" such as are regularly introduced into the legislatures of probably every state in the Union, each time there is a change in the political complexion of such legislatures. The purpose, it is true, is always of course to legislate the old boss out, but instead of legislating the people into his place, as invariably urged as the object, it is usually discovered sometime afterward, that it is unfortunately the rival political boss that has profited by the change. This, I believe, was substantially the result achieved by all the legislation of this kind enacted last winter at Columbus, save where the old boss succeeded after all, in spite of the "ripper," in retaining control, with the single exception referred to above.

Boss-ridden Cincinnati was perhaps reclaimed, although down to the present moment it seems very doubtful. The board of city affairs into which was merged both the corrupt old boards, which had previously constituted practically the entire city government, has been most violently, viciously, and persistently attacked in the courts, the press, and before the people, by both the old party bosses and their hirelings, which its mission was to destroy and displace. The supreme court of Ohio has been twice appealed to, and notwithstanding the fact that the strongest pressure possible was brought to bear upon it to induce it judicially to annul the law creating the new board, it has nevertheless twice held it constitutional. The honest, able, fearless, and impartial conduct of affairs by the new board, notwithstanding the tremendous efforts of both the old party bosses to discredit it, is beginning gradually to be understood and appreciated by the people of Cincinnati, and to constitute the most effective argument in its favor in that great court of the people, public opinion. There it must now submit its case and consent to be finally tried, for although appointed by the Mayor in the first instance, it

is nevertheless the people's board, to ratify or repudiate at their pleasure. The purpose of its appointment in the first instance was merely to enable it to get upon its feet before the deadly bludgeon of the bosses could descend upon it. It is composed of six members, two of whom must be annually elected. It seems almost certain now that it will magnificently triumph at the coming spring election in which it will, for the first time, go before the people. The forceful and fiery eloquence of the brilliant and fearless young members, DeRan, Adams, and Spellmire, which alone saved the bill from defeat in the house, was not after all in vain, but will soon have no less a monument to commemorate it than a purified and regenerated metropolitan city.

Here again we have for a fourth time the same lesson enforced. The importance—nay, the necessity—of permitting the people themselves to determine by direct vote, not only who their legislators shall be, but all important legislative and governmental questions in which they feel sufficient interest to petition in any considerable numbers to have submitted to them.

What do a lot of inexperienced country or city members know about the real needs of the people of the city, which they have never visited perhaps in their lives, and which it is proposed by this kind of legislation to destroy? How, for instance, were members of the legislature of which I write, to know whether or not the people of Cincinnati were really in need of a new water-works, or the city of Cleveland really in need of a new park system? Or of the best manner of constructing, and the best place of locating the said water-works plant, or park system, in either of the said cities, or of the best men to have charge of the disbursement of the millions of dollars which such gigantic enterprises cost?

These are large questions, requiring profound study of a great many different conditions and data, in order to reach any just conclusion. Every one is aware that the average state legislator knows practically nothing at all about such

matters, and yet these were the kind of problems with which the legislature of which I write, composed almost altogether of new and inexperienced members, was called upon at the outset almost, to contend, with scarcely any time to investigate them, and with nothing but an abstract interest in the matter to induce them to attempt to do so. And here arises another of the crying evils and great demoralizing influences with which the modern legislature has to contend—the legislative junket.

Unable, of course, to bring the cities concerned in such cases to the legislature, and realizing the utter impossibility, almost, of getting such intricate and many-sided subjects properly presented before it at all in the brief time that can generally be allowed for such efforts, the alternative is usually at once eagerly seized of bringing the legislature to the city, and under the pretext of giving it by actual observation a better understanding of the subject, a magnificent free excursion is immediately announced and provided for the entire body of legislators and their ladies. Upon arriving at their destination, they are met with carriages and bands of music, escorted through the principal streets of the city with all the pomp and circumstance of royalty itself, until, arriving at the principal hotel, they find the opening course in a veritable Belshazzar's feast awaiting them. After a sumptuous banquet at the hotel, to which all the notables of the city sit down with them, they are immediately escorted to the most luxurious theater in the city, where for the rest of the evening they are entertained with the latest and most famous theatrical show which money can secure for the occasion. The next day they are furnished with badges, the mere sight of which has as magical an effect apparently as the mythical Midas touch of classic legendary fame. It is as good as gold at least, at hotels, for carriages, on street cars, and practically everywhere in the city, for every form of entertainment, refreshments, and, yes, dissipation, which the city contains. These they are generously invited to wear and use not only for the day, but for as many days as they choose to remain.

Such is, substantially, a simple, brief description of the two major legislative junkets indulged in last winter by the general assembly of which I write. What member, however callow, thick-headed, and inexperienced, could go back to his desk after enjoying a time like that, without having his ideas upon the legislation in question fully cleared up, at least so far as the side of it championed by his entertainers might be concerned?

Of course he may not quite clearly understand, or fully appreciate the views held upon the subject by the great mass of the people, who have not had any time to entertain or talk to him about it, but then it would probably be only a guess any way, the subject is so large and the time so short; perhaps after all he may thoughtfully conclude to guess instead of having the matter explained to him. But this is the people's only chance.

What a farcical manner in which to pass upon a great question vitally affecting the health and welfare of millions of human beings! Why should the people of our great cities be deprived of the right of self-government, of home rule? Absolutely no reason whatever exists, but the baneful ambitions of political bosses. Each of our great cities affords an especially luxurious and delightful field for the pernicious growth and operation of their evil genius, and it is, therefore, especially painful to them to give them up. They would prefer to see the people win anywhere else rather than there. The solution of this problem, however, is the same, and equally as obvious and easy after all, as the others.

It is simply "Trust the people"—let them decide, in country and city alike, for themselves, by direct vote, every great question in which they manifest, by petition or otherwise, a sufficient interest to justify the trouble and expense of a general election. The people, it must be remembered, are the only ones that have the right to be wrong. If they are so, in their own hands they hold the power always to right the wrong they have done themselves, at any time they choose.

This, then, is the great lesson taught annually, no doubt, by all the legislative assemblies that convene throughout the land, which is enforced and illustrated in an especial manner, it seems to me, by the history of the legislature of which I write. And so perhaps after all "the legislature that elected Senator Hanna" did not exist entirely in vain. Certainly if it serves to direct the public attention to this supreme lesson of the hour, it will, after all, have earned a monument not inferior to any ever raised by the hand of man.

JOHN T. KENNY.

Celina, Ohio.

EFFICACY OF POSITIVE MENTAL ATTITUDES.

TO appreciate the possibilities of life we must cultivate the ability to look above fixed ideas and unconscious mechanical habits. Nine-tenths of the ills, to which flesh and mind are heir, could be overcome if we awoke from habitual lethargy and cultivated a positive mental attitude. As a rule, people are devoid of the power of self-analysis. If, perchance, they catch vague glimpses of their interior powers, they regard them either as foolish phantoms beneath the dignity of intellectual recognition, or infirmities whose existence should be disguised or studiously avoided.

Few of us comprehend the ancient truism that we are but bundles of acquired habits. Submission to these has become so constant and unconscious, that when the possibility of escape is suggested, we regard the idea as a heresy in ethics. It is convenient to our indolent natures to follow the lines of least resistance. The average man would sleep always if he were not forced to awaken. It is so much easier to believe than to think, that he is dubbed fool or knave who dares to approach with a new idea.

He is a true philosopher who so angers men that he forces them to think. It is better to think with the mind of a pullet

than to float idly on the tide of tradition with the brain of a Shakespeare. Thought is the spring of action. Our actions will be good or bad according to the character of the fountain head. We cannot rise above the level of our thoughts, any more than water can rise above the level of its source without unnatural pressure.

Character is merely the personification of ideas. What we see outwardly in every individual is the product of his interior life. Change the idea and you change the outward manifestation. But a merely momentary change of thought does not instantaneously affect the outward action. Our mental moods are too deeply rooted to be instantly transformed. They have been long in coming to us and have long stayed by us ; we must patiently await their departure after we have opened the door for their egress. Observe : to this one truth must we hold firmly would we conquer ; our traditional attitude toward established moods of mind and body is that of passivity and submission. But to conquer effectually we must strive to establish another and an opposite mental attitude, that of resistance and non-recognition.

By an attitude I do not mean a position which is temporarily assumed. For an instant a chip upon the waves holds the water beneath its pressure. But only for an instant. When the tiny chip is expanded into the mighty "ocean liner" it assumes a permanent attitude toward the waves and is thenceforth their conqueror and master. Would we achieve, we must not, like the chip, be satisfied with mere momentary conquest ; but by constant accretion magnify our powers till we shall become an established factor, mastering our circumstances as the ocean steamer conquers the blustering billows.

Cosmic harmony is the result of the responding attitude of planetary spheres. If the orbits of the suns and stars only occasionally or temporarily occupied mutually related planes, if at times such planes overlapped and conflicted, our nights and days, our seasons and climates, would be utterly uninhabitable ; nay, the cosmic spheres would be wholly

swallowed up in chaos. Life did not appear upon this planet until the primitive fires and gases, derived from the mother sun, were cooled and solidified; and the attitude it assumed toward the "central orb of flame" was so established that further serious interference became impossible. Nevertheless, in those far off ages, doubtless, the germs of life were constantly appearing only to be again and again dissipated because of the inadaptability to nascent life-forms of the first soil and atmosphere of the hardening globe. Not until the planet's equipoise was permanently attained, and its constant relation to the other stellar worlds was so established that persistent disintegration could not continue without reorganization, was organic life capable of attaining the reproductive function. Life could not become a planetary feature until the planets' attitude in world-relationship was permanently established.

Thus, if we desire to attain the spiritual and moral emphasis, we must first seek the *permanent attitude*. It is the long, deep gaze into the vistas of one's soul that grasps at last the image of the ideals. One's vision adapts itself to the degree of light which impinges upon it. The dark room suddenly entered from the garish day reveals no visible object. Ere long, out of the darkness vague forms appear, and the black atmosphere takes on a dull, gray coloring. Even misery becomes a pleasure when long protracted. The bed-ridden sick enjoy the universal sympathy which a kind world bestows. The very thought of the freedom of health to such becomes a source of annoyance. The prison cell, dark, dank, diseased, may by long association become so fixed a factor of one's consciousness that escape would not be courted were every iron bar shattered and the hinges swung wide to freedom. As sings the poet of the Prisoner of Chillon:

At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why and recked not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.

Custom is the mother of convenience, and convenience is the nurse of indolence. Some would rather die than pay the price of liberty; languish in disease than endure the pain of a novel mental exercise. Nevertheless, so Protean is human nature, that when once a new attitude is assumed, however momentarily, it becomes the norm of a new habit, and its second assumption is less a task than was its first. The mind is a machine motored by usages. Volition, first a difficult effort, soon becomes unconscious mechanical action.

You have always worn your hat close upon your brows. One day, on impulse, you throw it atop your head. When next you seek to poise your hat upon your head, it will at first instinctively seek the crown. You will require thought and momentary effort to fit it to its accustomed place. If, for the fatal third time, you throw it athwart your crown, you will doubtless have forgotten its old location, and the new habit will be thereafter mechanically obeyed without further ado.

Habit being so easily initiated, the first step is at once the most difficult and the most important. By the pursuit of this law we shall discern the mental processes that will enable us to eradicate the petty annoyances and crushing burdens of hereditary usages. Why must we forever suffer the tortures of the racked because we inherit neurasthenic tendencies, which descend to us from the lacerated loins of our parents, trembling with ancestral pain? Why, because our lot was cast in an environment of restlessness, doubt, and trepidation, must we be daily subject to the anticipations of a tempest, and shake with an ague of nervousness on the approach of every phantasmal fear? Is the foreboding anticipation of misfortune the magnet that draws to us the coveted prize of prosperity? Do excessive nervousness and anxiety exalt the genius of success? Can worry crown with honor the attempt of honest work?

If distress of mind enhances the ability to achieve in serious effort; if mental distraction and tumult of the heart are essential to the poet's dream, or the philosopher's ideal, the

artisan's attainments, or the housewife's daily duties — then it is well to fret and fume, endure and triumph. But worriment can no more guide to the goal of success, in any field of human endeavor, than can a creeping insect, without entanglement, crawl through a spider's web. As well may a drowning man hope for succor in the embrace of a cuttlefish, or expect to find the shore through its inky blood, as the man of habitual worry and feverish anxiety to win in the fierce competition of life.

Who would summon worry as his mascot, or conjure fear as his favoring god? Who are the successful men and women in every occupation? Are not the calm, the composed, the slow of speech, and the cautious in judgment, ever the leaders? That general who, in the presence of seeming defeat on the battle-field, feels the chill of fear seize his heart and mind is already defeated before the blow is struck. The genius of Napoleon lay as much in his audacious reserve as in his resistless activity. A racked, disturbed, distorted brain can never cradle the children of a mighty mind. Poise, balance, equanimity— these are the requisites of the toiler who succeeds. The attitude of fearlessness has often wrung victory from the bosom of defeat.

To worry is to throw dust into one's eyes, to tread on pointing pins and needles, to annoy the breast with needless gasps and groans. We, as a people, are nervous, fretful, and foreboding. The reins are ever falling from our hands, whilst the infuriated steeds are flying with our lives. Apparitions of disaster begloom the day; horrible nightmares murder our sleep, and ghosts of forgotten sorrows stalk through the night! We are conceived in fear, and brought forth in forebodings. Our childhood is nursed in the lap of uneasiness. We are forced to begin life wrong. We are taught that we are plunged at once into the midst of a tremendous battle. Each is against the other. Everywhere are weapons pointed at us which we must dodge and escape, or disgrace and defeat will follow. Life is a game of "give and take," every hour, every moment, and he is already slain whose back is turned

upon his enemy. We are taught to expect surprises, and to lie awake nights to forestall strategic attacks. Every moment of our lives is "hurry-scurry," and we durst scarce pause for breath, lest we shall be passed upon the race-track.

Mark the activities of the little fellow, who, with books beneath his arm, enters the matchless paradise of his first school days. If he is made of the mettle that prophesies success — how keen is his attention, how alert his anticipation! Could these forces be conserved and not dissipated, he would store up tremendous mental power for maturer uses. But he is reared in a household where all is bustle and bewilderment. With bright eyes and rippling face, he awaits the moment when he shall kiss his mamma good-by and hasten trippingly on his way to school.

But the parent and the maid are excitable, over-eager, irritable. The little fellow cannot find his slate and pencil, and his tiny bundle of books which he had but a moment ago laid aside. Confusion ensues. Search is made everywhere. "He'll be late! He'll be late!" is muttered with terror on every lip.

At last, after the loss of much time, and the waste of some good blood, the little fellow sees his slate and pencil lying directly under his nose, — where they had been all the time, but where the cloud of confusion and worry had long concealed them. Then he is hastily bundled out of doors with a cry of "hurry!" and the mother collapses in a chair while the maid fans herself tempestuously. And the little fellow? He is flying like a race-horse, and rushes into the schoolroom completely out of breath. All day long he is shocked with electric flashes of nervousness — the currents of the home influence still encircling him. Thus, while wrought up to a keen pitch of excitement, he might succeed fairly at his lessons, it will be at the cost of a needless expenditure of energy, which in future years he will sorely need.

The first important lesson this household and this child must learn (and they are but typical) is the virtue of composure. The nerves are but dangling threads. Like an

Æolian harp they respond to every passing wind of emotion. If the breath of peace and restfulness plays ever upon them, they will emit a soothing melody. But if they are smitten with the blows of angry tempests, they will send forth a wail of woe, a threnody of suffering.

The first and most important lesson to teach a nervous child is to forget the existence of his nerves. A normal child is no more conscious of them than he is of his stomach. He eats and sleeps well. He is calm without being stupid. Keen, but not too finely edged. He should be taught at the threshold of life that self-composure is the nurse of wisdom — irritability the handmaid of despair.

He finds the lost jewel, who, from the vantage-ground of poise, quietly surveys the field ; while he sees not the jewel at his feet who rushes hither and thither, blinded by anxiety, and parched with fear. Let us then control the currents of our thoughts, and turn them into smoother channels. Perhaps we shall be forced painfully to dig a deep, broad, bed, to lure the waters into an unaccustomed course. But if we persist, patiently, gradually, hourly digging deeper and broader, and broader and deeper, in due time the current will be conquered, and peaceful be its flow.

Some wonder, if thought be so potent, why the old habits cannot be blown away by a single volition, as a bubble can be extinguished by a breath. But habits are like streams that have long run through rock-hewn channels. For ages they have been deepening their rocky beds, and ere their waters can be turned awry, there must be heavy blasting and mighty digging. At last, when the shell is thinned, and can no longer resist the sweeping tide, it will tear through, and we shall sail upon its bosom in a new clime and under another sky. Thy character was not builded in a day, nor even in the circle of thy years. Antiquities have scioned it. Centuries have nursed and trained it. Thou art "heir of all the ages"; for good or ill "foremost in the files of time." Why shouldst thou hope, then, in a moment to undo the workings of these countless years ?

Nevertheless, so thaumaturgic is thought, that if fixed in resolution, it may cause transformations in character as marvelous as were the fabled forms of Proteus. When the soul's attitude, directed by quickening intelligence, becomes established, and henceforth instinctively follows the path of truth's pole star, then has man gained his day of victory, and won his crown of regnant power.

But no good thing was ever acquired without work. The common characters of earth are rank weeds, uncultured and untrained, in life's tangled wildwood. We must learn and apply the gardener's art, prune and train anew the gnarled and rugged branches, and re-set the young shoots in the warm conservatory of an enlightened soul. We attain a moral attitude as we build a structure. We must lay stone on stone around the rising framework to fashion the image of the mind. So must we pile thought on thought, cement resolution to resolution, till anon the will's firm attitude is fixed, and our characters approach completion.

By what manner of thought shall such mental attitude be attained? Is mere will-force, mere resistance, sufficient? I think not. Resistance and non-recognition are the two key-notes. Merely to resist a wrong is not in itself sufficient to transform a characteristic. If you gaze, however fiercely, in the eye of the serpent, he may hypnotize you by his superior charms. But cry to Satan: "Get thee behind me," and he may the more luridly vivify his portentous presence. A mad dog may be choked if you have the strength. But, unarmed, you would better flee his presence if you can. Treading with bare foot on a wet rope in the dark, is to the imagination equivalent to treading on a slimy snake. To relieve the imagination, turn on the light. If you would see different pictures than you are wont to behold, change the photographs in the gallery of the soul. If you are searching for sane men, do not enter a mad-house. If you are looking for roses, do not linger in a stubble-field. If you wish to behold an Apollo, do not gaze at a Calaban. *Look at what you wish to see.* If you want virtue, do not gaze on vice. If you prefer

goodness, do not stare at badness. One can gaze so long at the dark spots in the moon as to forget its light. A false wrinkle may disfigure the divine form of a Venus if one will insist on seeing it.

Portray by your imagination the soul's divine desiderata. What artist could ever vivify his canvas with ideals of beauty, if he persistently studied only deformity and ugliness? The homeliest person becomes beautiful to the eye of love. Because love is blind to ugliness, love sees only beauty.

The teacher who emphasizes a child's dulness intensifies it. He teaches aright who assumes the child's intelligence, and thereby removes the cloud that false environment had generated. To think the child stupid is to make him stupid. The sensitive plate of the juvenile mind instantly reflects the impressions of a parent's or a teacher's thoughts. The scolding parent generates the scolding child. If children are to become beautiful in soul and character, they must be surrounded with mental pictures of gentleness and beauty.

Cultivate the art of non-recognition. The Christianity that converts with the terrors of hell, converts a sane into a madman — drives him with the serpent locks of furies, as was Orestes, into the temple of religion, — only to learn after his rescue to curse and hate it.

The religion that saves by swinging the orb of love in the central heavens, a universal magnet, drawing to itself "all sorts and conditions of men," blesses, because it teaches man to find love in his own heart by beholding love everywhere. Be blind to what influence perverts the heart, and the heart will be true. Scan all things for forms of beauty and things divine, and the "world and all there is therein" will become the paragon of beauty and divinity. The imagination is the magic artist of the soul. Guided by a firm will, it may be trained to paint only on the inward canvas what pictures shall uplift, exalt, and purify the life. The universe consists of those aerial forms that are woven of the fine threads of our wandering fancy. We fashion the world we see. The sky is blue or dark, as is the observant soul. We tint the rose,

the chaste lily, and the laughing violet. All are children of the imagination, fashioned by the impress of varying vibrations.

We can make the world entirely as we wish it. We may be lords of our bodies, shapers of our souls, and builders of our fates. Only the weak perish. The strong become immortal. He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

HENRY FRANK.

New York.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

“YES, you’re right there, Sid. In these days of multi-millionaires, nothing written with less than eight figures is considered wealth; still, I count this something more than ‘a tidy little sum’ you’ve got — even if you don’t. What are you going to do with it?”

The man sitting at the uncovered pine table in the center of the room opened his lips to answer, but checked himself as if doubtful of the reception of what he might say, and went on nervously sorting and rearranging a handful of papers and letters he held. However, the light that came into his eyes at the question, and the smile that played around the weak lips, showed without a doubt that the “tidy little sum” promised the fulfilment of unspoken dreams.

He was a handsome man of thirty or thereabouts, who — like his companion — wore his corduroys and rough flannels with the air of one accustomed to more metropolitan apparel. Of medium height, and slightly, almost delicately, built, his face was perhaps too handsome to be thoroughly satisfactory to the scrutiny of a close observer, lacking, as it did, character. True, there was refinement and a certain sweetness of temperament expressed; but the *ensemble* was essentially weak — not the face of a man whom it would be well for a believing, loving woman to pin her faith to.

Keith, sitting with his long legs crossed and stretched out before him, and his big, strong hands thrust deep into his trouser's pockets, watched the younger man curiously, wondering what manner of woman she could have been who had chosen Sidney Williston for her lord and master.

"Poor little neglected woman," thought Keith, with the tender, compassionate feeling he had for everything feminine and helpless; "poor, patient, waiting wife! Will he ever go back to her, I wonder? I doubt it. And to think of all this money too!"

Williston had never said much to Keith about his wife. In fact, all evidences of the existence of that lady were sedulously suppressed. Keith even doubted his friend's ever again recognizing the marital bond unless the abandoned one should become self-assertive and present herself in person to claim her rights. Williston, vacillating, unstable, was the kind of man in whom loyalty depends on the presence of its object, as a constant reminder. Keith was sure the woman, whoever she might be, was deserving of pity.

"Sidney means well," he argued, "but he is weak — lamentably so — and lacking balance." And never had Williston been so easily led, so subservient to the will of another, as now since "that — Howard woman" (as Keith called her under his breath) had got him into her toils.

Lovesick as any boy, he was befooled to his heart's content; wilfully blind to the fact that it was the old pitiful story of a woman's greed, and that her fingers had caresses and her lips kisses for his gold — not for himself. Her arms were hungry to hold, not him, but the wealth that was his, the fabulously rich strike of gold he had cleaned up on the bed-rock of his claim, where a cross reef had held it hidden a thousand years and more, awaiting his coming. Her lips were athirst to lay kisses, not on his mouth, but on the piles of minted gold that had lain in the bank vault since the day he had sold his claim. The nineteenth-century Aspasia has a hundred arts her sister of old knew naught of; and Williston was not the first man who had played the part of proxy for

another, or blissfully believed in the lying lips, and eyes, and arms whose ardent caresses and sweet love-names and kisses that sting like the sting of wild bees—the honey-sweet kisses of love that stab into one's soul with needles of passionate pain—were all for the gold-god, not for him.

Keith mused on the situation, as his eyes rested on the other. He was sitting in the flickering candle-light blown by the night wind, that, coming through the open window, brought with it the pungent odor of sagebrush-covered hills. "Strange," he thought, "how a woman of that stamp gets a hold on some fellows! And with a whole world full of other women, too; sweet, good women who are ready to give a man the right sort of love and allegiance, if he's a half-way decent fellow, and has anything to give in exchange—confound 'em!"

Bayard Keith was no saint. Far from it. Yet, for all his knocking about, he had kept a clean and wholesome moral tone. Women of the Gloria Howard class did not appeal to his taste. That was all there was about it. But he knew men in plenty who for her sake would have committed almost any crime she might set them to do; who would have faced the decree of judge and jury without a tremor, if the deed was done for her. He couldn't understand such things. He was made of a different kind of stuff.

Yet, in spite of his manifest indifference to the charm of her large, splendid beauty—dazzling as the sun at noon-day—and that marked personality which all others seemed to feel who ever came within the circle of her presence, Keith knew he could have this woman's love for the asking—she who, 'twas said, won love, but never gave it. Nay, he knew it was already his. His very indifference had fanned a flame in her breast, that was lit when her eyes were first lifted to his own, until it had become the consuming passion of her existence. Hopeless she knew it was, but stronger than her love of life. Even stronger than her love of money was this passion of hers for the man whose heart she had utterly failed to touch.

That he knew it was so was but an added pain for her fierce nature to bear. He wondered if Sid had ever suspected, as she played her part, the woman's passionate and genuine attachment for himself. He hoped not, for they had been good comrades. Once he had tried to speak a word of warning.

"Drop it, Keith. I love her," Sidney had answered briefly.

"But why so completely enslave yourself to a woman of that type?"

"What do you mean by 'that type'? Be careful, Keith! I tell you I love her! If I were not already married, I would make Mrs. Howard my wife."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," answered Keith quietly; "Howard won't get a divorce; and you know very well she—can't. Besides, for you to do that would be sheer madness, anyway."

"I love her," was the reply again, said with the persistence of those with whom reiteration takes the place of argument.

Keith said no more. He felt it a shame, though, that Sidney Williston's fortune should be squandered (as it inevitably would be) on another man's wife, while his own waited somewhere in the East for him to send for her. Keith's shoulders were shrugged with impatience over the whole affair. Williston's lack of principle disgusted him, and his disregard of public censure angered him. Still, he reflected, it was none of his business, anyway.

For himself, he believed the only love worth having was that upon which the foundation of the hearthstone was laid. He believed, too, that to no man do the gods bring this priceless treasure more than once. When a man like Keith believes this, it becomes his religion. Through the gateway to his big honest heart, one summer, now two years gone, love had entered, and, finding it the dwelling of honor and truth, it abode there still.

Thinking of Williston's infatuation for Gloria Howard, he could but compare it to his own entire, endless love for Kathryn Verrill. He recalled a day that would always stand out

in bold relief from all others in memory's gallery. In fancy, now, he could see the wide verandah built around one of the loveliest summer homes of the beautiful Thousand Islands.

Cushions, soft and silken, lay tossed about on easy-chairs and divans that were scattered among tubs of palms and huge potted plants. On little tables up and down the verandah's length were summer novels open and face downward, and dainty but neglected bits of fancy-work. Cooling drinks, and dishes heaped with luscious fruits, too, had been placed there.

Through the translucent light they — he and she — could see the others on the sparkling water, which was dotted with pleasure craft from the other wooded islands full of charm near by. Only these two — she and he — were here on the broad verandah. The echo of distant laughter came to them; but here was a languorous silence. Even the yellow feathered warbler in a gilded cage above them had hushed his song.

Kathryn Verrill was swinging slowly back and forth in one of the hammocks swung along the verandah, the sunlight filtering through the slats of the lowered blinds, streaking with gold her filmy draperies as they swept backward and forward on the polished floor. Her fingers had ceased their play on the mandolin strings, and there was now no sound about them louder than the hum of the big and gorgeous bumble-bee buzzing above their heads. Summer sweetness everywhere; and she the sweetest of it all! Then —

Ah, well! He had asked her to marry him; and the pained look that came into her face was his answer even before he heard that for two years she had been a secretly wedded wife. Why she now told her secret to him she herself could hardly have said. Others did not know, for her husband had asked silence till he could send for her to come to him out in the land of the setting sun, where he had gone to find enough of the yellow metal grains that would provide her with a fit home. Her guardian had not liked him — there had been objections to his attentions — and then the clandes-

tine marriage — but she loved him ; oh, yes ! he was her choice of all the world, her husband now ! There was nothing to regret except the enforced separation. She was keeping their secret while feeding hope for their reunion on his rare letters. But she had faith. Some day he would find the fortune and send for her. Some day. And she loved him — loved him. That was all.

All, except that she was sorry for Keith, as all good women are sorry to hurt any human creature. No loyal, earnest, loving man ever offers his whole heart to any true and womanly woman (it matters not how little her own affections are moved by his appeal, or if they be stirred at all) that she does not feel touched and honored by the proffered gift. Womanly sympathy looked out of her gentle eyes, but she had for him no slightest feeling of other attraction. Keith gravely accepted his fate ; but he knew that love (that beautiful child born of friendship, begot by passion) would live forever in the inner chamber of his heart. To him Kathryn Verrill would always be the one woman in all the world.

He went out of her life and back to the business routine of his own. Later there were bad investments and he lost money — lost all. Then he came west.

Here, in the Nevada mountains, he had found companionship in Sidney Williston, who, like himself, was a seeker for gold. A general similarity of tastes, brought about by their former ways of living (for Williston, too, was an eastern man), had been the cause of each choosing the companionship of the other. So, here in the paintless pine cabin in Porcupine Gulch, each working his separate claim, they had been biding for nearly two years ; but fate, that sees fit to play us strange tricks sometimes, had laid a fortune in Williston's hands, while Keith's were as empty as ever.

Sidney Williston's silence, when asked what he would do with his wealth, was answer enough. It would be for Gloria Howard. There he sat now, thinking of her, planning for her.

Moths and flying ants fluttered around the candle, blindly batting at the burning wick and falling with singed wings on

the table. The wind was rising again, and the blaze at times was nearly snuffed out, moth-beaten and blown by the strong breeze.

All the morning the sun had laid its hot hand heavily on the earth between the places where dense white clouds hung without a motion in the breathless sky. The clouds had spread great dark shadows on the cliffs below, where they clung to rocks like time-blackened and century-old lichens. But in the shadowless spots the sun's rays were intensely hot, as they often are before a coming storm; while the fierce heat for the time prostrated plant life, and sent the many tiny animals of the hills to those places where the darkest shadows lay. Flowers were wilting where they grew. White primroses growing in the sandy soil near the cabin had but the night before lifted their pale, sweet faces to the moon's soft light — lovely evening primroses growing straight and strong. Noonday saw them drooping weakly on their stalks, blushing a rosy, shamed pink; kissed into color by the amorous caresses of that rough lover, the sun. Night would find them faded and unlovely, their purity and sweetness ruthlessly wrested from them forever.

As the sun climbed to the zenith, there was no slightest wind stirring; the terrible heat lay, fold upon fold, upon the palpitating earth. But noon came and brought a breeze from out the south. Stronger and stronger it swept toward the blue mountains lying to the northward. It gathered up sand particles and dust, and shook them out into the air until the sunlight was dulled, and the great valley below showed through a mist of gold. All the afternoon the atmosphere was oppressively hot, and the wind hurried over valley and upland and mountain. All the afternoon the dust storm in billowy clouds hurried on, blowing, blowing, blowing. A whistling wind it was, keeping up its mournful song in the cracks of the unpainted cabin, and whipping the burlap awning over the door into ragged shreds at the edges. The dark-green window-shades flapped and rattled their length, carried out level from their fastenings by the force of the hot in-blowing wind.

Then with the going down of the sun the wind died down also. When twilight came, the heavens were overcast with rain-clouds that told of a hastening storm which would leave the world fresh and cool when it had passed. The horizon line was brightened now and again by a blaze of lightning. Inside the cabin the close air was full of dust particles.

Sidney Williston tossed a photograph across the table, as he gathered his papers together preparatory to putting them away.

"There's my wife's picture, Keith," he said; "I don't think I ever showed it to you, did I?"

Keith got up — six feet of magnificent manhood; tall, and straight as a pine, and holding his head like a king. Walking across the bare floor, which echoed loudly to his tread, he picked up the photograph.

It pictured the face of Kathryn Verrill!

He did not say anything; neither did he move. . . . If you come to think of it, those who sustain great shocks seldom do, except in novels. In real life people cry out and exclaim over trifles; but let a really stupendous thing happen, and you may be very sure that they will be proportionately silent. The mind, incapable of instantly grasping the magnitude of what has happened, makes one stand immovable and in silence.

Keith did nothing. His breathing was quite as regular as usual, and his grasp on the picture was firm, untrembling. But he had received the greatest shock of his life, and myriad thoughts were running through his brain with the swiftness of water in a sluice. He held the pasteboard so long that Williston looked up at last inquiringly.

When he handed it back his mind was made up. He knew what must be done. He knew what *he* must do — at once — for her sake.

When two or three hours later he heard Williston's regular breathing coming from the bed across the room, he stole out in the darkness to the shed where the horses and buckboard were. It was their one conveyance, and the only

means they had of reaching the valley. With the team gone, Williston would be a prisoner. Keith had no hesitation in deciding which way his duty lay. It was thirty miles to the nearest town ; to the telegraph ; to Gloria Howard ; to the railroad.

As he pulled the buckboard out of the shed, and put the horses before it, the first raindrops began to fall. Big splashing drops they were, puncturing the parched dust as they beat down upon it. Flashes of lightning split the heavens, and each flash made the earth, for the instant, noon-bright. When he had buckled the last strap, his hands tightened on the reins, and he swung himself up to the seat as the thunder's batteries were turned loose on the earth in a tremendous volley that set the very ground trembling. The frightened horses, crouching, swerved aside an instant, then leaped forward into the darkness. Along the winding road they swept, like part of the wild storm, toward the town somewhere off in the darkness of the valley below.

It was past midnight, and thirty miles lay between him and the railroad. There was no time to spare. He drove the horses at a pace which kept time with his whirlwind thoughts and his pulses.

He had been cool and collected when under another's possible scrutiny. Now, alone, with the midnight storm about him, a like storm was coursing through his veins.

The crashing thunder that had seemed like an avalanche of boulders shattered and flung earthward by the fury of the storm, began to spend itself, and close following on the peals and flashes came the damp earth-scent of rain-wetted dust as the big drops came down. By and by the thunder died away in distant grumbling, and the fiery zigzags went out. There was the sound of splashing hoofs pounding along the road ; and the warm, wet smell of horses' steaming hides blown back by the night wind.

Fifteen miles — ten miles — five, yet to go. Not once had Keith slackened speed.

When at length he found himself on the low levels border-

ing the river, the storm had passed over, and ere he reached the town the rain had ceased falling. A dim light was breaking through the darkness in places, and scudding clouds left rifts, between which brilliant stars were beginning to shine.

As he drove across the bridge, and into the lower town, he woke the echoes of a watch-dog's barking; otherwise, the town was still. At the livery stable he roused a sleeping boy, who took his team; and flinging aside the water-soaked great-coat he wore, he walked rapidly toward the railroad station at the upper end of town. The message he wrote was given to the telegraph operator to "rush." It read: "*I have found a fortune. I want my wife. Come.*" He signed it with Sidney Williston's name.

"Is Number Two on time?" he asked.

"An hour late. It'll be here about 4.10," was the reply.

Leaving the office, he went back to the lower town. Down the hill and past the pleasant cottages half hidden under their thick poplar shade, and surrounded by neat close-trimmed lawns. Leaf and grass-blade had been freshened by the summer storm; and the odor of sweet garden flowers — verbenas, mignonette, and pinks — was wafted strongly to his nostrils on the night air. Crickets were beginning to trill their night-time songs. Past the courthouse he went, ghostly and still in the darkness; past the business buildings farther down, glistening with wet. He turned into a side street to the house where he knew Gloria Howard lived. At the gate he hesitated a moment, opened it, and went inside. Then, stepping off the graveled walk, his feet pressed noiselessly into the rain-soaked turf as he turned a corner of the cottage, and, going to a side window, rapped on the casing.

There was silence, absolute and deep. Again he rapped, sharply this time; and he softly called her name twice. There was a startled movement in the room, then a pause, as though she were listening. A moment later her white nightdress gleamed against the darkness of her bedchamber, and she stood at the open window under its thick awning of hop-vines. Her face was on a level with his own.

Her hair exhaled the odor of violets. He could hear her breathing.

"Gloria,"—he began, softly.

"Who?—Keith! You!" she exclaimed; and in a moment more had flung wide the wire screen that divided them.

"Sh!"—he whispered. "I want to speak to you. But—hark! listen!" He laid his hand lightly on her lips.

She caught it quickly between both her own, laid a hot cheek against it for an instant, and then pressed it tightly to her breast.

The night watchman patrolling the streets was passing; and they stood—he and she together—without movement, in the moist, dusky warmth of the rain-washed summer night, until the footsteps echoed faintly on the wet boards half a block away, the sound mingling with the croaking of the river frogs. Keith could feel the fast beating of her heart. The wet hop-leaves above them shook down a shower of drops as they were touched by a passing breeze.

"Gloria,"—he spoke rapidly, but scarcely above his breath,— "I am going away tonight—away from this part of the country forever—and I have come to ask you to go with me. Will you? Tell me, Gloria, will you go?"

She did not reply, but laying a hand on his still damp coat-sleeve, tried to draw him closer, leaning her face toward his, and striving to read in his own the truth of his words.

Had there been light enough for him to see, he would have marveled at the varying expressions that followed in quick succession across her face. Surprise, incredulity, wonderment, a dawning of the real meaning of his words, triumph as she heard, and then—finally—a look of fierce, absorbing, tigerish love.

For, whatever else there might be to her discredit, her love for him was no lie in her life. She had for this man a passion as strong as her nature was intense.

"Gloria, Gloria, tell me! Will you go away with me?" he demanded impatiently. "Number Two is an hour late tonight, and you will have time to make yourself ready if you hasten. Come, Gloria, come!"

"Do you mean it, Bayard Keith?" she breathed.

"I mean it; yes."

She knew his *yea* was *yea*; still she missed a certain something (she knew not what) in his tone.

"You are a strange man. Do you know it? All these months you have shunned me; yet now you ask me to cast my lot with yours. Why?"

"Because I *am* a strange man, perhaps. Perhaps because I find I want you —— at last."

His answer seemed to satisfy her.

"For how long?" she asked.

Just for the imperceptible part of a second he hesitated. His answer would be another unbreakable link in the chain he was forging for himself. Only the fraction of a second he paused. Then his reply came firm and decided:

"Forever, Gloria, if you will have it so."

For answer she dropped her head on her folded arms while a dry, hard sob forced its way through her lips. It struck upon the chord within him that always thrilled to the sight or sound of anything, even remotely, touching grief. This sudden, unexpected joy of hers was so near akin to sorrow — ay, and she had had much sorrow, God knows, in her misspent life! — it was cause enough for calling forth the gentle touch he laid upon her bowed head.

"Don't, Gloria, girl! Don't! It isn't worth it, believe me. Yet, if you come, you shall never have cause for regret, if there's anything left in a man's honor."

He stroked her hair silently a moment before he said.

"There are some things yet to be done before time for the train; so I must go now. Will you be there—at the station?"

"Yes."

And Keith accepted his fate in silence.

An evil thing done? Perhaps. Evil, that good might come of it; and he the sole sufferer. He was removing this woman beyond Sidney Williston's reach forever. When the weak, erring husband should find himself free once more from the toils which had held him, his love (if love it was) would

return to the neglected wife, and she, dear, faithful, loving woman that she was, would never guess his unfaithfulness.

Bayard Keith did not feel himself a hero. Such men as he are never vainglorious; and Keith had no thought of questioning life's way of spelling Duty as he saw it written. He knew he was being loyal for the sake of loyalty, a sacrifice for love's own sake than which no man can make greater, and that martyrdom would be in forever being misjudged by the woman for whose sake it was done. He would be misjudged by Sidney Williston, and all the world, for that matter; but for them he did not care. He was simply doing what he thought was right that *he* should do—for Kathryn Verrill's sake. Her love had been denied him. Now he must even forfeit her respect. All for love's sake. None must ever know why he had done this hideous thing. They must think that he, like the others, had yielded to a mad love for the beautiful bad woman. In his very silence under condemnation lay security for Kathryn Verrill's happiness. Only he himself would ever know the agony there might be in bearing the load he had undertaken. Oh, if there might be some other way than this! If there could but be some still unthought-of means of escape whereby he could serve his dear lady and yet be freed from yoking his life with a woman from whom his whole being would revolt. How would he be able to bear his life—years upon years—with her?

As he walked past the darkened buildings he breathed heavily, each breath indrawn with a sibillant sound, like a badger at bay. Yet he had no thought of turning aside from his self-imposed immolation.

No one was astir in the lower town, save himself and the night watchman. Now and then he passed a dim light burning—here a low-turned burner in store or bank building; there the brighter glow of the lamps behind the ground glass of some saloon door. Half way up the long street leading to the upper town he heard the rumble of an incoming train. Was Number Two on time after all? Was a pitying fate taking matters away from him, and into its own hands? Was escape being offered to him?

If he hurried — if he ran — he could reach the station in time, but — alone! There would be no time to go back for Gloria. He almost yielded to the coward's impulse to shrink from responsibility, but a thought of Kathryn Verrill, waiting by the eastern sea for a message to come from the man she loved, roused him to his better self. He resolutely slackened his speed till those minutes had gone by wherein he could have become a deserter; then he went on up to the station.

"No, that was a freight train that just pulled out," said the telegraph operator. "Number Two will be here pretty quick, though. Less 'n half an hour. She's made up a little time."

Keith went to the office-counter and began to write. It was not a long letter, but it told all there was to say:

"Sid: I have wired your wife to come to you, and signed your name. By the time this reaches you she will be on her way. It will be wiser, of course, for you to admit the sending of the message, and to give her the welcome she will expect. It will be wiser, too (if I may offer suggestions), for you to travel about with her for a while, to go away from this place, where she certainly would hear of your unfaithfulness if she remained. Then go home with her to your old friends, and live out the balance of your life as you ought. I know you will say I am not a fit one to preach, for I am going away tonight, taking Mrs. Howard with me. I know, too, how you will look at what I am doing; but I have neither excuses nor explanations to offer.

"BAYARD KEITH."

That was all.

When he had sealed and directed it, he went to the livery stable again and waked up Pete Dudley.

"See here, Pete," he said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Sure!" said Pete, rubbing his eyes.

"Here's a letter for Mr. Williston out at our camp in Porcupine Gulch. I want you to take it to him, and take the

buckboard back, too. But, mind! not till day after tomorrow. No — better wait even a day longer — the next day. Do you understand?"

"I guess I savey. Not till Friday; the buckboard and the letter. Is that the racket?"

"Yes, that's right, Pete. Here! Take the letter and buckboard to him Friday without fail. Good night!"

Keith walked back to the station again and went in the waiting-room, where he sat down. His heart felt as heavy as lead. He had burned all his bridges behind him, and it made him sick at heart to contemplate the long vista of the coming years.

As he sat there, the coward hope that she might not come shot up in his heart, trying to make him a traitor. If! Presently he heard the train's whistle. He got up and went to the door. He felt he was choking. Daylight was coming fast; day-dawn in the eastern sky. The town, rain-cleansed and freshened, would soon awake and lift its face to the greeting of another morn.

Somebody shoved the ticket window up.

"Do you want a ticket, Mr. Keith?"

"Yes —"

"Where to?"

But Keith did not answer. A ticket? One, or two? Perhaps she might not come. Was fate —? What was he to do? He hesitated, while the man at the window waited his reply. Two tickets, or one? Or not any?

Then the train thundered into the station, and almost at the same moment he heard through the sound made by the clanging bell the rustle of a woman's rich garments. He turned. Gloria Howard stood there, beautiful and eager, panting from her hurried walk.

"Where to?" repeated the man.

"San Francisco — two tickets," answered Keith.

"Two, did you say?" asked the man, looking up quickly at him, and then glancing sideways at the radiant, laughing woman who had taken her place so confidently beside Keith.

"Two."

The telegraph man smiled.

Bayard Keith was no saint, but as he crossed to the cars in the waxing light of day-dawn, his countenance was transfigured by an indescribable look we do not expect to see — ever — on the face of mortal man.

"For a woman's sake!" he whispered softly to himself. "For her dear sake."

And "*greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

IDA H. MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

Humboldt, Nevada.

IN JOAQUIN'S EYES.

In Joaquin's eyes, whene'er I look,
I read, as in an open book,
The story there of joy and pain
That thrilled the ancient heart of Spain,
In Joaquin's eyes.

In Joaquin's eyes there lingers yet
The charm of many a minuet,
The courtly grace of old Castile,
Of Ferdinand, and Boabdil,
In Joaquin's eyes.

In Joaquin's eyes there shines a light
That leads me in the darkest night,
Unto Love's shore, where hand in hand
We dream, and wake, and understand,
In Joaquin's eyes.

RUTH WARD KAHN.

City of Mexico.

DONNELLY'S "RAGNAROK." *

RAGNAROK in Scandinavian mythology, is the "Twilight of the Gods," or the end of the world. It is generally interpreted as a prophetic description of the final conflict between good and evil; the passing away of one order or plane of life, and the beginning of another; the "Twilight of the Gods" referring to the moral and spiritual darkness and desolation in which the world will be plunged when the old order is about to give place to the new.

The word in its definition corresponds to the Hindoo conception of the end of a Brahma-Kalpa or Manvantara, an immeasurable period of time when the destructive and constructive forces of nature are in full play, when one order of things passes away, and a new order is established; not gradually, through the ordinary processes of evolution, but suddenly, through the stored up explosive energy of great cyclic processes, when cosmical, planetary, and social forces unite in effecting world-wide changes. These periods are the crises, or climaxes, of evolutionary activity, when Brahma, the Creative Energy of nature, awakens, and new impulses are infused into the ordinary currents of the world's life. When these great creative periods pass, and a new cycle replaces the old, then Brahma sleeps again, and on a higher plane of life evolution pursues its wonted course.

The same idea, more literally expressed, is found in the Hebrew Scriptures in the prophecy of the destruction of the world, the present cycle, and second coming of Christ.

While the cataclysmic processes which Ragnarok represents, are believed by many to refer to the closing years of the present cycle, when the tenth and final "Avatar of Vishnu"—a new incarnation of Creative Life—is to take place, and the old order of things destroyed, Ignatius Donnelly applies them

* Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel. By Ignatius Donnelly, 8vo, cloth, 441 pp., \$2.00. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

to the remote past, when the first great cycle in human experience had reached its zenith, and a new cycle was about to begin. He does so, not ignoring the fact that inasmuch as history repeats itself, that which has been may be again.

This fact is brought out very clearly by Mr. Donnelly when, tracing the correspondence between the moral eclipse and fall of the race, and the great catastrophe, he quotes from the Elder Edda:

Brothers will fight together,
And become each other's bane ;
Sister's children their sib shall spoil.
Hard is the world ;
Sensual sins grow huge.
There are axe ages, sword ages,
Shields cleft in twain ;
There are wind ages, murder ages,
Ere the world falls dead.

He then adds: "If we fall again upon 'Axe ages, sword ages'; if 'sensual sins grow huge', if brother spoils brother, if Sodom and Gomorrah come again, who can say that God may not bring again out of the depths of space a regenerating comet."

Pervading the book is the old oriental karmic idea of ethical retribution, rooted in universal law influencing the whole economy of the universe, and in its aggregate capacity determining the fate of nations and of the globe itself.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," is the expression of an occult law that sends its trailing network of influences from the individual to the whole planetary system.

Nothing stands alone. Like attracts like, and the dominating keynote of the human soul sets in responsive vibrations world-wide elemental forces that change the social conditions, geography and climate of the world.

According to Mr. Donnelly, the first condition of mankind was sinless. Between the creation of man and his fall, a vast interval of time intervened, and during this period the race attained a high degree of civilization. This was the Golden

Age of perfect happiness, when man was one with God, and the soul inspired knowledge as the lungs inspire air.

Perpetual spring reigned; cold and storms were unknown; the earth brought forth spontaneously fruits and flowers, and joy and happiness reigned supreme.

This condition of primitive man was what Swedenborg called "The most ancient church," the word "church" merely signifying the exalted spiritual plane of the race.

Gradually, very gradually, a change took place, a change marked not by years, but by centuries. The germs of evil latent within the soul — germs derived from an animal ancestry — began to develop; the lower nature with its appetites and passions encroached on the higher; darkened its intelligence, and blotted out its intuitive forces through which knowledge had been received. Man fell. Lower and lower sank the race, until a climax of wickedness was reached. Men became human monsters, living only for selfish, sensual gratification. The warmth and light of love had left the soul, the icy rigors of sin and death had entered it. The world had ripened for destruction, — the end had come. The first cycle of human existence had expired — a new cycle was about to begin.

Suddenly as a bolt from a clear sky, came the collision between the earth and a comet that changed the whole face of nature and destroyed all but a fragment of the human race. The chaos of social conditions had become part of the chaos of an epoch of world-wide destruction.

The blow dealt, the earth changed the angle of inclination of the earth's axis that up to that time was perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, revolutionized the climate of the globe, destroyed the warm climate of the tertiary period where fruits and flowers flourished within the present Arctic circle.

Paradise was at an end. No longer existing in the soul, it ceased to exist on earth. Storms and tempests, howling winds and driving snows, the terrible combat of man with nature, the still more terrible strife of man with man, in the fierce struggle for existence, took the place of the summer warmth and peace of the long Edenic state.

The lurid, awful beauty of the following description of the "crash of matter and the shock of worlds," can hardly be matched in literature :

The arrested motion of the comet was converted into heat. A vast heat preceded the fall of the debris of the comet by a few minutes or hours. As the comet entered the earth's atmosphere and combined with it, it emitted thunders, roarings, and hissings that shook the globe.

Then came the fall of stones, gravel, and clay dust, darkening the heavens, leveling valleys, tearing down hills. The gases of the comet fall in great volumes on the earth ; they ignite, and the glare of a Titanic conflagration rises. The earth is on fire. The rivers, lakes, the ocean itself, evaporate.

For years the heat lasts, but gradually it abates ; then electrical action begins ; condensation commences, clouds form, the veil between the earth and the sun grows denser. The sun's rays are shut out. More condensation follows. The cold increases. The heat has carried up one-fourth of all the water of the world into the air. Now it is condensed into a black cloud. A fall of dense clouds, miles in thickness, enfolds the earth. No sun, no moon, no stars are to be seen.

Day has ceased to be. Then the outward atmosphere begins to discharge itself. The great work of restoring the waters of the ocean to the ocean begins. It grows colder, colder, colder. The glacial age has set in. The pouring rain turns into snow. Gigantic snow beds are formed, which gradually solidify into ice. Glaciers enter the valleys ; the temperate regions become Arctic.

In the midst of this darkness, cold, and snow, the remnants of humanity wander over a desolated darkened world, living on the barks of trees, or on the bodies of animals. For years the rain and snows fall, and as the clouds are drained they become thinner and the light increases.

At last the great luminary breaks through the clouds and looks again upon the wrecked earth. The mild eternal summer of the Tertiary age is gone, the battle between sun and ice continues. Every north wind brings us the breath of the snow, every south wind is part of the sun's contribution to undo the comet's work. A continued amelioration of climate has been going on since the glacial age, and, if no new catastrophe falls on the earth our remote posterity will yet see the last snow bank of Greenland melted and the climate of the Eocene re-established in Spitzbergen.

To those who see that nature moves in cycles; that all human progress is in an ascending spiral: and that in the revolutions of these spiral movements, we touch and reproduce many of the forms and conditions of life through which the race and even the earth have passed, this description of the fall—as the rounding of the first great cycle of human existence—is filled with deepest meaning. It shows that when a climax in civilization has been reached, and a cycle completed, that the fall from the height attained is repeated; that sensuality and corruption again gain the mastery over the higher nature; that these corrupt conditions spread through every part of social life, until they undermine the fabric of government and the life of the nation.

This world-wide climax in human development has now been reached; the age has culminated; a great cycle of time dating from the fall, has nearly rounded or completed itself, and a new cycle is in process of development.

The arc of the circle is approaching a point, corresponding to the crucial point in the preceding cycle. The orbit of civilization is passing into what may be called a cold region in space. Disturbed conditions will increase until the developing forces of a new age supersede the old, and adaptation is established between man and his new environment.

The cycle now passing has expressed a plane of life in which the lower animal propensities have dominated the higher and distinctively human qualities.

It has been marked by the same struggle for existence that prevails in the animal world. The history of that struggle has been the destruction of the weak and survival of the strong. Its different stages have been marked by military, priestly, imperial, and competitive-industrial rule in which the people are held in subjugation by a dominating class.

Competitive industrialism, the latest, and in some respects the most terrible phase of the struggle for existence, has culminated in monopoly—the combination of the strong against the welfare and happiness of the race.

This is the apotheosis of crime and inhumanity before

which the world is asked to bow down and worship. It marks the turning point of civilization, either a reversal to lower conditions in which all that has been gained through the ages in the way of freedom and progress will be lost, or else the overthrow of monopoly and the beginning of new and higher social conditions.

Right here is the point of danger — the inevitable conflict between the old régime and the new — a conflict that is in the nature of things and cannot be avoided or long delayed.

“Over the events of life,” says Draper, “we may have control, but none whatever over the laws of its progress. There is a geometry that applies to nations an equation of their course of advance that no mortal can touch.”

Were our vision finer, and could we see more clearly into the laws governing human progress we would be able to measure to a mathematical fraction the amount of friction that the change will involve. On one side stand all the traditions, laws, customs, and vested interests of the ages; all the great institutions of learning; the press, the pulpit, the school, the college, that are interlinked with the prevailing social system and form the basis of its support.

Resting upon this mighty foundation of stratified thought is the competitive industrial system that has reached its apex of power in monopoly and in the creation of a powerful plutocracy controlling the avenues of education and of trade and the administration of the government.

These form an almost invulnerable bulwark against the progressive forces of the times.

On the other side is the stupendous incontrovertible fact that in the culmination of the competitive system in monopoly, a point has been reached where increasing crime, debauched morals, and the growing poverty and wretchedness of the people will render a continuance of the system impossible.

In this great change that is now impending, not only will the classes and the masses meet in a life and death struggle, but as the great wave of western civilization sweeps round to the point from whence it started, and the East becomes the

battle scene of the warring nations of the world, then will also begin the colossal strife that will change not only domestic institutions, but the map of the world.

And this world crisis, this dying old age and dawning new one, this shaking of thrones, principalities, and powers, marks the beginning of that august period known as the second coming of Christ.

Just as the first physical advent was inevitable to the consummation of the old pagan world, and the ushering in of the Christian dispensation, so the second and spiritual advent is inevitable to the consummation of this age and the beginning of the new.

We are rapidly moving forward out of the old Adamic cycle of the "fall," into the Christ cycle of redemption, with its social expressions of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," so that as the great struggle between light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, takes place, and the "Twilight of the Gods" again darkens the earth — we will know that it is the darkness that precedes the dawn of a new day in which Paradise will be regained, never more to be lost.

Ignatius Donnelly has written a remarkable book; a book that every one who is interested in metaphysical and sociological questions should read and closely study. For in the ever recurring cycles of existence that which has been will in some shape or form be again, until we pass from off the plane and out of the circle of experiences where they occur.

IMOGENE C. FALES.

Bensonhurst, New York.

THE METAL OF THE MAINE.

[Dedicated to an Eagle cast from the Battleship's Shattered Gun.]

They raised it from the sunken wreck,
The ruined battleship;
The rust was on its giant form,
The sea-weed at its lip,
And thunder from its iron throat
Would never roll again,
A cannon with a broken bore—
The metal of the Maine.

It melted, hissing as it ran
To liquid in the mould,
Then, forged with force of fire and steam,
It sprouted wings of gold,
And rose an eagle, evermore
Defying cage or chain,
Born of the black and battered gun,
The metal of the Maine.

So from the shattered vessel sprang
A nation's spirit forth,
The allied strength of East and South,
The pow'r of West and North.
In sleep our gallant sailors died,
But perished not in vain,
For victory bears upon her shield
The metal of the Maine.

MINNA IRVING.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF TODAY.

THE tiny raps at Hydesville fifty years ago were the ushering in of a movement second to none in human history. The heralds of modern Spiritualism had already announced its coming. Mesmerism had prepared the way for a new system of thought concerning the mental and spiritual powers of mankind. The clairvoyant had penetrated into the hidden realm of spirit, and had brought therefrom many wonders; but the manifestation upon and through insensate substances proved emphatically the source from whence they came as distinct and separate from embodied human minds.

The ensuing years, up to the present time, have been fraught with rapid and important changes in the consciousness of the human race concerning spiritual themes. A step has been taken which opens up a new realm even to the ordinary student of psychology, and to one really interested in the continued life beyond the change called death, there is absolutely a new atmosphere surrounding the entire subject of a future existence.

Spiritualism, as a word, is synonymous with all that relates to the spirit. (1) The universal spirit pervading and governing the universe as Universal Intelligence. (2) The individual spirit, whether expressed in the earthly environment, or in the larger freedom of the higher realm. Specifically, the name applies to the religious, philosophical, and phenomenal aspects of this movement.

These manifestations came unsought by those in mortal life; they appeared almost simultaneously in different portions of this country, and, very soon after, in many parts of the world. The manifestations and the name Spiritualism; in fact, the movement as a whole and in its several parts, were the result

of impelling intelligences outside of, and manifestly beyond, human beings in the earthly state.

For convenience only, I will divide the subject into three general headings, viz.: the religious aspect, the philosophical aspect, and the phenomenal aspect. I am convinced that this method of arrangement will better represent all classes of minds who are interested in this stupendous movement, either as a whole, or any of these especial departments.

Those who receive Spiritualism in its religious aspect are: Christian Spiritualists, who accept the Christ life as impersonated in Jesus of Nazareth as the highest expression of religious revelation of truth, and who consider without denominational or sectarian definitions that the life and works of Jesus are the highest guidance; but who also recognize that every age has been blessed with spiritual teachers chosen to bear the message of immortality and the love of God, to man. Such as these believe that Spiritualism is a great spiritual reformation. Most of these Christian Spiritualists are members of different Christian churches, and they accept Spiritualism (spirit communion) as a part of their religion.

There is another class who accept the word "religion" in the broadest possible interpretation of its meaning; who recognize the religions of every age as having their primal bases in inspiration, and who are willing and ready to accept the truths contained in every religious system; who consider that Zoroaster (Zarathustra), Moses, Buddha, and Jesus were the interpreters of truth to the people of the ages in which they lived; that the prophets, seers, and others endowed with spiritual gifts, in every age have been the means of presenting spiritual truths to mankind; that spiritual gifts as witnessed today among the mediums for spiritual manifestations are similar (making due allowance for the difference in the general states of human society) to those that have occurred in past times, especially those accompanying every new dispensation or epoch of religious truth, and are particularly similar to those enumerated by Paul in his chapter on "Spiritual Gifts."

There are still others who believe Spiritualism to be a new dispensation of religion ; not only a restatement of all past revealments of spiritual truth, but a new and living inspiration from the Infinite as the spiritual light of this age; and they believe that Spiritualism, in its entirety of phenomena, philosophy, and revelation, forms the basis of a new religion.

Spiritualists have no sectarian creed, articles of faith, or statement of belief, excepting the truth as perceived by the individual; each one grants to others the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. There is a feeling of fellowship with all, and they meet on the common ground of universal spiritual truth: God as manifest in Infinite Love and Wisdom, and the universal fraternity of souls.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is the inblending into one perfect whole of all its parts; the union of its phenomena and spirit, the meeting and merging of body and soul.

To many, perhaps a greater number of thoughtful minds than most people are aware of, the philosophical aspect of Spiritualism is its most enchanting, and, as it seems to them, its most comprehensive side. To me it is one side of the triangle of which the phenomenal aspect is the base, and religion the other side; which triangle solves the circle of immortality.

The logical perfection of the philosophy of Spiritualism is the primal statement, as I understand it:

(1) That the present and continued existence of the conscious spirit, the *ego*, inheres in the soul, and is not an especial bestowment of the Infinite, nor the result of contact with the human organism.

(2) That whatever may be the idea of individuals or classes concerning a conscious, soul existence, or previous state of the individual intelligence embodied in each human life, there is but one philosophical conclusion, based on the phenomenal and intuitionl evidences of Spiritualism: *i. e.*, that the change called death (or separation from the body)

is not only a natural change (inherent in all organisms), but that it is the next step in the existence of the spirit, releasing or setting free its activities in the next state, or realm, and as perfectly in accordance with the divine plan, as is the birth into human form. In fact, the next step or state is the legitimate sequence of existence here, and that each human spirit takes up its line of active individual life in spirit existence, just where, as an individual spirit, the thread seems broken or disturbed at death.

(3) That the spirit realm includes whatever spirits need, in that state of existence, as the earth states include whatever is needed for earthly existence or expression.

(4) That fixed states of happiness or misery are not possible in any state of the spirit expression, but that each spirit, according to growth, continues the individual activities and unfoldments; and all advance from lower to higher conditions by gradual states of progression through unending cycles.

(5) That no spirit or angel is too exalted or holy to reach and assist those who are beneath, and none too low to be aided by those above.

(6) That the various states in which spirits find themselves after their release from the environment of the sensuous organism, the relative and absolute principles governing those states, the interblending of spirits in more perfect union with those in less perfect conditions of unfoldment, the communion with, and the ministration to, those in earthly existence; in fact, that the principles governing the spiritual realm and the wisdom by which that realm pervades, encircles, and governs the whole of life, are made known.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is the philosophy of life.

Material science has proved the indestructability of the primal atom.

Spiritualism proves the immortality of the individual soul by bases, deductions, and proofs as undeniable as the principles of mathematics.

In its final definition, it is the philosophy of philosophies,

as it is the religion of religions, and, if need be, the science of sciences. It includes the primal and final statements of matter, the primal and final terms for mind, the primal and final principles of spirit in the eternal (the Soul), and all that relates to states and conditions, degrees, and stages of expression, all that relates to being, and includes every portion and factor in its statement of the whole.

The phenomenal phase of the subject is sometimes designated "scientific," although I do not think that the words "science" and "scientific," as usually understood, can be applied to the investigation of even the phenomenal phases of Spiritualism.

Many years ago, scientific men, like Prof. Robert Hare of Philadelphia, James J. Mapes of New York, and, later, Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir William Crookes of England, Camille Flammarion of France, Zöllner of Germany, and scores of other scientists of note, investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, and uniformly declared "that there is no law of material science, with which they are familiar, that can explain these phenomena ; and that they have recourse only to the solution always claimed by the manifesting intelligence, viz. : that the source of the phenomena is disembodied human spirits, manifesting by means and methods entirely unknown to science."

One of the results of the investigations of the phenomena of Spiritualism by scientific men is the reaffirmation that the cause of the phenomena is immanent in the phenomena; that both are demonstrated beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt; and that to investigate the physical, mental, or intuitional phases of Spiritualism separately from the whole subject, with a view of ascertaining another cause of the phenomena than that of disembodied human intelligences, is as much a work of supererogation as to investigate the phenomenon of the light of day, with a view of finding another source of that light than the action of the sun.

The difficulties to be met in approaching this investigation from a purely scientific standpoint are very manifest, even if

the word "scientific" be made to mean everything possible in the line of investigation. Instead of the operation of "natural law" upon and through insensate substance, there is the added and primal action of individual intelligences that may, or may not, manifest according to the wishes or methods prescribed by the investigator. Very early in his researches, the investigator, if he is wise, will endeavor to discover what are the best conditions for the manifesting intelligence; since, without that primal factor, no satisfactory manifestation is likely to occur.

By as intelligent methods as signals, language, and other established systems of communication between mind and mind in human states, these spiritual intelligences have been recognized, and in all cases of careful and impartial inquiry, the cause of the phenomena has been clearly identical with the claim; *i.e.*, that of disembodied human spirits. To ignore the knowledge already gained, is totally illogical and unscientific.

There has been, up to the present writing, no formulation of the methods or forces by which spirits are enabled to manifest, either of the process of action on insensate objects, or the method of impressing or inspiring human minds; the latter may be somewhat analagous to the method of the mesmerist or hypnotist since, admitting the existence of spirits after the change called death, it is easy to conceive a direct action of volition, or will-power, from the spirit, upon the mortal or human mind.

Doubtless the actual methods or formulated processes of communication between the spirit realm and those who dwell in the mundane sphere, will be revealed from the same realm, and by the same intelligences that have given the manifestations and teachings of Spiritualism to the world. One thing is notable, however, as the result of the compelling presence of the facts and truths revealed by Spiritualism: science has been compelled to investigate and deal with an independent intelligence acting upon substances in a manner entirely at variance with—or beyond—those methods known to science;

and compelling a restatement of scientific terms, and a broadening of scientific bases, to meet the facts as proved.

The present trend of thought in this country and in Europe is nothing if it is not "psychic"; and it is safe to say that both the word and all the range of subjects to which it refers, would have had no existence (in modern usage) if it had not been for Spiritualism. The same may be truthfully said of "Christian Science," "Theosophy," and a score of other words or terms whose philosophy and manifestations are akin to Spiritualism. This is particularly true of the "Psychic Research" societies of both England and America; in fact, the latter organization came into existence, as its avowed objects testify, to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. That which Wallace, Crookes, Varley, Flammarion, Zöllner, Mapes, Denton, Hare, and a score of others, had done, was to be done over again, this time on a strictly scientific basis. It was a satisfaction to know that at last the Gordian knot was to be cut, or untied, and the real cause of the phenomena made known beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Meanwhile Spiritualism moved on, counting its adherents by the thousands, and permeating every department of human thought. The jubilee year (1898) brought together from all parts of the world—both in this country and in London—brilliant minds to tell of the status of the movement in the respective countries to which they belonged. Dr. Wallace and Sir William Crookes reaffirmed their testimony of a quarter of a century ago; while Professor James, guardedly, and Dr. Hodgson, more plainly, communicated the results of their "Psychic Research" investigations as being conclusive evidence of spirit return.

In conclusion I will say, that in a movement wholly impelled from the realm of spirit and borne forward on the wave of inspiration, although intelligently met and aided from the first by many among the ablest minds of earth, it is utterly impossible to name or number all those whom it has reached.

Societies have been organized in every state of the Union, and in all parts of the world, as centers for those who have had individual experiences, and to receive the manifestations and ministrations from the spirit world ; but Spiritualism has spread rather by individual experiences than by organized efforts.

As early as 1860, the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, estimated that there were ten millions of Spiritualists in the United States alone. Spiritualists claim no definite number—numbers are really unimportant in a statement of truth. If its principles and its manifestations are true and are perceived by but one, all the world must follow ultimately.

The organization of Spiritualists into local societies and now into a national association, is rather for the purpose of fellowship and mutual protection against aggressive legislation than for any sectarian object, and also for the purpose of making available, under the best conditions, the manifestations and ministrations, as well as the spiritual teachings given through the media.

It rests with mortals whether they will limit its meaning to the next day after death or expand it to the unlimited range of immortal life. The wider and higher its range the more perfectly is it adapted to human needs ; the sunshine is not diminished by the ray that the photographer captures in his camera ; the electric vibrations are not limited by the amount the electrician requires, and the universal ether is not measured by the limited capacity of one mind.

Many Spiritualists have been busy reading the needed message of love from their loved ones in the next state of existence, forgetting, or not heeding, the more important message of the soul, the Being eternal. Many another, not needing the answer to the first question, may have heard the greater message and declared it.

As a whole movement, the scope of its influence is measureless. Its manifestations extend into every department of human thought ; its presence in the world has changed the

entire attitude of thoughtful minds concerning the problem of death and the after life, and their relations to human states, at the same time opening up for investigation a vast inner realm, including the latent possibilities of the human spirit while in the earthly environment.

It has reached the man of science in his laboratory, or study, and within its rare alembic has rewrought the demonstration of immortality.

It has walked into the churches of all denominations, religions, and tongues; has stood beside the clergyman, or priest, or ministrant, and has whispered the message of immortal life, saying: "Are they not all ministering spirits?"

It has proved itself a solvent of all religions and philosophies, by correcting erroneous ideas born of imperfect, human interpretations concerning a future life, and substituting knowledge.

It has restored "spiritual gifts" and made them a portion of the recognized possessions of the human race.

It has made thousands and hundreds of thousands to acknowledge it by name within and without the churches, within and without established schools of philosophy, within and without the walks of science, by knowledge alone; and thousands of others to accept its evidence in the form of belief based upon the testimony of others.

Its sources of inspiration are the invisible hosts.

Its teachers and messengers are the great, the wise, and the loved ones who have passed on.

It has in many instances opened a "royal" or inner way to knowledge for those who are its chosen instruments, by touching child minds with facts and data, with scientific and philosophical knowledge, with wisdom far beyond their years, and with eloquence unknown to mortal art.

It has not only created a literature of its own, in hundreds of volumes of experience and philosophy, and scores of periodicals publishing its demonstrations and advocating its propositions, but it has pervaded the best literature of the age, touching and illumining such writers as Lytton, Dickens,

Thackeray, Longfellow, Phelps, and scores of others with its living presence.

Its uplifting influence is felt on every life that accepts its truths, and in the whole world, by making the aims of life here consistent with a continued existence, as primary steps in the eternal pathway, and by making the basis of life *spiritual*, not material.

To a materialistic and unbelieving age, it has demonstrated the existence of the human spirit beyond the change called death.

To those who had "hope" and "faith" through any form of religious belief in a future life it has added knowledge; and to both has opened the gateways that had not even been left "ajar" between the spiritual and material realms.

It has removed the fear of death and of what might come to the spirit after the dissolution of the body, by a knowledge of the states and conditions of those who have passed beyond that change, as declared by the testimony of disembodied spirits, who must be in the very nature of the case the only authentic sources of information upon subjects pertaining to that future existence.

It has bridged the chasm, spanned the stygian stream, between the two states of existence by the iris archway of love.

Immortal messengers have brought the knowledge of their states of existence, and have announced in unmistakable ways the nearness of that so-called "undiscovered country."

Invisible hands have rekindled the fires upon the altars of inspiration that had long been desolate.

Angels and ministering spirits have anew attuned the voices of mortals to immortal songs. And they have "rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulcher" of thousands of human hearts who thought their dead did not live.

Its authority is truth wherever found; its sacred books the inspirations of every age; its oracles and priests, those whom truth anoints and inspiration calls; its creed the unwritten law of knowledge, wisdom, truth, and love; its ceremonials the service of noble lives; its communion is with kindred

spirits, and its fellowship with all ; its altars, the human spirit ; its temples, living souls.

It is the open door, the present light, the demonstration, philosophy, and religion of the immortal soul.

Calm-browed and unafraid, this mild-eyed, open-visioned presence views the heretofore and the hereafter, the present and the future, with equal interest and courage, born of perfect truth. The "well-springs of eternal life" are hers, and she bids mortals drink fearlessly at their living fountains. The "bread of life" is hers, and she bids all spirits partake freely from the all-bountiful store. From the vintage of the spirit the wine of her everlasting kingdom is distilled in streams of living inspiration.

Sages gather from its open treasure-house the wisdom of the skies. Seers and prophets, inspired anew, reveal again the forever old, forever new, immortal theme. The mourner forgets her grief, and dries her tears while listening to the messages of love. The weary find rest in its all-reposeful and eternal ways. The weak find strength in its unhindered helpfulness. Crime, sin, and all human imperfection, and shadows, fade gradually, yet surely, before its all-potent light.

Peaceable will be the conquest of this truth in the years to come. Its methods are of thought and spiritual force ; its greatest victories are within human hearts ; it seeks to build for itself no vast earthly temples ; few institutions has it founded, or will it found, except within the hearts and lives of those whom it blesses ; its charities are ever present beneficence ; its schools, all avenues of knowledge ; it will mold and govern those who rule in the affairs of nations by its just and fraternal principles ; it will pervade religions by the true interpretation of the spirit, and to such as have no outward shrine it will be the incense of hallowed truth upon the altar of the heart.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Washington, D. C.

THE CLASH OF RACES IN EUROPE.

THE penetrating mind of Cavour must have been at fault when the creator of Italy declared, in the midst of the clash of arms and the din of angry peoples who were struggling to a realization of the passionate aims of nationality during the middle of this century, that the race issues would soon cease to disturb the tranquility of diplomats, and that before the end of the century the battle of industrialism would be found engaging all the forces of aggression and repression in the Old World. History has disproved the astute prediction of Cavour; for now, in the hour that precedes the dawning of the twentieth century, the unsolved problems of nationality that threatened to disrupt empires and to overturn thrones in 1848, still constitute an ever-present menace to the peace of the world. In the domestic policies of Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, Germany, Turkey, and Sweden-Norway, unanswered questions of race furnish an ever-fruitful subject for contention—and in the case of at least two of the countries mentioned, consequent war is one of the probabilities of the near future.

The diplomats of Sweden concealed a significant truth when they announced recently that the aged king of Sweden and Norway had been compelled by ill health to relegate, for the time being, the duties of government to Crown Prince Gustave, and to withdraw from active participation in the government of the dual monarchy—"for the time being." As a matter of fact, the withdrawal of King Oscar from his position as a ruler, is the culmination of a long series of untoward events that have occurred in the Norwegian parliament, and is tantamount to a retreat in the face of an aggressive enemy—an enemy who has been gradually entrenching himself behind a barricade of legal enactments and

parliamentary decrees until he has made it quite safe to bid defiance to the power of the house of Bernadotte.

The Norwegians are hotly intolerant of the Swedish claim of hegemony, or even of co-ordinate government over Norway. During the past few years the separatist movement in Norway has been advancing at a rate which has alarmed more than one crowned head who rules over a composite country. Only a short time ago the German emperor quietly intimated to the Norwegian parliament that it would have to deal with the armed power of the German empire if it undertook to employ force in its struggle for separation from Sweden. The Norwegians, however, were not very seriously alarmed by this imperial demonstration in the interest of existing conditions; and, as if in flat defiance of the Kaiser's warning, ended a long succession of separatist measures by decreeing that Norwegian vessels and public buildings should carry a distinctively Norwegian flag, free from the odious emblems of unity with Sweden. This crowning act of aggression at Christiania convinced the Swedish government of the important facts that Norway was on the verge of revolt, and that the separatist movement needed more drastic treatment than King Oscar, the conciliatory, had found it in his heart to employ. Immediately upon this discovery followed the ingenious announcement from the Swedish capital, that the state of the king's health necessitated his temporary withdrawal from participation in the government of the country. What is expected of Gustave is, that he shall suppress the aspirations of Norwegian nationality with a vigorous hand. The process of suppression has not yet begun; but when it does begin the Norwegians will probably meet it with some final measure that may mean war.

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**THE DREYFUS
CASE AS
A RACE ISSUE.**

Death has removed the strong hand of Félix Faure from a directing hold upon the headlong flight of the French Republic toward an unknown political goal. This new misfortune comes upon France when she most sorely

needs the devoted services of her strongest and her best. The miserable tissue of treason, calumny, and blackmail, which was created by that far-spreading plot of the French war office, known as the Dreyfus case, is a more imminent danger than ever to the political state of France. The Dupuy cabinet, which took office pledged to secure the revision of the Dreyfus case, to discover the guilty, and to justify the innocent, has demonstrated its purpose to defer consideration of the matter, and, if possible, to prevent the re-trial of Dreyfus. M. Dupuy made a startling admission of weakness, or worse, when he recently laid before the French chamber a bill providing for the withdrawal of the papers in the case from the criminal section of the Cour de Cassation — which had very nearly reached a decision upon the question of a re-trial for the prisoner of Devil's Island — and handing them over to the full bench of appeal. The chamber has approved the premier's proposal, and, if no other legislative agency prevents the carrying out of the government's program, the Dreyfus case will be recalled from its judicial phase, and will re-enter the field of politics. The animus of this latest and most transparent move against revision can be best appreciated when it is known that the majority of the membership of the criminal section of the Cour de Cassation are in favor of a re-trial, while the full bench of the court is understood to be convinced of Dreyfus's guilt, and is, therefore, opposed to a revision of his case as a useless performance. The reference of the case, then, virtually means that the republic will make no effort to do justice, if justice has not already been done, to former Captain Alfred Dreyfus, the Jew.

The fact that Dreyfus is a Jew furnishes a key to the mysteries of the *cause célèbre* which is connected with his name. It is impossible to understand how the French nation — an impulsive, generous people, who, although blind in their anger, are temperamentally incapable of remaining deaf to the appeal of justice, after the initial fury of their wrath has spent itself — can persist in withholding from the condemned officer

an opportunity to justify himself before the courts of his country. The paradox may be understood when it is remembered that, after the memory of Sedan, the greatest passion of the French is a deep and enduring hatred of the Jews as a race. The cry, "*A bas les juifs!*" is almost as potent in France today as was that other cry at the close of the last century—the cry that gave utterance to the hot resentment of more than a hundred years, and drove the disdainful Marie-Antoinette to the guillotine—"A bas le roi!"

When the armies of the great Napoleon swept over Europe in their headlong gallop of victory, at the beginning of the century, they brought liberty to the proscribed and hunted Jew. France became the asylum of the oppressed of all races, and the opportunity of unrestricted commercial activity was accepted eagerly by the Jews, whom the German princelings, as well as the Austrian emperors, had treated with extreme severity. The immigration of Jews into France continued after the fall of Napoleon, and some of the most loyal and distinguished citizenship of France has been recruited from the ranks of these Jewish immigrants. The Jewish genius for trade soon asserted itself. Today French banking and finance, as well as a large share of the manufacturing industries of France, are in the hands of the Jews. It was largely Jewish capital that paid the enormous indemnity to Prussia in 1871, that furnished the means for the construction of the Suez Canal, and finally foisted upon the French people—noble ladies contributing from their ancestral fortunes and shopkeepers from their frugal savings—that vast swindle of malodorous memory, the Panama Canal scheme. Israel's reputation for sharp practice, whether deserved or not, has grafted itself upon the French imagination with persistent tenacity. It has become a fixed idea with the great bulk of the people of France, that the Kahns and the Huhns, the Steins and the Sterns, all of whom came originally from the ghettos of Palestine, are a race of vampires who are feeding upon the blood of France; and that each individual Kahn or Huhn, Stein or Stern, is at heart, if not actually, a rob-

ber and a traitor to the country. Therefore, any political or economic development that has the effect of throwing discredit upon the Jews is hailed as a godsend by politicians and people alike. It is needless, for the purposes of the present article, to enter upon a discussion of the actual guilt or innocence of Dreyfus. It is plain that the former captain of artillery was not convicted with judicial regularity. This fact has been demonstrated with sufficient force. Were Dreyfus not a Jew, the citizenship of the republic would have risen long ago and demanded a fair process of law to determine the innocence of the prisoner, or place his guilt beyond the reach of controversy.

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TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS. There is every indication that the breaking of spring will see the beginning of another war in the Balkan peninsula. It is primarily to two British statesmen — one now living, and the other dead — that the world owes its thanks for the pleasant prospect in southeastern Europe. The mind of Lord Beaconsfield was not penetrating enough to realize, in 1878, that the restoration of Macedonia to Turkish rule, after the province had been liberated by Russian arms, would lead to endless complications. The British premier was so completely dominated by his fear of Russian aggression, that his policy at the Berlin Conference, which was called to adjust conditions in the Ottoman Empire after the Russo-Turkish war, was incapable of any other aim than that of combating the workings of the Panslavist movement. The creation of a great Bulgarian state, spreading from Constantinople to the Danube; and from the Black Sea to the Ægean, was pounced upon by the British plenipotentiaries as a sinister Russian scheme of domination in the Balkan peninsula. Every device known to diplomacy was employed to mar the plan of a great Bulgaria, because the British statesmen saw, or thought they saw, in a strong Bulgarian state, a Cossack advance-post before the walls of Constantinople.

History has proved the fallacy of Disraeli's theories. Bulgaria has been, and is today, the most uncompromising opponent of Russian schemes in southeastern Europe. But the argument of history comes much too late. It was the pen of Beaconsfield that struck the outlines of Macedonia from the map of the new Bulgaria in 1878. The two millions of Christians in Macedonia, after having heard the march of the Russian legions, and the roar of the Russian cannon, were restored to the power of a master whom defeat had rendered bloodthirsty and rapacious far beyond the ordinary measure of his iniquities.

The slumbers of Disraeli, amidst the splendors of Westminster Abbey, mourned by his sovereign and honored by his people, may not have been disturbed by the cries of distress that have resounded throughout Macedonia since the fatal year 1878. But these cries have been heard, and their terrible significance has been understood at Sofia, and Belgrade, and Athens, where the gentle methods of Turkish government are still a living memory. In Bulgaria, as in Greece and Servia, the Macedonian problem is almost constantly the burning political issue, and its perilous urgency becomes more marked with each fresh Turkish outrage across the Macedonian frontiers. It was the Macedonian issue that brought the disaster of the late Greco-Turkish war upon Greece; and it is the Macedonian issue that is massing Bulgarian and Turkish troops upon either side of the frontier of the fated *vilayet* now. The chancelleries of Europe recognize that a general uprising in Macedonia, to be followed by a Bulgaro-Turkish war, is the bloody program in the Balkans in the spring, and they also recognize that this war will not be a repetition of the miserable opera bouffe of two years ago, when Greek divisions fled, pell-mell, at the shout of the Albanian advance guard.

The ethical aspect of the case is simple and convincing enough. The British diplomats, re-enforced by the terrible Bismarck, decreed that the Bulgarians should not be united. In spite of the veiled, but no less real, hostility that the

farcical concert of Europe has always entertained for Bulgaria, the principality has developed a political and military strength quite beyond all the expectations of its many enemies, and its few, but sanguine, friends. The powers have been holding a threatening finger before the Bulgarians. The scarlet woman of Europe has said to them, in the ambiguous and shifting language of diplomacy: "You shall not go to the rescue of your brothers in Macedonia. It is too bad that the Turks are depopulating Macedonia as the Spaniards depopulated Cuba; but the peace of Europe must be conserved; and it is the good fortune of the Bulgarians of Macedonia to have been set apart as the victims of Turkish greed and Turkish lust, in order that the teachings of the Crucified may be exemplified, and Christian peace maintained in the rest of Christendom."

But the cry of blood is stronger than the reasoning of casuists. The people of Macedonia are mustering their dying strength to throw off the yoke of the Ottoman Empire, and the battalions of free Bulgaria are covering the Macedonian frontier, restrained only by the strong hand of government. Macedonia has issued a solemn appeal to the world, and the world has refused to heed that appeal. It is evident that the time for circulars and protocols is past. The Bulgarians are about to bid defiance to the scarlet woman of Europe, and march to the aid of their brothers-in-blood. The consequences are terrible to contemplate; but if Europe should become involved in the conflict, Great Britain, to whom will fall the greatest share of the labor, will have the satisfaction of knowing that she owes her penalty to that spoilt foster child of hers, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

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THE SLAVIC MOVEMENT IN AUSTRIA.

One of the most astonishing political developments that have taken place in the Old World, during the past decade, has been the rapid rise of the Slavic element in the Austro-Hungarian empire to an almost commanding position. Ten years ago the fifteen millions of Slavs upon

whom the fortunes of war, or the machinations of the diplomats, had imposed the government of the Hapsburg, were virtually a nonentity in the political affairs of the Holy Roman Empire. Today they hold the balance of power at Vienna, and the dual monarchy is compelled to grant all manner of concessions to the Czech and Polish deputies, in order to prolong its lease of life. In the present precarious condition of the empire, with the federal agreement enforced only by royal decree, and the Hungarians determined to abrogate it, the power of the Slavic delegation in the Austrian Reichsrath is little less than absolute. It was only a few days ago that Austria was brought to the brink of a rupture with Germany by the sharp declaration made by a Polish chancellor of the Austrian empire, that Austria could not sit indifferently by and permit Prussia to expel Polish residents at its own arbitrary pleasure; and the firm grip which this Polish chancellor has upon his office was demonstrated by the retention of Count Goluchowsky at the head of the Austrian chancellery, in spite of an unofficial request, emanating from the palace at Berlin, that the offending official be forthwith relieved of his duties.

The struggle of the Czechs and Poles in Austria-Hungary furnishes material for one of the brightest pages in the history of the regeneration of nationalities. Surrounded, as they are, by a sea of aggressive and all-absorbing Teutonism, the escape of the Czechs from utter extinction as a nation furnishes one of those by no means rare arguments against the proposition that the age of miracles is past. The Austrian monarchs, realizing the full force of the wise old political dictum, that in homogeneity is strength, have made every endeavor to Germanize Bohemia. The Czech language has been proscribed. Large German colonies have been settled in the midst of Bohemia, and many thousands of Czechs have been compelled to leave the country of their birth and to take up their residence in purely German sections, with a view of bringing about a gradual amalgamation of the German and the Slav, and the absorption of the latter element

by the vastly greater number of the former. All these Machiavellian devices, however, have proved utter failures, and in the last analysis the Czech still remains a Czech, in spite of the fact that the government has compelled him to familiarize himself with the German speech.

And now the Czech has determined to carry the war into Austria. He has demanded that the Czech language be recognized as the official language of Bohemia, and as co-ordinate with the German in the Austrian Reichsrath. The attempt of the former premier, Badeni (himself a Pole), to gratify these wishes of the Czechs was rendered abortive by the desperate opposition of the German reactionaries, who regard themselves as the only possessors of divine or natural rights in Austria, and insist that the country must be German—in spite of the fact that nearly half of its population is non-German—but the race issue in the empire is more alive now than ever it has been before. Badeni's famous language ordinance is at the bottom of all the confusion that is confounding that most anomalous of all known political combinations, the Austrian empire; and at the proper moment the Slavic peoples of Austria will certainly seek to enforce anew their claims to the right to speak their mother-tongue and to conserve their existence as a nation.

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**THE FRENCH
AND
THE ENGLISH.**

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the newly-elected leader of the liberal party in England, has declared emphatically in the House of Commons that the cause of home rule for Ireland is not dead, and that it will be one of the chief issues in the pending campaign against the Marquis of Salisbury and his political school. He has also declared the purpose of the liberal members of parliament to attack the government chiefly along the line of its foreign policy—a policy which, it must be conceded, offers abundant opportunity for effective criticism. The liberals want to know why Salisbury executed that panicky retreat before Russian aggres-

sion in the Liao-Tung peninsula, and why he has not forced France from her exasperating position in Newfoundland and Madagascar. It was a fortunate development for Salisbury that France gave up Fashoda without resistance. Had the French Foreign Office avoided that issue, as it easily might have done, the British premier and secretary of foreign affairs would now be standing before the country without a single diplomatic victory to his credit, and with a series of diplomatic defeats exceedingly exasperating to British pride. The blunder which M. Hanotaux, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, committed when he offered Salisbury the opportunity to demonstrate the effectiveness of the British lion's growl, must be referred to St. Petersburg. There is every reason to suppose that the French Foreign Office had received from the Russian capital some definite assurances of assistance in an aggressive policy against England. As luck would have it, however, the Czar, and his pacific Minister of Finance, M. Witte, withdrew that assurance at the eleventh hour, and France was left to face alone the roaring of the lion whom she had provoked. The noise of the beast was all the more terrifying, in that France had not the shadow of an argument wherewith to support the "occupation" of Fashoda by Major Marchand, the purposes of whose expedition were declared by M. Hanotaux himself, — before those shifty assurances were received from the Neva, — as purely those of "science and civilization."

Having suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of the English diplomats in the Fashoda controversy, the French foreign office is determined to retrieve its reputation in another direction. Mr. Chamberlain, the British colonial secretary, declared a short time ago, in language that smacked unmistakably of an ultimatum, that France must cease forthwith her "pin-prickings" upon the British body colonial. The epigram had reference to the annoying policy of the French government on the coast line of Newfoundland, a policy which has reduced the British residents of the island to a state verging upon absolute destitution. In connection with

this declaration of Mr. Chamberlain's, the British Foreign Office made an attempt to convince France of the advisability of abandoning her treaty rights in Newfoundland, in exchange for countervailing advantages to be granted to France by Great Britain at some other point of common interest. Chamberlain's threat to France has been repeated twice since the original utterance; but France has not as yet shown any purpose of heeding it, or of suspending the exercise of her treaty rights on the French shore, to the great detriment of the British population of Newfoundland.

A similar trend of anti-British purpose characterizes French policy in Madagascar, where British trade has been virtually proscribed by a decree issued from the Foreign Office in Paris. In Madagascar, as in Newfoundland, the French government has flatly disregarded Salisbury's emphatic demand for redress; and now, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposes to find out why the word of England has become so impotent among the nations.

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THE CRETAN AFFAIR.

Now that Prince George of Greece has taken up his abode in Crete, as high commissioner of the powers, there is a general impression, as was announced by the British premier in the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament, that the Cretan question has been finally solved. This impression will continue to prevail until the announcement of the next outbreak on the island. The fatal defect in the adjustment of Cretan affairs lies in the fact that the powers, in their process of solving the problem, have not taken into account the race question, which has been responsible for all the violence that has convulsed the island, from time to time, for many years past.

The population of the island is almost purely Greek by blood; but the conversion of a part of it to the faith of Islam has created a discord of interests which the Ottoman authorities at Constantinople and Canea have studiously cultivated

to their own profit. In the Orient, the sentiment of religion replaces that of race, and is far more tenacious. Given an opportunity—and that opportunity is bound to occur with the ultimate withdrawal of European armed forces from the island,—and the state of anarchy that disgraced Turkish rule in Crete will recur. When the Christian Greeks of the island have fired the first gun upon their Moslem brothers, it is only reasonable to expect that Greece will attempt to intervene, and there will be another military promenade of Turkish regiments into sore-stricken Thessaly. This time Europe may find it more difficult than it did two years ago, to persuade the Turks to withdraw from the conquered territory.

S. IVAN TONJOROFF.

Boston.

THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR NEW POSSESSIONS.

Some say that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the persons of kings, to govern them? Let history answer this question.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

LET us compare the condition of the country from which the Pilgrim Fathers fled, with that of the country in which they hoped to establish for all succeeding generations, the priceless blessing of freedom.

Victoria, "by the grace of God, Queen," etc., cannot veto a measure passed by Parliament. The President has, and uses, the power to veto acts of Congress. *Does it like Mr. Kinley*

Monopolies are illegal in England. Here monopolists control the executive, legislature, and judicial branches of government.

An English judge cannot be bought at any price.

In America, judges and juries are bought at almost any price.

The Bank of England issues £16,000,000 more notes than it has gold, although the notes promise redemption in gold.

is the price?
America is robbed of \$1,500,000 daily through the gold standard forced on free America by monarchical England.

The question arises, Shall we govern our new possessions according to the ideas of land-lords, money-lords, ecclesiastics, and soldiers, extending the system, now in full force, in the United States? If this system is not good enough for the Philippines and Puerto Rico, it is certainly not good enough for the millions of "sovereign people" at home, who are hungry, ragged, and homeless, and other millions who are in daily dread of sinking to like conditions. The founders of this great republic were men of noble aspirations; their Declaration of Independence says, "We hold these truths to be self-evident that *all men are created equal*. . . . That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These good men proceeded, probably from their life habit, to frame laws to govern the thirteen States. John Fiske tells us, however, in his "Critical Period of American History" that although the Articles of Confederation of the thirteen States were finally ratified in 1781, and had been known to Congress and the people since 1776, Paltiah Webster, in May of 1781, published an able pamphlet urging the necessity for "a federal convention for overhauling the whole scheme of government from beginning to end."

Have we the effrontery to force on these people striving for freedom, a monopolistic oligarchy, producing a daily crop of forty-two bankruptcies, thirty-five murders, and twenty-five suicides? If so, they will soon realize that they have not attained their desires, but are still caught in the governmental cobweb, their happiness or misery being unaffected by the nationality of the spiders who suck their life-blood. Today we face most critical times; for the money power has been able through the war to increase the standing army. Present conditions cannot be more truly or concisely described than by the words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of a citizen, in the days of Coriolanus, who, speaking of the government, says:

"Care for us? True indeed! They've never cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there's all the love they bear us."

America is following closely in the footsteps of corrupt Rome. We have entered their final stage—conquest and military despotism. Will our end be similar, or shall we be wise enough, and determined enough, to profit by the warning? Shall we learn in time that, as every nation has been destroyed from within, and always by the same cause, the silent perpetual motion of usury, we as a nation can only be saved from disgraceful ruin by totally destroying usury?

Consider now an important phase in the early history of this great republic, whose progress is the wonder and envy of the world—marred only by the hundreds of millionaires, and the millions of consequent tramps.

In the colony of Pennsylvania, the land itself was the chief commodity, and was coined and passed into circulation.* Thomas Powell, governor of the colony, wrote in 1768 regarding this colonial paper money: "there never was a wiser or better measure."

Franklin said: "Between the years 1740 and 1775, while abundance reigned in Pennsylvania, and there was peace in all her borders, a more happy and prosperous population could not perhaps be found on this globe."

Edmund Burke referring to this same honest money, used by honest colonists, said: "Nothing in the history of the world is like their progress."

Which example shall we choose, in forming a government for our new possessions,—the brutalism of the Cæsars, or the humanizing spirit of Jefferson, Hume, Powell, Franklin, and Burke? I have no hesitation in following the whole-hearted, self-sacrificing founders of the American Commonwealth, and

* David Hume.

therefore propose the following, by which "equal rights" and "consent" will be established:

A. Inhabitants of districts shall appoint committees to register occupants of all land.

B. Use only, will constitute ownership of land.

C. No land shall be sold.

D. Occupants shall retain only as much land as they can use, the remainder being open for settlement by others.

E. Land value shall be coined and pass into circulation. The United States Treasury to lend up to half the value of the land to users, who will repay one tenth of the amount of such loans each year.

F. In allotment of lands, present occupants will have precedence; then other natives of the islands; next, other inhabitants; and, lastly, immigrants in the order of their arrival.

All other necessary arrangements would follow naturally, because with free land there would be a free society of emancipated ennobled humanity. I suggest this plan for the islands that shall come under our flag. For simplicity and honesty, this is in striking contrast to the present government by gold, and it may be found as desirable and as applicable at home as in distant colonies.

J. ALFRED KINGHORN-JONES.

San Francisco.

DOES EDUCATION PRODUCE PESSIMISTS?

ONE is frequently led to ask the question, Is not our higher education and culture producing a race of pessimists? When one sees the large number of educated men, and especially college-bred men, taking so gloomy and critical a view of all movements toward social betterment, he is apt to answer the above query in the affirmative. There is certainly a notable lack of enthusiasm among this class regarding these questions. They stand aloof and regard these movements with a cold and critical eye. They seem to consider themselves as mere onlookers in the drama of human suffering.

Why is it that men whose reasoning and perceptive powers are so acutely developed are not more impressed by the evils about them? Can it be that there has been an evolution of the intellectual powers at the expense of the feelings? Have all the warm heart-beats been crystalized into cold logical processes? Are we able to find an explanation for this attitude? It seems to the writer that it is due very largely to our system of teaching. Without going into any detailed criticism of that system, this attitude would seem to be due, in a large measure, to the method in which these vital questions are too often treated in the class-room of our colleges and universities. They are apt to be discussed as though they pertained to the inhabitants of Mars, rather than to that living organism of which we are a part. This method of thought finds ready lodgment in the mind of the student who comes under this influence at a period when he is most inclined to be critical, not to say supercilious. Men come from our universities imbued with a high *laissez faire* policy. The evils and abuses in society which they see are many of them of long standing, and have apparently become an organic part of society. Nothing short of a revolution can uproot them, they argue, and a revolution always disturbs the order of

things, by which they usually mean economic interests. These must not be fettered by sentimental reasoning. Let the struggle for existence have full play, and the inevitable tendency of evil to destroy itself will be accomplished. Such is their thesis.

This style of thinking too often results in a practical withdrawal from participation in political and moral reforms. Politics appear to them to be a hopeless mass of corruption; moral reform a mixture of sentiment and simplicity in equal proportions. Apparently, the people prefer corrupt administrations to decent ones, and social immorality to tamer qualities. Or, again, when once a reform movement has been put in operation, they see some little jar in the not yet smoothly-running machinery, cause it to be thrown out and a return made to the old and vicious methods. Or it may be that they see people clinging with the utmost tenacity to beliefs which have long ago been exploded — in the classroom,—so that after a few ineffectual attempts at campaigns of education, our would-be reformer gives up in disgust and retires from the field.

Such are some of the difficulties under which the educated man labors when he enters the field of practical reform. He soon realizes how slowly the mass of the people really change their ideas and ideals. If moved at all, they are apt to rush after some political Moses who promises to bring about some end which is only a chimera of his over-active brain. One sees politics manipulated by bosses, the most vital interests of the state prostituted to selfish ambition. Wherever one turns he sees the monster Selfishness crowding his way to the front. Is it a wonder that the man of high ideals hesitates to plunge into this turbulent mass of corruption? Is not the tendency toward pessimism very strong?

In the work of reform we find all too often men in the lead, who by their unwise methods, and oftentimes utter lack of a true conception of their task, commit the most egregious errors, and frequently give a setback to the movement which they are trying to advance. On the other hand, the educated

man who is better able to see all sides of the question, and to penetrate to the root of the evil, is too often found in the cloister. He sees that in the past men have often been radically mistaken as to what was really evil, and that very frequently the most strenuous efforts have been made to extirpate the very things that have proved to be of highest value. Hence he hesitates. But the man who hesitates is rarely a leader. He may furnish the ideas, but he does not execute them. While he waits, more impetuous spirits rush ahead. It is a well-observed fact that outbreaks always precede organized action. Revolutions have always been begun by the populace. Movement quickly outruns thought, and action legitimate means. Hence the man who sets the new idea in motion is quickly left in the rear and forgotten, while some one, whose only claim to leadership is his enthusiasm, rushes forward to apply the blazing torch. But why should not the men who are capable of seeing the sources of an evil in their true light be also the leaders in their destruction? There is certainly no physical law hindering them. Without doubt it is due largely to the inertness which seems to be almost inseparable from a rationalistic system of thought. Men come to decide all questions by processes of thought in which impulse has no play. Impulse is considered wholly unsound, if not indeed radically vicious. Acuteness of reasoning all too often dulls the edge of our sensibility to injustice and suffering. The throbbing of the great heart of humanity grows indistinct to the ear of the social philosopher who has betaken himself to the mountain-top in order to gain, as he says, a wider view of human activities. This cold, dispassionate method of looking at social facts is apt to bring into striking evidence the flaws in any system of social reform, for be it truly said that almost no system of reform is strictly logical. Human conduct and sympathy are not things of set formulas. The father who sees his child in peril instantly rushes to its rescue, thoughtless of the value of his own life to his other loved ones. Plans for practical reform are apt to go straight to the end sought with little thought of logical sequence.

There is nothing, however, which so quickly knocks the enthusiasm out of the academic mind as the illogical method. Things must conform to his theories of social facts. Meanwhile humanity suffers on.

Among the men influencing human activities there are two classes: those who build up and those who tear down. Both are useful, but not equally so. Clearly our pessimistic friend belongs to the latter class. Important as is the destruction of the effete and the false, the creation of newer and nobler structures is far worthier our efforts. The pessimist belongs to the destroyers, and that which he destroys he rarely replaces. If you tear down the little shrine where men have been wont to worship, they will resist you; but if by its side you erect a noble temple, they will abandon the old structure. Here, then, is our thesis. The educated man should not allow himself to become a pessimist, but an enthusiast, if you will; not a destroyer, but a builder. For ages the intellectual energies of philosophers have been dissipated in pulling down the institutions which men in their ignorance or selfishness have erected. Let them rather be builders in the future, and the old, decayed structures will fall by their own weight. The man of trained intellect is pre-eminently fitted to do constructive work. Reform movements are all too often led by "men of one idea" and one only. Fanaticism has too often been the guiding hand. Must it be ever thus? Is this the normal condition of human advancement?

What, then, is our remedy for this state of affairs? There seems to the writer to be only one answer. The men of education and culture must throw themselves into the midst of social movements with the same energy and persistence that they pursue intellectual ends. He who wishes to bring about a better state of society must put himself into closest touch with it. He must not reason apart from it. The social structure cannot be renewed from without. All organic growth is from within outward. True reform is a growth, and not a revolution. Society is not a laboratory in which the social physicist may merely watch reactions. It is rather

a living organism of which he must be an active unit, or else lose all vital connection.

The personal leadership of social reforms must not be left entirely to the "practical man." Theory and practice must be combined. In so far as the man of theory is not practical, he is wrong.

The trained man has an unrivaled opportunity for good. He possesses the mental power to see clearly, and the critical judgment to become a safe leader. His chief unfitness seems to be in his lack of enthusiasm in throwing himself unreservedly into the field of action. There is no room for the pessimist. He is out of joint with his surroundings. Enthusiasm and intelligence are irresistible. With sound education for our Archimedean lever, with opportunity for a fulcrum, shall the power continue to be lacking?

W. R. TUTTLE, Ph. D. (Yale).

New York.

PEACE.

O people of this nation, free and strong,
 Rise up for PEACE ('twill be an act sublime)—
 The UNIVERSAL PEACE; proclaim the time
 Hath come, that we condemn the mortal wrong
 Of WAR, which, lo! through all these centuries long
 Hath cursed the human race in every clime;
 And, now, the age is ripe to damn this crime:
 Up, then, O people, heed my simple song,
 And prove to all, that we, a people free,
 Will give our aid in all that makes for PEACE;
 And standing firm, in this a glorious fate
 That, when the world, in one grand jubilee
 Of PEACE, be gathered—then, when war shall cease—
 So shall our country be the leading state.

E. L. CLARKSON.

New Orleans, La.

UNDER THE ROSE.

A MENACE TO LIBERTY

The leading article in *The Arena* this month pictures vividly the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered by Wendell Phillips nearly a quarter of a century ago. At that time, describing the evils of blacklisting in our New England manufactories, he predicted that should the system be allowed to gain a foothold and spread throughout the industrial system, a new slavery, far worse than that of the negro in its effects on both the individual and national life, would be developed. The author of the article "Blacklisting: the New Slavery," is especially fitted to write with authority. As the attorney for the plaintiff in the test case described, he has had unusual opportunity to investigate the matter in all its details, and has, in fact, exhibited a mastery of all the points involved, which enabled him to carry the suit to a complete success in the lower courts. Significant, indeed, of a new and advanced step in the battle of the masses against the classes, and of labor against capital, in the long and arduous contest of the people for industrial freedom, is the history of this remarkable litigation. Advancing beyond the stage of platform agitation and more or less sincere rhetorical protest in our legislatures, the fundamental demand of labor at last finds recognition in an American court of justice. The story is full of promise, not only for the success of the cause of the worker which it involves, but also for the assurances conveyed that we need not despair of republican institutions. Fortunate indeed for organized labor is it, that an advocate of Mr. Strong's ability and devotion to the right in his profession has been found to champion its cause in the courts. Opposed to him in this battle in behalf of the worker, were the concentrated powers of capital in the form that has so far reached the highest point of development in organization and in influence — the railroad corporations. To very many people the existence of

this system of blacklisting, in which the leading railroads of the country have been joined, will be a revelation. It is very certain, for one thing, that if this practice had been suspected during the troublous days of the great railroad strike of '94, popular sympathy would have been so decidedly against the railroad corporations, that Mr. Cleveland would have hesitated before hurling federal troops across the borders of the State of Illinois to uphold the position taken by the corporations. Throughout the hearing of the case, it is worth while noting, the press of the country seemed to be joined in a conspiracy of silence, so to speak, and it is no secret among newspaper men that the representatives of the "great dailies" were instructed to make as little of the case as possible. More than this, the railroads have sedulously endeavored to misinform the public as to the real facts in the case, strenuously denying that any such conspiracy existed. In view of the damning documentary testimony which *The Arena* is privileged to reproduce in connection with this article, these denials in themselves are evidences of a guilty conscience. There can no longer be any pretense that this atrociously un-American system was not deliberately adopted by the railroad officials, nor that they are lacking in realization of its true character. Almost, if not quite, a million of men are employed today in the transportation industry of this country. If the evil in question were confined to the railroads, it would, therefore, be of such magnitude as to deserve serious attention. When it is remembered, however, that the system here revealed has also been adopted in various other industries, menacing the liberties of millions of men and women, all earnest friends of freedom should rise as one man to demand its utter and instant abolition.

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REFORM IN SENATORIAL ELECTIONS

The demand that United States senators should be elected directly by the people, gains strength day by day. Americans are proverbially easy-going. The current jest as to the recent transformation of the United States senate into a club of millionaires, is apt to be lightly passed over.

Even the trodden worm will turn, however, and it is entirely possible that the open and flagrant degradation of the "highest deliberative body in the world," by the use of money in senatorial elections, may be pushed too far. Possibly the election of Mr. Hanna may prove the last straw, and it is certainly very well that the country at large should have the impartial and unprejudiced presentation of the facts regarding that transaction, which Mr. Kenney, an honored member of the Ohio bar, and of the legislature of his state, presents in the current issue of *The Arena*. The political opponents of Mr. Hanna were unfortunately handicapped in any criticism of his methods or those of his followers, by the scandals connected with the late Calvin Brice's election to the senate from Ohio, and so in this matter, as in the railroad black list, there has been much deliberate suppression of the truth, and consequent suggestion of falsehood. Here, again, *The Arena* demonstrates the important service possible only to a fearless and independent review. Unless we are tacitly to accept a permanent lowering of our ethical standards to the toleration of bribery and corruption, the history of Mr. Hanna's purchase of a seat in the United States Senate, as revealed in this article, must do much towards arousing a public sentiment that shall cover with obloquy all concerned in such corruption, and, what is more, demand a reform in the system which permits it. The present method of electing members of the higher branch of the national legislature is simply a survival of that ancient distrust of the people inherent in monarchies and aristocratic societies, — a distrust that has no proper place in a genuine democracy. Curiously enough, the very theories advanced in support of this method have been contradicted over and over in our recent experiences. At every great political crisis during the last twenty years, instead of proving itself the more conservative and deliberate branch of congress, the senate has, in fact, been held in check by the house. At least, this is the view that must be taken by those of our friends who are wont to regard the demand for free silver coinage, the war with Spain, and the annexation of Hawaii, — to mention only a few instances, —

as the opposite of conservative. In fact, very little reflection must suffice to show that men are conservative or radical by temperament, and that their acts in this respect are not changed to any great degree by the methods of their election. There are probably as many friends of every radical measure demanded by the reformers of today, notably, of government ownership of railroads, direct legislation, free silver coinage, free trade, postal telegraphs, and postal savings banks, in the senate, as in the house, in proportion to membership. This is so, not because of the methods of election which favor the influence of large corporations, but in spite of these methods. Pessimistic talk about the growth of "imperialism," plutocracy, and monopoly to the contrary, the strong, deep, unswerving trend of things is democratic in the largest possible sense of the word. To be aristocratic is not merely to be un-American, it is to be behind the times and ridiculous.

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THE RACE QUESTION AT HOME AND ABROAD

Never before in the history of humanity has the process of racial differentiation and amalgamation presented so interesting a study as in these closing years of the century. Mr. Tonjoroff this month, in his review of recent happenings across the ocean, pictures vividly the forces at work in Europe. The suggestion that the fires of enmity between Saxon and Celt are likely to blaze forth afresh, suggests perhaps one of the latest phases of a clash of races of which the earlier and cruder manifestations may be witnessed in Austria-Hungary, Scandinavia, and France. Of course, the pessimist will find in this strife of races, encouragement and confirmation for his despairing views of life. The optimist, however, looking beyond the present moment to the results of all this friction, sees in it simply the necessary evolutionary process by which man, like other creatures, mounts from indefinite, incoherent, and helpless homogeneity to definite, coherent, organized, and powerful heterogeneity. As only the best developed individuals are fit for the best type of association, so races and nations are fitted for amalga-

mation through a preliminary process of individual organization, in the course of which the lower falls away and the higher persists. In our own country, we have the race problem in what might be called its second stage. Having practically amalgamated into the true American type the best product of the various European races still contending on the other side of the ocean, we are in the midst of a further and larger amalgamation of races that have been long considered more distinctively differentiated than are the various members of the Caucasian race. The race problem in America is really the negro problem, although it is likely to be complicated by our new responsibilities to the natives of our new possessions in the East Indies and the West Indies. Of vital and intense interest therefore, will be found a symposium on the race problem which will appear in next month's Arena, and to which Prof. W. H. Councill of Normal, Ala., Booker T. Washington, Bishop Holly of Haiti, Mr. W. S. McCurley, and J. Montgomery McGovern have contributed articles of unusual originality, force, and suggestiveness.

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OUTLYING AMERICA

Other articles of vital interest which will appear in coming issues of The Arena will include a fresh and suggestive presentation of the problems arising out of the war, written for The Arena by Colonel Richard J. Hinton, a pioneer reformer and author whose name is familiar to all old readers of The Arena. Colonel Hinton has recently returned from Cuba, where he was actively engaged in the work of the Red Cross Society. This, and previous visits afforded him unusual facilities for studying the island and its people, and his article on "The Republic of Cuba," will furnish new light in regard to the actual situation in the Pearl of the Antilles. In a second article, Colonel Hinton will give The Arena the benefit of his travels in the East, including a residence in the Philippines, with much close and thoughtful study of the whole Pacific problem.

**REFORMERS
TO CONFER**

The call has been issued for a national social and political conference at Buffalo, June 28 to July 4 next. The meeting will include progressive men and women of various political and social beliefs, and is intended to consider the present condition of American politics and economics, with a view of finding out "the next thing to do." Although this convention is purely for conference, and no one is to be bound by any resolution for which he does not vote, it is to be hoped that full and free discussion of various reform measures will result in the adoption of a definite practical program. Among those signing the call are Governor Pingree of Michigan, Senators Allen of Nebraska and Pettigrew of South Dakota, Mayor Quincy of Boston, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, B. Fay Mills, Edwin D. Mead, Mayor S. M. Jones of Toledo, ex-Governor Altgeld, Professors Herron, Ely, Parsons, and Allen-Smith, Dr. John Brisben Walker, Willis J. Abbott, W. D. Howells, W. H. Harvey, and Dr. E. B. Andrews. Eltweed Pomeroy, editor of the Direct Legislation Record, at Trenton, N. J., is the secretary of the committee on arrangements. The names of the signers may be taken as promising a presentation of priority to the claims of Free Silver, Government Ownership of Railroads and Telegraphs, Woman Suffrage, Municipal Expansion, Educational Reform, Socialism, the Single Tax, and Direct Legislation. The results of such a conference cannot fail to prove fruitful in the highest degree. Thousands of voters who favor some one or more of these reforms stand ready to concentrate their forces on the measure which shall appear to be most practicable at this time. The country needs just such light as these friends in council are likely to strike into flame.

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**ROOSEVELT
EXPLAINS**

Governor Roosevelt, referring to a report mentioned in my article "East and West" in the December Arena, to the effect that during the campaign of 1896, he had threatened to lead a regiment to Washington, if necessary, to oppose

Bryan's election, writes to me the following letter. As many of my readers have been much exercised in mind over the matter, I am glad to let them read Governor Roosevelt's explanation, *verbatim et literatim*:

"STATE OF NEW YORK,
"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
"ALBANY, Feb. 2, 1899.

"Mr. Paul Tyner,

"The Arena, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.:

"*My Dear Sir*: I have yours of the 1st inst., and I thank you for your very frank and courteous explanation. I wish I had received the letter before. It would have made some difference in the language I used in repelling an accusation which excited great indignation in my mind. I denied the statement in the most absolute and unqualified language at the time. I know, for instance, that The Sun printed the denial, for I saw it. I telegraphed the denial to a dozen different inquirers — chairmen of state committees and the like. The story, as well as I remember, had its rise in a Journal writer who went out with me on a train to the West, and who some weeks afterwards repeated to somebody else, who thereupon repeated to someone else, who thereupon published it—a statement of what he alleged I asserted in a private conversation. This statement was of course a gross breach of propriety on his part, but, in addition, it was an absolute lie. The matter was actually brought up in the United States senate when I was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but it was so self-evident a falsehood that not a single populist senator voted against me.

"Very sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

All well wishers of Governor Roosevelt, and all lovers of honesty and fair play, will agree with me that it has been worth while bringing the matter up, if only to have it definitely decided once for all that, whatever the issue of veracity between Colonel Roosevelt and the Journal correspondent, the former distinctly repudiates the very un-American sentiment attributed to him.

Probably the most important event in the history of the metaphysical movement, thus far, was the New Thought Conference at Hartford, February 21 and 22 last. **METAPHYSICAL ORGANIZATION** Delegates representative of different phases and schools of the New Thought, from various points, assembled to consider the situation and take such steps as might be deemed wise towards organizing the movement on a broad and sound basis. Meetings were held in the handsome and commodious hall of the local Alliance, and at each session there was a large and deeply interested attendance. C. B. Patterson was chosen president of the conference; Henry S. Taft of Providence, vice-president; Warren A. Rodman of Boston and Harry Gestefeld of New York, secretaries; William E. Uptegrove of Brooklyn, N. Y., treasurer; with the following executive committee: Esther Henry of Hartford, Georgiana I. S. Andrews of New York, Dr. J. W. Winkley of Boston, John W. Hussy of Brooklyn, George Alexander of Providence, Bolton Hall of New York, Ellen M. Dyer of Philadelphia, Minnie S. Davis of Springfield, Albert Pausch of Hartford, Sarah J. Farmer of Greenacre, Mrs. Mary E. Chapin of Boston, and Paul Tyner. The name selected for the organization is The International Metaphysical League, with Kant's definition of metaphysics, "God, Freedom, and Immortality," as motto. Acting on the cordial invitation extended by Mr. Rodman, in behalf of the Metaphysical Club of Boston, it was decided to hold the first national convention in that city on a day in October next, to be hereafter announced. The proceedings throughout were pervaded by an atmosphere of the utmost enthusiasm and good feeling, and it was evident that the delegates were united by a sense of cordial agreement on the purposes of the conference, and in the most hopeful anticipation as to the future of the movement. Some idea of the nature and range of the subjects discussed may be gained from the following list of topics and speakers: "Man's Normal Nature," Dr. Winkley; "The Great Unawakened," Miss Bradbury; "The Need of a Key-note," Mr. Rodman; "Harmony," Miss Davis; "The Opu-

lence of Power," Mrs. Jean Porter Rudd ; "The Irrepressible Conflict," Mr. Taft ; "Let us Come up Higher," Miss Emma L. Nickerson ; "The Latest Message," Miss Dyer ; "Silent Centers," Miss Andrews ; "Fundamental Reforms," Bolton Hall ; "Thought Power," Mr. Gestefeld ; "The More Abundant Life," Miss Farmer ; "The Pearl of Great Price," Prof. E. M. Chesley ; "Metaphysics and Social Reform," Paul Tyner ; "Mental Healing and the Giving of Treatments," C. B. Patterson. Extremely significant is the new departure in the New Thought indicated by the place given in a convention of metaphysicians to the discussion of social reform in its relation to the spiritual life. The addresses along these lines were received with an interest and appreciation most encouraging to those who look for a closer alliance between the forces of social reform and those of the New Thought movement. Without being at all over-sanguine, I look for wide-spreading and important results as sure to flow from the work accomplished at the conference. The value of concentration in individual work is already constantly emphasized by "new thinkers," and this new combination means an application of the same idea in social work. For metaphysicians, as for reformers of every school, "the next grand word is 'association.'" There are, perhaps, a million of men and women in the United States who are believers in mental science, in one form or another, quite apart from those included in the sectarian body organized by Mrs. Eddy. Until now their forces have been scattered and divided. The International Metaphysical League, with its platform and motto, "God, Freedom, and Immortality," is certainly broad enough and solid enough to afford standing ground for all. We may look to the organization, also, to counteract in large degree the tendency towards materialism manifested in the attempted erection of ecclesiastical systems, controlled by thought of personal aggrandizement, dogmatism, and narrowness. These things are foreign to the New Thought, of which Freedom is the very essence.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE CITY WILDERNESS.

A new epoch in the life of the social settlement began in 1895, with the publication of "Hull House Papers," a careful study of life in the slums of Chicago, including an analytical description of the foreign population, a discussion of the sweating system, the wage question, and the various methods which have proved successful in social settlement work, notably the establishment of clubs, the study of music, and the many endeavors to bring about an improved sanitary condition. This study not only throws much light on the social question in the large, but is also suggestive as an analysis of human nature. The latter aspect of the social problem is particularly emphasized by Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House, in the February Atlantic. It is among the poor that this worker finds the greatest willingness to lend or borrow, at much self-sacrifice and the utmost sympathy for a fellow sufferer.

"An Irish family, in which the man has lost his place, and the woman is struggling to eke out the scanty savings by days' work, will take in a widow and her five children who have been turned into the street, without a moment's reflection upon the physical discomforts involved. . . . Another woman, whose husband was sent up to the city prison for the maximum term, just three months before the birth of her child, having gradually sold her supply of household furniture, found herself penniless. She sought refuge with a friend whom she supposed to be living in three rooms in another part of the town. When she arrived, however, she discovered that her friend's husband had been out of work so long that they had been reduced to living in one room. The friend at once took her in, and the friend's husband was obliged to sleep upon a bench in the park every night for a week; which he did uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully. Fortunately, it was summer, 'and it only rained one night.' The writer could not discover from the young mother that she had any

special claim upon the 'friend' beyond the fact that they had formerly worked together in the same factory. The husband she had never seen until the night of her arrival, when he at once went forth in search of a midwife who would consent to come upon his promise of future payment."

Here, in real life, we find an ideal of service so high that it puts to shame the ethics of the recluse, and inspires great hope for humanity at large, when the "upper half" shall regain the spontaneity of the childhood of the race.

The same inspiring spirit which breathes through this profoundly suggestive study of "The Subtle Problems of Charity" and the "Hull House Papers," permeates another volume, the outcome of social settlement life and labor,—this time in an eastern city. "The City Wilderness" is the suggestive title of a volume prepared by residents of the South End House in Boston (8vo, cloth, 319 pp., \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). One cannot read the book without feeling in warm touch with souls who are living in closest sympathy with the beating heart of struggling humanity; with those who are acquainted with sorrow and grief, yet are not too much bowed down by what they see and feel. This study of the "most-charitied region in Christendom," the South End, will rank with the thorough work of Charles Booth in East London, and the Hull House people in Chicago. It includes not only a careful historical description of the district, the mixed population, wages, amusements, sanitary conditions, and vice in all its forms, but also traces the evolution from gangs to political parties, the growth of crime, and so many phases of social degeneracy, misery, and disease as to make the volume indispensable to all students of social reform. The reader is shown all aspects of life in the slums with remarkable faithfulness to fact, yet at the same time with constant suggestion of how it may be improved. The effect is, therefore, by no means depressing, for there are many tangible results from social settlement work. No one can read the volume without having his horizon enlarged, his sympathy broadened, his heart made more tender. One wishes that there

were thousands more engaged in discovering precisely where the lower half stands, with the intent to make it better, for this volume conclusively proves the value of a thorough system of investigation followed by many-sided educational work.

The educational work is naturally of the sort that is accomplishing most in the district under consideration, and it is gratifying to read so strong a word in favor of the kindergarten system.

"The kindergarten makes the child a social being. Acts of self-denial, self-control, and courtesy, of regard for the rights of others, and respect for property, teach the child to yield his individual will for the good of the many. Seated in a circle, the interest of each member of the little cosmopolitan group is enlisted in the work of all the others. The kindergarten is a child's democracy, a co-operative state in miniature."

It is gratifying, also, to note that the police are co-operating with the social workers, that the streets are kept clean, and charity is becoming wiser, while the personal influence of the charity visitor is steadily attaining a more helpful influence. But the effect of police work among houses of prostitution has had the same baneful result as in New York and other cities; the former inmates have taken refuge in boarding houses, so that the last state of the community is obviously made worse than the first.

The chapter on "social recovery" shows that great effort is being made through the establishment of clubs, unions, working institutes, model tenement houses, homes for working women, and the like.

"All this collective action is bringing about a transformation throughout the entire scheme of social improvement. It suggests that charity and philanthropy must gradually assume a wider form of organization. When the administration of charity, public and private, is largely in the hands of those who have experience of the struggle with poverty; when philanthropy, in the full sense, works with its constituency instead of for them; when undertakings, proved beyond

doubt to be for the general good, shall be either privately endowed, promoted by popular association, or assumed by the public,—the local district, so far as local influences can determine, will have passed beyond the stage of social recovery, and entered upon its normal corporate growth."

As Mrs. Campbell has suggested in the December Arena, the first essential is the reconstruction of views which necessarily attends the transition from college to college settlement, from the world of the theoretical outsider to the realm of the social worker. A new sense must be developed, followed by a new kind of co-operation, a working together of forces which shall reach the very heart of life in the slums and uplift it. The people everywhere need the practical optimism of the New Thought, that faith which shall help by appealing to the spontaneity, the natural kindliness one so often meets in such districts. Out of this association and sympathy should come a sounder philosophy, which shall start with just such a study as "The City Wilderness," with the unvarnished facts of social evil, poverty, and degradation; with the native kindliness exhibited in the tenement house and the saloon; with the aspirations of the poor mother and the ill-paid workingman, and connect this plane of life, this real, struggling world with the realms of ethics and reason. For sooner or later, the faith of the optimist, the ethical ideal of the moralist, and the technical system of the philosopher must undergo this severest of tests. If these ideals cannot withstand this test of closest contact with actual life, they must be modified; for ultimate philosophy neglects no facts, it is incomplete until it tells why suffering and evil exist, until it unifies all phases of life, be it in the slums or in the Back Bay.

* * * *

**DR. HEBER
NEWTON ON
MENTAL
HEALING.**

In "Christian Science; The Truths of Spiritual Healing and Their Contribution to the Growth of Orthodoxy" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 16mo, paper, 78 pp., 25 cents), the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton has made the best

statement yet published of the contribution of mental healing to the teaching of the church. Dr. Newton deems the practice of mental healing a rediscovery of long neglected aspects of Christian doctrine. He accordingly pleads for it, and supports his argument by abundant references to the Bible and to current psychological literature. His forcible words should do much toward breaking down the barriers between orthodoxy and the New Thought. But it is unfortunate that Dr. Newton, while really arguing for mental healing in general, and especially for the rational phase of it known as the New Thought, should employ the term "Christian science," nowadays synonymous with the fanaticism and exclusiveness of a sect whose doctrines Dr. Newton emphatically rejects. In the minds of the general public these two doctrines have long been confused, and the progress of rational mental healing greatly retarded in consequence. It is, therefore, a matter of justice to apply the term "Christian science" only to the teaching of Mrs. Baker Eddy, head of the sect of that name, so that the New Thought may not be charged with irrational doctrines to which it does not in the least subscribe. Realizing the necessity of defining the difference between Christian science and the New Thought, the Metaphysical Club of Boston has recently issued a leaflet in which the separation is thus made:

(1) Christian scientists find their authority, not only external to themselves, but centered in one person. While theoretically claiming an impersonal, spiritual, and even divine guidance, practically it is the strict and literal interpretation of one individual. In the broader philosophy, authority is centered in no person or system, each seeker for truth being guided by his own loftiest ideal. Persons, books, and other objective aids may be suggestive and helpful, but never authoritative. That must be spiritual, internal, the divinity within, which is the subjective Christ. (2) Christian science proclaims the unreality of matter, and of the body. The rational and broader thought, not only admits the validity of the body, but claims that it is as good, in its place, as the soul or spirit. (3) The spirit of Christian science is autocratic rather than democratic. Its polity and ritual, in every

detail, are shaped and directed arbitrarily by a single will. There is no room for investigation, liberty of thought, progress, or further revelation. There is no recognition of related physical science or evolutionary progress. The broader mental philosophy welcomes truth from whatever quarter, sees good in everything, and utilizes a practical idealism. It is entirely optimistic, and teaches no fear, whether of malicious animal magnetism, or any other possible force.

H. W. D.

* * * *

In a tastefully gotten-up and well-printed volume of convenient size, under this title, **MYRON REED'S TEMPLE TALKS** the late Myron W. Reed had collected fifteen of the addresses delivered by him before the Broadway Temple congregation in Denver (12mo, cloth, \$1.00. Bowden, Merrill & Co., Indianapolis). Myron Reed's sermons were always brief and pointed, seldom occupying more than a half-hour in delivery, and he seems in many cases to have reduced their limits still further in the published form. Not only are the talks brief in themselves, but each talk is made up of short, crisp, epigrammatic sentences. There is nothing pretentious about the style of these talks. It is adapted to the subjects treated; plain, straightforward, even homely in its appeal to the average man. The book is dedicated to "All sorts and conditions of men," and these titles of some of the talks sufficiently indicate their wide range of interest: "The Evolution of the Tramp," "A Return to Nature," "Socialism," "Decoration Day," "Francis Schlatter," "Suicide," "Poetic Justice," "Literature of Power," "Wendell Phillips," "Easter," "Night, and Sleep, and Rest." The last-named was published more than a year ago, with appropriate illustrations, in *The Cosmopolitan*, and then attracted wide attention for its remarkably fine literary quality. Throughout the talks the old Puritan ideal of "plain living and high thinking" is suggested by the heights and depths of this preacher's thought, which find expression in words that speak from the heart and to the heart.

The reader will be struck with apparent digressions from

the subject of a particular talk as he goes on, only to find, as he comes to the end, that the apparent digressions are nearly related to the dominant thought in each instance. One is tempted to fill pages with quotation of marked passages, and let them speak for themselves as to the author's rare quality. In his talk on "Socialism" he says: "The Arena has gone quickly to the front because it recognizes the signs of the times. The word 'socialist' does not scare anybody now. . . . More than half the literary men of our day are socialists. . . . I think, perhaps, one in one hundred of the preachers of the country have quit their ignorant noise about the 'red flag of socialism.'" In "A Return to Nature" he says: "After living in restaurants and hotels year after year, one likes to bite into a crab-apple or raw turnip, and chew winter-green leaves." In another place: "The most implacable judge is the man who has never thought, never read, never traveled, never failed, never sinned. He is the man who never has a doubt. He has not working brains enough to arrive at a doubt. Doubts are in his way; he has not journeyed far enough to come up with them."

Discussing "The Evolution of the Tramp": "The American tramp came in the same day the American millionaire was born. One of them will kill the other, unless an intelligent society peaceably disposes of both." And again: "If the present social system is right, then there is an overproduction of mankind." And is not this a true touch: "The slouch and shuffle and unmanly front is not necessarily there because of the lack of brains, but rather the lack of a shirt will account for it." A world of experience, observation, sympathy, heart, and brain is revealed here. But the smile is soon chased away by the tragic tone of this plain speech: "The tramp is a product of our kind of civilization. He is a warning to us that our social system has failed."

Finally, as a taste of Mr. Reed's deep and true spiritual feeling, take these lines from the talk on Francis Schlatter:

"The best in us is weak and almost dead for lack of exercise. It is just beginning to dawn on a good many of us that

to get on in life, to make money, or position, or power of a vulgar sort, is not the chief end of living. — We begin to see that there is something real, and substantial, and eternal in the life of Jesus Christ. There has never been a time in the history of the race when so many people were dissatisfied with the things that are seen."

Despite his off-hand, epigrammatical manner of speaking, Mr. Reed is never flippant, and while his satire is brilliant and pointed, it is never unkind. His was a poet's soul, close to nature, feeling deeply, and in every passage there is an undertone of pathos which carries to the reader conviction of the man's deep earnestness and genuine sympathy with his fellows. Few sermons stand the test of cold type, but Myron Reed, least of any of our great preachers, was dependent for his effects on tricks of voice or gesture. On the platform he was almost devoid of the arts and graces looked for in the orator, and there was hardly a trace of the "personal magnetism" to which the power of Beecher, Blaine, or Bryan is often attributed. The style is the man, quite as distinctly in the printed page as in the spoken word. His knack was that of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way. This was sufficient to hold and sway thousands of hearers, Sunday after Sunday, year after year. It should also prove sufficient to attract and interest thousands of readers, now that his voice is stilled. Certainly those who read the present volume will await with whetted appetite the further volume of addresses left by Mr. Reed in the hands of his literary executor.

It is a book that may be taken up at any time, whether to beguile the tediousness of a railroad journey or for companionship under the evening lamp, and whether it is read through from cover to cover at one sitting or in many, it is sure to be turned to again and again, each reading bringing out new and fuller meaning.

P. T.



KATE FIELD.

Workers at Work Series, No. IV. (See page 517.)



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THE PAULIST FATHERS AND THEIR WORK.

IN recent years no subject has aroused greater attention among conscientious, zealous partizans of the Catholic Church in Europe and America than the charge that the work of the late Father Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, and his followers, was aimed at the "Americanization" of the Catholic Church. Is this charge confirmed by the non-Catholic missions of the Paulists? To answer this question, and give the non-Catholic reader anything like a correct idea of the work of the Paulist Fathers, and the charges made against them and their methods by the conservative Catholics of Europe, a brief review of the life of Father Hecker is necessary.

It will be easily seen how the early struggles of Isaac T. Hecker to adopt a religion that should satisfy his soul, defined his course after he entered the Catholic Church. The serious problems of life engaged his early attention. At the age of fifteen he addressed political meetings in the interest of the laborer. In the true sense of the term, Father Hecker was never a student, nor did he ever deserve the title of learned; but, from his early youth, until he settled upon Catholicism, he tested and set aside as unsatisfactory, as not the means by which he could accomplish the greatest amount of good in the world, almost every sect in the Protestant Church; he investigated Mormonism also. He was the soul of sincerity in his search after truth. His mother, of whom

he was most fond, was a Methodist, and never became a Catholic ; but this belief did not satisfy Isaac. He practised strict self-control, reducing the amount of his food to such a narrow limit that he, no doubt, injured his health ; perhaps sowed the seed that clouded his mental faculties, and caused him the most excruciating physical pain from time to time, during the last sixteen years of his life. But he found satisfaction neither in rigorous self-denial, nor in works of charity, fearing that vanity lay hidden in both.

The fact that so many of the most devout Catholics have been recruited from the Protestant Church seems to indicate that, for the zealous follower of Christ, the Catholic Church is the more satisfactory. Mother Seton, founder of the Sisters of Charity, was born and brought up a Protestant. In the labors of the church in which her youth and early womanhood were passed, she was an indefatigable worker. Her self-immolating soul was not content ; she became a Catholic, and was the first Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity. Mother Mabel Digby, Mother General of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who is now on a visit to the United States, is a convert ; Cardinals Manning and Newman were both converts. Father Hecker and the three other priests, Augustine F. Hewit, George Deshon, and Francis A. Baker, who first drew up and signed a program of rules for the congregation of missionary priests of St. Paul the Apostle, commonly called the Paulist Fathers, were all converts.

Father Hecker was an American, born in New York City, December 18, 1819. He was patriotic, proud of his native land. His first efforts to do good were attempts to purify politics. After many unhappy years of search, he had at last found peace in the Catholic Church. What was more natural than the desire thus to bless every anxious soul in the United States ? Both his faith and his patriotism were expressed in the sentence, — " America for Christ and his Holy Church." So firmly ingrained in the spiritual nature of the new priest were these wishes, that they were the cause of his leaving the Redemptorist Order, with which he was first associated.

The priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer (the Redemptorists), like most all orders of the priesthood, take vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. The American branch of the Redemptorists were, at the time Father Hecker was associated with them, and are still, directed by men of German extraction. Father Hecker wished to found a new house which should be the headquarters of the English-speaking fathers, where English was spoken in their home life, hoping thereby to make the place attractive to American novices who would one day be sent forth to do missionary work among non-Catholics. Fathers Walworth, Hewit, and Deshon approved of this plan; but the German fathers were opposed to it. Nevertheless, Bishop Bayley and Archbishop Hughes separately made application for such a foundation, which was refused by the superiors here and in Rome. The fathers who had espoused the English-speaking cause decided to send Father Hecker on a visit to the superior-general to plead their cause. His superiors decided that in this visit he had broken the vows of obedience and poverty. Father Hecker had borrowed the money with which to make the journey, and he had appeared before the superior-general without having first gained permission; both of these acts were decided to be against the rules of the order, and Father Hecker was expelled August 29, 1857. He was stunned and grieved, but he did not forsake his purpose to found a work that "would embody in its life what is good in the American people in the natural order, and adapt itself to the great wants of our people in the spiritual order." Permission to do this was granted on March 6, 1858. Father Hecker outlined his new society in the following words:

"So far as is compatible with faith and piety, I am for accepting the American civilization, with its usages and customs; leaving aside other reasons, it is the only way by which catholicity can become the religion of our people. The character and spirit of our people must find themselves at home in our church in the way those of other nations have done; and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic religion can make progress in our country.

"The form of government of the United States is preferable to Catholics above other forms. It is more favorable than others to the practice of those virtues which are the necessary conditions of the development of the religious life in man. The government leaves men a larger margin for liberty of action, and hence for co-operation with guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other government under the sun. With these popular institutions, men enjoy greater liberty in working out their true destiny. The Catholic Church will therefore flourish all the more in this republican country in proportion as her representatives keep, in their civil life, to the lines of their republicanism."

The Paulist Fathers are American by three titles. First: It is the only religious institute of clerics in the United States that is of American origin, the only order founded in this country. Second: All its first members are natives. Third: Its primary vocation is apostolic labor for the conversion of non-Catholics in this republic.

This is how and why the Paulist Fathers came to be.

The so-called "Americanizing" of the Catholic Church in the United States, which the conservative Catholics of Europe profess to believe "one of the greatest dangers that menaces the Church," did not consist in any attempt by the Paulist Fathers to abate one jot or tittle of any of the dogmas of the church. It is true that the Paulist priest takes no vow, but the founders of the order did not dream that they were thus casting away a single incentive to virtue. On the contrary, the aspirations of the Paulist are: first, personal perfection, which is the vital principle of all religious communities; and, second, zeal for souls, to labor for the conversion of the country to the Catholic faith by apostolic work. In his zeal and enthusiasm the Paulist Father considers that he will be held responsible on the judgment day for the soul of every person in his parish. The appreciation that Father Hecker had of the apostolic vocation of the order was expressed in these words:

"I do not think that the principal characteristics of our Fathers and of our life should be poverty, or obedience,

or any other special and secondary virtue, but zeal for apostolic works. Our vocation is apostolic ; conversions of souls to the faith, of sinners to repentance, giving missions, defense of the Christian religion by conferences, lectures, sermons, the pen, the press, and the like works ; and, in the interior, to propagate in men a higher and more spiritual life."

In such things as these did their lapse from the conservative consist. Every legitimate means that will bring them an audience of non-Catholics is made to serve the good cause. They believe largely in printers' ink. The best form in which they can use it, is deemed the voluntary support which the press, in the country through which they are passing, gives them. The priest may reach five hundred or a thousand with his voice, but the morning's paper carries his remarks to ten or twenty thousand. They also advertise their meetings, cover the walls with posters, and distribute hand bills generously. They believe in street preaching, nor do they despise a good "roasting" from the Protestant minister. If they chance to receive it, they say that some of the fair-minded in the dominie's congregation are sure to come to hear what "the other side" has to say. At these non-Catholic missions the Paulist Father makes use of no controversy or abuse. He has no harsh word in his lexicon for the Protestant, who is only his "separated brother," having by birth the same right to heirship in Christ's kingdom that the most earnest Catholic has. He has strayed from the fold, and it is the mission of the Paulist Father to win him back. To this end the Paulist Fathers have established in many parts of the United States non-Catholic missions, that is, missions for the conversions of Protestants, and all others who are not already Catholics.

At these meetings the subjects are chosen from the main points of doctrinal difference. The priests are always willing to answer any question their audiences may ask. A question-box is put at the door, into which any one may drop such questions as he desires instruction upon. The fathers say that the questions are seldom frivolous, being generally upon such subjects as the confession, the sale of indulgences, why

priests do not marry, Romanism and our public schools, the Catholic Church and the inquisition; to each one of which a sincere, reasonable answer is made. At close of the meetings, the fathers usually ask those who feel kindly toward them to come up and shake hands. Many do so. They are always glad to know that a Protestant minister is in the congregation. After one of these missions had been held for several days in one place, and the fathers knew that a Protestant minister had often been a listener, this minister came forward and shook hands with the priest, volunteering the statement that he found very little in the sermon to which he could not subscribe. The fathers distribute tracts and leaflets at these meetings, which they say are not alone read by those to whom they are given, but are passed along to some of their friends.

In the early days of the church, the apostles preached in the temples of the heathen, thus meeting them half way. The gilt eagle now seen in the Protestant Episcopal churches, was formerly a symbol of Jupiter, that ornamented the ancient Roman temples. The apostles reasoned that this brass image could not do the cause of Christ any harm, and that forcing their listeners to banish this token of their former idolatry, would more than likely give cause of offense, on account of which many would stay away from the preaching; since one must get a man's ear before one can reach his heart and brain.

Following the same line of reasoning, the Paulist Fathers make use of the village schoolhouse and the town hall, even in preference to a Catholic church. They are particularly anxious to reach non-Catholics, and the latter naturally feel more at home in the schoolhouse or town hall, than in a strange church. In these services, congregational singing is also encouraged, and such familiar songs as "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" are sung.

From the beginning, the Paulist Fathers earnestly took up this work of preaching. When only three could be spared, these three priests traveled through Canada and the United

States; and from 1858 to 1865, when the death of one of them temporarily suspended their work, they had preached in eighty-one missions, delivered uncounted lectures and special sermons, and received into the church hundreds and hundreds of converts. From 1870 to the present time, they have given nearly one thousand missions: they have carried on unrelenting warfare against the drink habit and the custom of treating in saloons. To them is also attributed the organization of the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America." Missionaries to preach the faith to non-Catholics have been set at work by the bishops of the dioceses of New York, Grand Rapids, Baltimore, Wilmington, Charleston, Brooklyn, Richmond, Wheeling, Kansas City, Dallas, Galveston, San Francisco, North Carolina, Pittsburg, and Cleveland.

Thus far the Paulist Fathers have not been able to find time for much street preaching. But it is probable that in the near future a great work in that line will be organized by them. Father Walter Elliott, a Paulist missionary, said:

"I arrived at one of the cities in which we were to give a non-Catholic mission one Saturday afternoon. I walked through the main street of the town, and at the busiest corner found the Salvation Army at work. A big bass drum, two or three tambourines, and a cornet which seemed to lack a musician, was the martial music of the little squad. There were about eight of them, men and women, all joining in the songs and clapping hands, all looking happy. But what they said while I was listening was trivial, and what they sang was not well sung. Their leader's accent was cockney, and their whole demeanor was English, though doubtless nearly all had been recruited in America. But, I said to myself, if these religious curiosities are able to catch and hold the street people, how much better should the true soldiers of the cross succeed. The Salvationist movement is almost a total failure in the smaller towns. But it is entitled to this success: it should cause some of the bishops and priests to open an out-of-door apostolate.

"This country has now a street population of great size. These souls can be effectually reached only where they spend their leisure—in the streets and squares of the cities.

If a bishop and one or two able priests would start street preaching, assisted it might be by one or two competent men and women of the laity, the results would be marvelous. Some of us little dream that there is a distinct class of street people, grown in the late years to many thousands, in the great centers of population. They live on the street as much as the climate will allow. They read their penny papers on the streets. They are taught by their petty leaders on the streets; the street is a roomier place, a freer place, and just as clean a place as where they are supposed to live, but where they only sleep. When the Catholic Church takes to the streets with its representatives high and low, it will reach these street people, and not before. They are not all bad; many are fairly instructed Catholics, and these would secure a respectful hearing from the others, but that is certain anyway. And meantime our highly educated and zealous priesthood would not only save multitudes of perishing souls, but revolutionize for good, that class which at present is often a menace to public order, and is addressed on religious topics exclusively by men and women who play soldier and beat bass drums."

Would this advice that is given by Father Elliott be deemed one of the features of that "Americanizing" of the Catholic Church that is considered by Charles Maignen, author of "*Le Père Hecker, est-il un Saint?*" as "one of the greatest dangers that menaces the church"?

If so, will Père Maignen also condemn the saviour of men that he preached his greatest sermon on a mount—probably garbed in the coarse raiment of a Galilean peasant, stained with the dust of travel, instead of going to a temple and donning the costly robes of a priest? Who can doubt that those who listened to Jesus comprised a mixed multitude, the greater portion of whom came to hear him simply out of idle curiosity, but many of whom it is hoped went away with hearts warmed by the purity and beauty of his teachings? Did not Jesus himself go one step farther, more nearly approach the dangerous borderland of sensationalism, when he wrought the miracle with the loaves and fishes, through his compassion for the tired, hungry multitude who had listened to his words?

That the Catholic Church is growing in the United States beyond what can be accounted for by birth, or the arrival of emigrants from Catholic countries, is a fact established by statistics; that the Paulist Fathers have done more than their share of bringing these converts into the church is another fact that can be established in the same way.

"*On connaît beaucoup moins les paulistes en Amérique qu'on ne croit les connaître en France depuis la publication de la Vie du P. Hecker.**" It must be confessed that "The Life of Father Hecker" created a great sensation in France, and brought the Paulist Fathers and their work to the attention of thousands of people who would otherwise have known little or nothing about these missionary priests of the United States. There are no statistics upon which to base an intelligent opinion as to the extent to which the work of the Paulists is known in France; but if the assertion made by Père Maignen be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the Paulist Fathers and their work must be very well known in France; for there is not a shadow of doubt that, considering the fact that the order was founded in 1858 by four men, the Paulists are best known of any order of the Roman Catholic, or any other clergy, in the United States. This familiarity with the work of the Paulists by the general public in the United States is due to several causes, but it is probable that their most powerful ally is the press, which has, no doubt, from a spirit of Americanism, approved of, and endorsed them. This includes editors and writers who would not blush when pleading guilty to the impeachment of being "*Yankees dégagés des institutions incidentelles du passé.*"†

In conclusion, what has been accomplished by the Paulist Fathers during their short existence as an order? Their crusade against intemperance has been briefly touched upon, also their missionary work. The corner-stone of their present headquarters at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City, was laid by the late Archbishop Hughes,

* "*Le Père Hecker, est-il un Saint?*" p. 73. † *Ibid*, p. 85.

Trinity Sunday, June 19, 1859. The house was completed and blessed November 24 of the same year, and the chapel was dedicated the following Sunday. The Paulists were then constitutionally and materially established. That part of the city was then a mere suburban wilderness, and Father Hecker called his territory "Shantyopolis." The most eloquent and learned of the Paulist Fathers were put forward to preach the sermon on Sunday at high mass; and these priests were commanded to make careful preparation for this sermon. The result was, that crowds of Catholic and Protestants were drawn out to this service. They introduced the Gregorian chant; they have trained choirs of boys and men; and also encourage congregational singing. Their church was noted for rubrical exactness in ceremonies, and for the splendor of its decorations on the occasions of great feasts.

The Paulist Fathers started "The Catholic World" in April, 1865. This publication is universally acknowledged to be one of great literary merit, as well as an influential representative of Catholic doctrine and rights before the American people. The next year, the Catholic Publication Society was organized. It struggled along for a time, then the work was discontinued; but out of its ruins the "Catholic Book Exchange" was started, which is now issuing tracts, pamphlets, and books on a purely missionary basis. The Exchange founded "The Young Catholic," an illustrated bi-weekly for children, in 1870. In 1892 a publishing department of their own was inaugurated, through which are now issued all the publications mentioned above; also "The Missionary," a sixteen-page illustrated quarterly, which was started in March, 1896.

The members of "The Catholic Missionary Union" are pledged to the support of non-Catholic missions. Five hundred dollars will support a missionary priest for a year, one hundred dollars will supply him with missionary literature, twenty-five dollars will pay the expense of a week's mission, and ten dollars will rent a hall. The magnitude of the task undertaken by the Paulist Fathers, suggested by the sen-

tence, "America for Christ and his Holy Church," can be appreciated when it is known that there are only thirty-five of the fathers, while the non-Catholics in the United States, not to mention British America, number about fifty-eight millions. But they are applying themselves with a single-minded devotedness, and are marching forward. When one considers their small number, the work they have accomplished seems little short of a miracle. The appreciation of their labors has materialized in good United States gold coin, or they never could have achieved one-tenth of what they have done. They have found friends and supporters in high places, and have been, and are, appreciated for their talents, their zeal, and last, but by no means least, for their patriotism, their "Americanism."

Father Francis B. Doherty, a member of the Congregation of Saint Paul, in San Francisco, was the priest chosen by our government to go to the Philippines. Father Doherty proved to be a good adviser, earning the thanks of those in authority; he was attacked with a mild form of the fever, and, as his mission was ended, he was advised to return to the United States and recruit his health, an intimation being given him that he had proved his abilities for the field, and that our government would most likely be glad to secure his services in our new possessions in the near future.

No more patriotic sermons came from any of the pulpits in the United States during the fever heat of patriotism that moved the nation in the late war with Spain than those that were spoken in the churches of the Paulist Fathers. If there were any lukewarm Americans, they were not members of the Congregation of St. Paul.

Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, was a man of whom it might truly be said, as of the young man spoken of in the scriptures, in relation to his obedience to the commandments of God — "all these have I kept from my youth up."

The injustice of any remark that would indicate that his faith wavered, as death drew near, would seem so apparent as

not to need a denial. Had he completely repudiated his faith, and the course which he had pursued during his life,— he endorsed both by the last act of his life, which was to raise his hand and murmur a blessing on the little community of men he was leaving behind him to carry on his work — rash, indeed would be that man who should dare to condemn him. At the age of fifty-three, Father Hecker's health gave way, his brain was more or less affected, his physician ordered him to go abroad, and thus, separated from his work, get a complete change and rest. He suffered for sixteen years before he died, many times the most severe physical pain, and during all that time he was never unconditionally sound in mind. Surely if, during this time, his shattered brain, that tired so easily, and could not grasp a complex thought, found at once rest and occupation in a return to mending clocks, the occupation of his boyhood, what was there in that to detract from the holiness of his life, or his eligibility to the title of a saint?

All the trouble about the Paulist Fathers is of political origin, and shows the jealousy felt by the conservative Catholic clergy of Europe — who depend upon the government for their salaries — concerning the American priests who — there being no union of church and state among us — depend upon the generosity of their parishioners. These timid ecclesiastics in Europe scan with a microscope the utterances and writings of the American priest, in search of heresies. They profess to have discovered a mare's nest of this kind in the writings of Father Hecker, on the subject of faith.

The prosperity of the church in the United States, the manly independence of the priests, has made the priests (in Europe) green with envy. They could not, of course, come right out and say, "we do not want you to accomplish things in that new Protestant country, that we cannot accomplish in our old Catholic country; you are nothing but babies; you should let us show you what to do." It would be a piece of work which they are ashamed to father: so they make use of a subterfuge and try to get Rome to do it for them, by trumping

up a cry of "Americanism," which they pretend to believe is doomed to send the Church of Rome to destruction.

Our war with Spain fanned the fears of the European priests. They now know that all the priests in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, should these countries become colonies of the United States, will get no money from the government. The Spanish priests will have the *privilege* of returning to Spain. If they remain under our government, they must work for bread and butter, as all good, honest Americans are proud and glad to work.

The spiritual side of the Church of Rome, its dogmas, are of course its first care; next to this, the financial and political interests are looked out for. The dignitaries of the church are advanced in recognition of their various talents. Some of the priests devote themselves exclusively to theology, watching carefully that no heresies are preached, others watch the educational publications — school books — and yet others betake themselves to politics, to see that the lawmakers are just to Catholic-American citizens.

Archbishop Ireland is a born politician. The Paulist Fathers in their temperance crusade and other matters, received the Archbishop's hearty endorsement and friendship. An archbishop must visit Rome every ten years. It happens that this visit of the Archbishop falls upon a time when he can tell his side of the story to the Holy Father. He has evidently got his innings, for the Pope has already indicated his approval of this so-called "Americanism."

No intelligent American Catholic wishes a union of church and state, for it is more than evident that they are better off as they are. Nor do they wish a division of the public-school money. They recognize that they have not only been treated justly, but that generosity has been shown them by the Protestant majority; their orphan asylums, homes for the aged, reformatories, and other institutions receiving a full and generous share of the public money. Although many of them are foreign born, they are loyal American citizens, and they would resent an insult to the land of their adoption, as quick as they would one to their faith.

The Abbé Maignen's book, "*Le Père Hecker est-il un Saint?*" is resented by Catholics as a deliberate insult to our country; an insult made pertinent by the attitude of France towards us during the Spanish-American war.

It is evident, however, that Père Maignen will obtain little or no hearing for his attempt to teach the American Catholic his duty to his country, or to the Holy See.

RUTH EVERETT.

New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Since the above article was written, an encyclical addressed by the Pope to the American bishops has been published. In this document, referring to the controversies that have arisen over Father Hecker's book, the Pope carefully distinguishes between the doctrinal aspects of the new theories and the questions of practical discipline. He strongly urges the impossibility of any change in the former, while admitting that the necessity has always been recognized and acted upon by the church, of adapting certain points of discipline to the requirements of the times. It rests with the church, however, and not with individuals, to determine how and when any such adaptations can be made.

The Pope is careful to say that he by no means repudiates all true progress of modern thought and civilization, which he welcomes as conducive to human prosperity, but for it to be really useful it must not lose sight of the authority and the teachings of the church.

He reminds Americans of what they owe to the religious orders, both active and contemplative, and concludes by saying that, if by "Americanism" is meant the peculiarity of laws, customs and characteristics that are found in America, as in every nation, he does not see any reason against its expression; but if by the word is meant the errors he condemns in his letter, he is convinced that the American Episcopate will reject the term as injurious to themselves and the whole nation, "for it would be a bad conclusion that the church in America was different from what it is in other countries." The correspondent in Rome of the London "Times" writes that the Pope's letter is generally regarded as a qualified condemnation of Father Hecker's doctrines. It is evident, from the tone of the encyclical, that the influences brought to bear upon the Pope, throughout his consideration of this important question, have been those which for historical, philosophical, and political reasons are necessarily most opposed to the spirit of the American Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, from which Father Hecker drew much of his inspiration. Nevertheless, it would be erroneous to suppose that the letter condemns, or even directly affects, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, or the other enlightened prelates who have so largely contributed to the spread of Catholicism. This being the case, it is clear that the letter strengthens rather than weakens the position of the American prelates whom the twelve months' intrigue of French and Italian ecclesiastics was intended to overthrow.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

A SYMPOSIUM.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—With the extension of the American system over Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, and the consequent addition of nearly ten millions of people of the colored races to our population, the negro problem, with which we have been wrestling almost from the beginning of our national existence, rises to commanding importance. The alleged failure to solve this problem in our own southern states is urged by many as an argument against the policy of expansion. Most opportunely for the anti-expansionists, the recent riots in North Carolina and South Carolina have focused attention freshly on the difficulties and dangers arising out of the clash between whites and blacks incident to our present treatment of this problem. The south has long since fully and finally adjusted itself to the abolition of chattel slavery; but to the political enfranchisement of the negro the white population is now, after more than thirty years' experience, as emphatically and violently opposed as ever. It is well that the question should be brought up and examined calmly and reasonably, putting aside the prejudice and passion which heretofore have unfortunately played too large a part in the attempt at its adjustment. Yet, through these very experiences in attempted solutions of the negro problem, the Indian problem, and the Chinese problem, we are coming into new, vivid, and intense realization of a larger problem. As through fire and blood, poverty and struggle, the whilom slave owners of the south have come into broader understanding of the evils of slavery and the blessings of freedom for white and black alike, so this dominant Anglo-Celtic race of ours is preparing for its grand mission of human enlightenment and redemption. We are slowly learning the soldier's first lesson, that "he who would command must first learn to obey." We are finding out that the foes most formidable to our peace, security, and happiness are those of our own household still to be conquered—the lust of power, lust of possession, lust of gold, the lust of the flesh. We are learning that no question is settled until it is settled rightly; that Right after all makes Might, and that the only weapons that are "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds" are spiritual, not carnal.

The race problem is, indeed, solving itself in just such demonstrations of the fallacy and injustice of race and color distinction as are afforded by the scholarly and thoughtful articles contributed by colored men to the present symposium. It can only be solved, it seems to me, by leaving the question of color entirely out of account, and so according to the negro his place as a man, in politics, industry, the trades and professions. He should be judged in America surely, as he is judged in England and France, i. e., as having neither more nor less right than a white man to recognition, social or political. Character, rather than color, should be the criterion.

In the opening article of the series, Bishop Holly gives us some hint of an element in the negro character new to most readers, perhaps, but immensely suggestive in its importance. Enjoying the privilege of this writer's friendship, and knowing him to be a prelate endowed with intellectual and spiritual gifts of the highest order, knowing also his rare psychic development, I feel that what he says as to the negro's spiritual side and spiritual mission deserves thoughtful attention.

Prof. W. H. Councill, Ph.D., who contributes the second article, is also one who in his chosen field as an educator asks no consideration on account of his color, but, standing on his character and achievement, will bear comparison with scholars of any color. For many years he has been president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Normal, Ala., an institution in which his breadth of mind, thorough training, and distinct executive ability have wrought results of lasting and widespread good to his race and to humanity.

Mr. J. Montgomery McGovern, the writer of the third article, although not a southerner by birth, is a New York journalist who has lived many years in Georgia, in daily contact with the negroes of that section, having in fact been engaged as a teacher in colored schools, and worked among the negroes for years in various southern states. His views are the results of experience and unprejudiced observation, and therefore valuable. Less sympathetic, perhaps, with the aspirations and convictions of the more thoughtful of the negro leaders,—but not less sincere and earnest—are the views of Mr. McCurley, who, after thirty years' residence in the south in close association with the negro, and, writing from the perspective in time and distance of several years lived in the north, starts with the premise that the negro is, and must ever be, hopelessly inferior to the white.

Booker T. Washington, whose paper closes the discussion, was pronounced the most eloquent speaker, black or white, in America, the day after the oration at the Chicago peace jubilee, where he followed such orators as President McKinley, Archbishop Ireland, and Senator Mason. More than orator, he is the creator and working head of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, an educational experiment which in results already actualized has aroused the attention of thoughtful educators the country over, furnishing lessons which the whole country must profit by, if the product of the average high school and college is not to fall below the Tuskegee standard in its training of young men and women for practical work in the world. — EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

I. THE ORIGIN OF RACE ANTAGONISM.

THE last important massacre of negroes in North and South Carolina, began the latest of a series of massacres in the southern states which, with the emancipation of the slaves, and the recent uprising of the Chippewas

in the northwest, together with the colonial conglomeration of other undeveloped races in the islands of the Pacific, under the supremacy of the American Union, have given rise in many minds to the question how the problem of the antagonism of various races dwelling together under the same government can be satisfactorily solved.

This question is not one that has come upon the tapis in our days. It goes back to the dispersion of the human race from the plains of Shinar, when

God drove asunder and assigned to each its lot.
Ample was the boon he gave to all ;
And bade them dwell in peace.

This fact an inspired apostle, standing in the Acropolis of Athens and addressing the Areopagi of Greece, beautifully set forth by declaring that God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth ; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation ; for the purpose that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he is not far from every one of us : for in him we live, and move, and have our being : as certain of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring."

To the same effect, the great Hebrew legislator had said, fifteen centuries previously : "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance."

The sum of all this inspired teaching is to the effect that there should be no autocratic master or universal ruler of the nations of the earth, but only our Father. But as an enemy to God and man intruded into Eden and broke up the domestic happiness of the first human family, so there has been an enemy who has broken up the social, moral, and religious happiness of the nations.

A noted politician of the third French Republic, in seeking

to identify this disturber of the peace of nations, has said : "*l'ennemi, c'est cléricalisme.*" This expression is proof that he was on the right track of the enemy ; but he had only discovered one-third of the truth respecting the character of that enemy. The enemy that has blasted the happiness of nations and debased the multitudinous peoples of the earth is Imperialism, a triple-headed Cerberus, which has a political and a financial head, as well as a clerical one.

Nimrod, a Cushite negro, was the head of political imperialism ; and all the would-be world conquerors down to Napoleon are his lineal successors. The universal religious supremacy of the papacy is the head of clerical imperialism, that cropped up on the ruins of the fourth so-called universal empire. The head of financial imperialism emerged to view with the colonial system adopted by the nations of Europe, after the discovery of the new world.

Political imperialism frustrated the gracious designs of Almighty God to bless all the nations of the earth, by the promise made to Abraham during a period of nineteen hundred years, reaching to the divine mission of Christ.

Clerical and financial imperialism have succeeded in paralyzing the glorious promises of the gospel. The apostasy of Judaism helped political imperialism in its nefarious work ; and a similar apostasy of ecclesiastical Christianity has powerfully aided the infamous designs of clerical and financial imperialism. Hence, our savorless ecclesiasticism can do nothing, through its manifold divisions and sectarian rivalry, to solve the race problem. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, has recently borne unequivocal testimony to this effect in an address to his diocesan conference, discussing the present religious outlook of the world.

The political and financial outlook of the world is still more dismal and hopeless. Colonel Ingersoll, the distinguished atheistic philanthropist (the Voltaire of the nineteenth century, and prophet-forerunner of a cataclysm far more dreadful and universal than that which broke out at the end of the eighteenth century), has clearly shown that the public policy

pursued by the nations of Christendom is that of refined cannibalism, and more destructive of the human race than that of the savage tribes. Mr. Dawson confirms this view of the social outlook in a recent book on man-eating.

It is said, that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar. In like manner, if you remove the thin veneering of so-called Christian and civilized nations, you will find under it a horde of savages glorying in the wholesale assassination of human beings by armies and navies, armed with the most murderous weapons of sanguinary warfare. Hence such nations are absolutely incapable of solving the problem of the antagonism of races, so as to establish peace among them, except by the utter extermination of the weaker by the stronger bestial race! Therefore, it is the merest madness and folly to think that the United States,—run as they are by politicians of the worst type, who themselves are but the tools of great soulless financial corporations used to corrupt the legislative, executive, and judicial fountains of government,—ever can solve the problem of the antagonistic races gathered under the American banner, except by the stronger brute-force of wholesale assassination.

But is there to be no adequate solution of this problem? And if there is to be, when and where shall we look for it? Yes, there is to be a triumphant solution of this race problem which shall be in every way satisfactory. It will be through the shock of the most awful social cataclysm that has ever taken place on this earth. This is the dark cloud of pessimism. But the golden-tinted auras of the kingdom of God are just behind that black cloud. This is optimism. The one depends upon the other, in working out the regeneration of our race. The night precedes the morning in the genesis of creation. The prophet in his lonely watch-tower proclaims the coming of the night as well as the approach of the morning of regeneration.

This hydra-headed imperialism, which has tyrannized over the destinies of humanity, has a period assigned to its infamous sway; known in scripture as the time of the Gentiles. The

period covered by those "Gentile times" touches at its end. The divine power of Almighty God to crush out this hideous anti-christianism is now making itself felt by the muffled steps of the approaching "thief in the night." This silent tread of the footfalls of the Almighty Deliverer are heard all around us in occult psychological power now being developed everywhere among those who march in the vanguard of the human race. By the continual influx of this power from above, the hyena traits of the organized murderers of humanity will be eliminated; and then high-placed politicians (I will not call them statesmen), like Lord Salisbury, will no longer look upon the brutal fact that the stronger nations, like birds of prey, must, as a matter of course, fatten upon the carcasses of decaying nationalities.

Under such a benign influence descending from above, and in this way only, will the problem of race antagonism be satisfactorily and definitely solved. Each and every nation and people will then be directly under the government of the Lord and his Christ.

JAMES THEODORE HOLLY.

Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

II. IS THERE A NEGRO PROBLEM?

Public speakers, newspaper and magazine writers are constantly telling us about a negro problem, which, they say, is to be solved by the people of this country, especially by the negroes. The precise nature of this problem cannot be ascertained from these speeches and writings. Sometimes we are told that a certain school or religious denomination is solving the problem, or that the negroes in a certain locality are buying lands, adorning their homes, and thus settling the question.

Does this mean that the capacity of the negro for education and citizenship is problematical? The negro fought in three wars for the flag of the Union. This gives ample evidence of patriotism and citizenship. Many masterly produc-

tions in prose, poetry, science, and history have solved the question, so far as his capacity for learning is concerned.

Is the negro's religious sense on trial? Of all the races which have come within touch of Christianity, the negro has most readily accepted it. The negro nature fits into Christianity as the nature of no other race does. The Christianity of Jesus Christ is purely a spiritual, peaceful religion. The negro is spiritual and non-combative. Some day he will give an interpretation to the religion of Jesus of Nazareth which will make the "more favored races" open their eyes to grander things. Appeal to his deep emotion, light up his soul, illumine his ethics by the lamp of reason and learning, and he will snatch from the altars of heaven new firebrands of eternal truth, and fill the world with God's love. He sings in tribulation, he sings in joy as no other race sings, for he is filled with spiritual power which looks far beyond the things of sense to the God of spirit and love.

Is it doubted that the negro can labor? His industrious hands have amassed billions for the white man of the south, and millions for himself. Our eastern white friends have also reaped millions through the labor of the negro. Many of our dearest friends still enjoy a part of the vast wealth which the slave trade, directly and indirectly, brought to New England. Slavery came to the south as an inheritance, or the south was the field of eastern experiments in negro slave-labor, a market for New England capitalists who were in many ways indirectly interested in slavery and in pecuniary sympathy with it. I therefore conclude that of the two sections, so far as the profits accruing from slavery were concerned, New England was a greater sinner than the south. She dealt in slaves and with slavery, dealt in the fruits of human flesh for the profits alone, without sharing the burden of civilizing the negro, while at the south slavery became a burdensome institution. Therefore, let the east continue to send millions to the south for negro education.

The cotton production of the entire south in 1860 was 4,861,292 bales, weighing 461 pounds each, at an average of

11 1-8 cents a pound, in New York. This gave the south \$249,317,436. The south invested in slaves alone \$3,500,000,000. It is thus plainly seen that, basing the south's profits alone on her investment in slaves to produce the cotton, she received about 7 per cent. on her investment; while New England received over 28 per cent. net profit, and New England used only about 1,000,000 bales, one-fourth of the entire crop of 1860, the remainder being exported. In 1860 there were in New England 400 establishments, employing 100,000 white operatives, manufacturing southern cotton, the product of negro slaves, into batting, cordage, yarn, thread, bags, etc. New England had invested in this business \$89,000,000. The raw material and labor cost \$53,000,000. The annual value of the products of these establishments was \$78,000,000, making a profit of \$25,000,000 per annum. It is plain to see that these immense profits were due to the cheap material of slave labor.

The south recognizes in the negro the most available and trustworthy laborer, and the negro recognizes in the south his most favorable field, at present. A few days ago an ex-slave was given the contract for laying the entire brick sewerage system in a southern town of more than ten thousand population. There is no class of work which the negro cannot do. In discussing the availability of negro labor in cotton mills, the Charleston News and Courier says: "Colored men are employed now all over the south in mechanical pursuits, as carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, molders, engineers, etc. Colored women are employed as cooks, dress-makers, housemaids; and they do their work well. The finest French cooks at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf, cannot cook rice to compare with that prepared in the Carolina style, by an old-fashioned colored cook." "Why," asks the News and Courier, "should a people who are skilled in the use of the needle, who help to build our houses and till our fields, who can play the piano and ride a bicycle, why should such a people not be able to learn to mind the machinery in a cotton mill?" It is quite certain that all this talk about the negro problem cannot refer to negro labor.

Does the negro lack fidelity? There is no truer heart beneath any skin than that which throbs beneath the black skin of the negro; he is true to friends, generous and forgiving to foes. I know of no element in noble human character which is not found in the negro race. Indeed, he has been placed under greater strains of conscience, and taxed more severely in honor and integrity, than any other race known to history. The south was very emphatic in its praises of negro fidelity, in the days when the country was prostrate in civil strife, and its defenseless women and children were committed to the care of the black men of the south. The northern soldier could always trust his life in the hands of a negro man, wherever found. Is there a single case of treachery or infidelity recorded against the negro? He would defend and feed his "ole mistress," committed to his charge; he would hide the cattle, food, and valuables in the hollows or thickets; then pilot the northern army around those hidden goods, safely through the mountains out of danger. There was a struggle between his sense of honor and his desire for freedom. He would rather have remained in bondage to this very hour than violated his sacred honor. Was ever human nature so taxed before? And north and south both praising him! Do the pages of history record greater heroism and fidelity?

He shed the first blood in the war for the independence of the American colonies. Noble Crispus Attucks fell on the spot where, sixty-five years later, the great William Lloyd Garrison, because he pleaded for the freedom of the descendants of Attucks, was mobbed by white men, the children of the white men for whom Attucks laid down his life.

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

The white race, to the last surviving member, must hide its face in shame when it remembers that mob in Boston in 1831.

The negro refused to follow Nat Turner. He refused to

follow John Brown to the slaughter of innocent and defenseless women and children. But when he had a legal opportunity to strike for liberty, two hundred thousand negroes marched beneath the stars and stripes, to lay down their lives on freedom's altars. Again, I ask, What is the negro problem?

A learned and distinguished divine of the east said to me, some years ago, "We at the north would think better of your race in the south, if you would use the shotgun more."

Is that the negro problem? Are those "puzzled" people waiting to see the negro resort to violence? If that is so, the negro problem will never be solved. The negro loves law and order. He does not use dynamite; he does not defy legal authority, trample down the rights of persons and property, nor fill the air with the red flames of riot and the agonies of death. If this is required to solve the negro problem, to gain the respect of white men, I would rather see all the negroes driven into the Gulf of Mexico, to go down beneath its surging waters, honest, guiltless men.

It is asserted that freedom came to the negro without any effort on his part. This statement has been uttered so often that the men who originated it, begin to believe it themselves. It is true that the negro did not butcher, he did not violate every law of holy religion, and fill the land with the blood and cries of the innocent and defenseless. He could neither be driven nor coaxed into crime. Yet he loved freedom, and sought it. Eliza Harris, with babe in arms, seeking freedom; negroes fleeing before the bloodhounds and shotguns, with the north star as their only friendly guide; negroes undergoing severest hardships and privations, escaping by way of the "Underground Railroad," all attest the love of freedom. But freedom was won only in the Christian way. When the world moves up in the scale of humanity, it will place the wreath of honor upon the negro's black brow for the lessons of peace and love which he has taught mankind.

The sword settles nothing. It can neither free people nor make them great. It is not the flash of the Babylonian

scimeter, which we see shining from the banks of the Euphrates, but the master minds which made Babylon the "mother of learning." It was not the glitter of Grecian spears and shields, which lit up all Europe, and has thence flashed across the Atlantic, but the brilliancy of Grecian intellect. Not Leonidas nor Alexander, but Homer and Socrates, who, more than twenty centuries ago, kindled the flame in Greece, which is still lighting the world of thought. Bunyan through the old gray walls of the prison, Milton through his sightless eyes, have sent more light into the world than all the military forces of the British empire. I note that where there has been the most bitter persecution, where wrong has been vanquished by the sword of truth, there the monuments are highest. He who scorns the peaceful, submissive spirit of my race, despises the noblest traits of Christian character. He who spurns me because I was a slave, despises that condition in which physical force has placed all of the best races in history, for the race which has never been enslaved has no history. Slavery by superior force is no disgrace to the slave. Slaves were the schoolmasters of Rome; her history, her poetry, her art, her science, her religion, were learned from them. And today the chivalrous, polite, hospitable southern white gentleman is the product of negro slave-teaching. The warm, genial companionability and fervor of the southern white man was drawn from his black slaves. The old "uncle" and the old "aunty" were Chesterfields in black. From black breasts the best blood of the South drew its life, for the richest and best men and women were reared, from the very hour of birth, by the black slave. The "little massa" and the "little missus" had no other companion. They drank in the very souls of their negro nurses. Did these negro women and men ever harm them? Did they teach those blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon children lessons of sin, or lessons of virtue? Let the Lees and the Jacksons, the highest types of noble manhood, answer from the tomb. Let the tender, beautiful queen of virtue, the goddess, the idol of southern manhood, the southern white woman of long

ago, answer from the heaven's deep blue above, and tell what my race did for her and her children. Regardless of how the white man's lust has preyed on the black woman's virtue, regardless of what violence the white man's avarice did to negro manhood, still the black man and black woman taught the white man's children lessons of truth, honor, and virtue.

I cannot understand all this talk about the negro problem. Perhaps we will understand some day, when truth shall be accorded a hearing, when all the memories of our hates, engendered by the manner of our liberation, shall have been drowned in the Red Sea of Christian tolerance and brotherly love, and the good things which we have done for each other glide, like heavenly messengers of sweet peace and love, into conscious view, and abide in our souls forever.

Unfriendly discussion, and ignorance of facts have placed the negro at a great disadvantage. A gentleman, high in position, and in the confidence and esteem of the American people, and who is, I believe, a friend to the negro, has fallen into the common error of writing without thinking, on the negro question. He sometimes calls the negro a ward of the nation, then treats him as a free element of a free people, and next compares him to an independent nation. It is plain that the negro cannot sustain, at one and the same time, all of these relations to the United States government. Comparing the negro with the Japanese, this distinguished gentleman says: "With a rapidity without a precedent, Japan has taken her place as an equal and independent nation; her rulers demand acknowledgment at the highest courts, and her ministers are officially the equals of their colleagues in every diplomatic corps. By internal development, without extraneous assistance, Japan has reached a degree of self-reliance, of self-control, of social organization, of respectable civilization far beyond what our African citizens have attained under physical, civic, and religious conditions by no means unfavorable." I cannot see that there is a single point of resemblance between the Japanese as an independent nation, developing national life, and the negro developing as a small

part of a mighty whole. Put the negro in Japan, and place the Japanese here in the midst of another race in a superior condition, towering above and drinking up the material and moral life from the under element, as the great oak does the vegetation under and near it, and then let the comparison be made.

But Japan has had an organized, independent government for two thousand five hundred years. Japan has drawn from Chinese civilization during Japan's whole life, and has been in touch with the highest Christian life of the Dutch, Portuguese, and English, as of Russia, Prussia, France, Italy, Austria, Greece, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland for more than five hundred years, having had six hundred thousand converts to Christianity centuries ago. She is today drinking of the fountains of thought of the entire world. She copies, imitates, adopts. All that there is about Japan, which is not "extraneous," is paganism. But it is neither wise nor profitable, even had I the time and inclination, to notice further these unjust comparisons, made often by our best friends. However, this kind of attack on the negro, places him in a bad light with the masses of the reading public, who will not take the time to investigate for themselves.

It is worth while, however, to notice the following summary of the antecedents of two races, made by the same distinguished authority above quoted: "Behind the caucasian lie centuries of educating, uplifting influences of civilization, society, the church, the state, the salutary effects of heredity. Behind the negro are centuries of ignorance, barbarism, slavery, superstition, idolatry, fetichism, and the transmissible consequences of heredity." If, in consideration of these facts and the present depressing conditions, the negro has done splendidly, what is the negro problem?

As a matter of fact, the white man has adroitly shifted the burden, and given it a misleading name. If the Anglo-Saxon-Jute-Frisnian-Norman combination known as the American white man, has climbed through the plodding centuries from his low origin, why should he doubt the capacity of any other

race? It is hard for a people who began so low, and now stand upon a throne of slaughtered races, with the blood of all nations dripping from their victorious daggers, to deal fairly, justly, patiently, with another people rising in their midst. But such is man. Today he is persecuted—tomorrow he persecutes. The early New Englanders ran from tyranny and persecution, only to be tyrants and persecutors in their turn. Power is a dangerous thing. It is often an unreasonable thing. It creates armies and navies to push forward its ambition, and calls into existence courts to sustain its error. Might becomes right.

As already stated, the unfair discussion of the negro has resulted in harm to him. The attempt to place him outside the circle of humanity has made men cruel to him. The masses, always ignorant and rash, have come to regard the negro as unworthy of humane treatment. The negro seldom gets an audience. He is misrepresented. He is slandered. His most manly appeal for fair treatment is put down as arrogance and impudence. All of this works immeasurable harm to him, and embitters an ignorant class of whites whose malice knows no bounds. The effort to show inferiority of race instead of inferiority of condition, has its deadly influence against the negro, even in the face of positive contradicting proof. The negro is accused of trying to "force social equality." This is always a strong card whenever vicious intelligence wishes to stir malicious ignorance to riot, notwithstanding that facts dispute this charge.

The negro has long since learned that neither state laws nor congressional enactments can make one man socially equal to another. The merit which must commend the negro to the favorable consideration of mankind must come from the negro himself. This charge of seeking social equality comes in very bad taste from the American white man who so soon forgets his sins, the violence committed upon thousands of negro women — poor, ignorant, defenseless. He forgets that one million, two hundred and fifty thousand of the negroes of this country are mulattoes, quadroons, and

octoroons — descendants of those savage negro women who began slavery here. This violence done to a powerless race, by a powerful people, must, by the immutable laws of God, be corrected sometime ; for a terrible penalty must follow a terrible crime.

Notwithstanding this one great wrong perpetrated upon my race, the negro is free of hatred toward the white man of this country. The man who hates the negro, or injures him on account of his color, is far beneath him. The man who hates the negro's condition and tries to lift him above it, may be his superior. The superior man, or superior race, is that man, or that race which does superior things to lift mankind to superior conditions. I have never found anything in my way but ignorance, either on my part, or on the part of any man with whom I have had association. When we all stand before the judgment bar of future righteous intelligence, Christian manhood will be the test.

In regard to that terrible crime for which some of the negroes suffer such horrible deaths, the better class of the negroes regret it deep down in their souls. Our mortification cannot be expressed in words. The cut is keen and deep. We crawl under the cankerous burden, and our souls cry out to God for remedy. We feel that no punishment is too severe for the guilty ones, who are a blot upon humanity. We would willingly throw our own bodies between these lustful, murderous fiends and their tender, innocent victims. We find ourselves almost apologizing for the rage which breaks forth in lawless executions and tortures, too revolting for this civilization. But we remember the law ! When we reflect that two wrongs do not make a right — when we remember that these crimes and their awful punishment cannot be corrected by more crime ; when we remember that the crime and its worst penalty at the hands of an enraged mob only blunt the conscience of the community and entail a legacy of crimes and criminals upon posterity — we lift our souls to God for light, for a heavenly messenger to point out the right path. The better element of the negro race is as

far from any sympathy with these fiends, as the better class of the white race is above sympathy with lawless white men. I doubt, however, the wisdom of torturous punishments, even by law. Without any philosophic inquiry into the cause of this lustful element in a race which heretofore, in this country, has been free from it, and which maintains such freedom throughout all other countries, I hold that there is an effective way of reaching this class of criminals and wiping out such crimes without debauching the moral sense of the community.

I doubt if present methods will succeed in curing the evil. The extermination of the entire negro race would not correct it. Such atrocious slaughter would so debase the participants, the demons in white skins would be so degraded, that negro fiends would be angels in comparison with them. Let us rather transmit to our posterity the spirit of justice, of obedience to law, of the sacredness of human life: a legacy of love for all mankind in all ages to come.

Strolling along a creek branch which runs through one of our small towns, I observed about a dozen sunny-haired, proud, manly-looking boys, pelting, with mud balls, frogs with their throats cut and strung up to tree limbs. Upon inquiry as to what they were doing, the boys promptly replied: "We are mobbing frogs." I shall never forget that scene. I shall never forget how my heart ached to see those noble looking boys with such debased ideas, hearts full of inherited cruelty, which in future years will break forth into riot, and turn to mobbing men. Every wrong perpetrated by the strong against the weak, every act of disregard for law and order, injures the youth of our land for hundreds of years. The elevation of the youth of all races of our republic is of greater concern than color of skin, political parties, or denominational affiliations. I am an ex-slave, and I would get down into the black mud of the earth on my strong right knee and place my strong right hand under the tender feet of the fourteen million white boys and girls of this country, and would lift them up. Then I would place my hand under the tender, bruised, bleeding feet of the two million negro children of

this land, lift them up, and say to the highest intelligence of the white man of the world, "If virtue, brains, and industry will place these by your side, by the grace of God they shall be put there."

In speaking of negro education in the south, the liberality of our kind northern friends, alone, is made prominent. This is a great mistake. While the generous north has given twenty-five million dollars for negro education, not a negro church or schoolhouse, of the thousands which dot the south, like oases in a desert, has been reared without contribution from the white south. In hundreds of cases the lands have been donated by white people. The army of negro ministers and the thirty thousand negro teachers in the south must attest the correctness of this statement. And the south, out of its weakness and poverty, has gone on giving, and continues to give, regardless of denominational lines. Its moral support in religion, education, and business has been the lever by which we have been raised. As babes in the hands of giants, could we have done so splendidly if the towering brain and moral force of the white south had been arrayed against us? The education most needed is that which shall take away prejudice and misrepresentation, and always hold in memory the good services which we have rendered each other. Unless we can thus educate the heart, our trained heads and hands will be but sharpened instruments of hate. Therefore, let us of the black south be fair with our neighbors and friends of the white south. We have too much in common to agree about and live for, to spend one moment in misrepresentation and abuse.

It is the business of our common schools, of our colleges, our universities, our religious institutions, our public prints, our public speakers, of our government itself, to lift up the three-fold nature of the youth of the land far above the negro problem, far above the caucasian problem, to the broad plain of Christian manhood.

W. H. COUNCILL.

Normal, Ala.

III. DISFRANCHISEMENT AS A REMEDY.

Nature has solved the problem of the Indian question by the practical extinction of that race, but as far as the negro is concerned, we are no nearer an adequate solution than we were a century ago. It is evident, indeed, that the responsibilities of the government are greater than ever, as the negro population is steadily increasing.

The great majority of the negroes are aggregated in one section of the country, and as nearly all legislation in regard to them has been made by the federal congress, the handling of the negroes has been attempted by men who have never been thrown into contact with the blacks, and whose knowledge of them is, therefore, purely theoretical. The consequence is, that laws have been made which would have answered well for the government of a white race, but which have failed signally to make of the negro a useful and law-abiding citizen. Congress does not apparently realize that the racial difference between the white man and the negro is much more radical than that between the white and the Indian, and that to attempt to place the negro on the same footing as the Anglo-Saxon and to govern him accordingly, is to attempt the unattainable.

The northerners felt that when, at the close of the Civil War, they had given the negro the rights of citizenship, and educational advantages equal to those enjoyed by the whites, they had done their full duty toward the colored race, and that social differences would soon adjust themselves. Many southern whites also shared this optimistic view. That was thirty years ago. Today, notwithstanding alleged statistics to the contrary, the negro stands practically at the same point, both in regard to mental and social attainments, that he did in 1865; for, while in some respects he has undoubtedly advanced, in others he has palpably retrograded.

The southern white man will tell you that the existing race condition is due solely to the negro's own fault; that while the white population of the south pays a trifle more than

ninety-five per cent. of the taxes which go toward the maintenance of the fund appointed for the education of the negro, the latter is too lazy and too stupid to benefit by the advantages which are not only offered, but urged upon him. On the other hand, the intelligent negro will tell you that while it is true that the government provides a public-school system for him, similar to that provided for the whites, yet he has no practical encouragement or incentive to study, for no matter what his mental attainments, he will never be allowed to occupy anything but a menial position in the community; that it is not indolence or incapacity on his part, but a sort of pride — the pride of an educated man forced to do work which he feels to be beneath him — which has prevented his taking advantage of his educational opportunities.

As is usual in such cases, the truth lies between these two extremes. The negro is lazy — particularly in regard to arduous mental application. His mind is to a certain extent like that of a child. While he is not slow to grasp the fundamental idea of a new subject presented to him — and indeed often surprises his teacher by his quickness of comprehension — he seems incapable of the steady application and plodding perseverance characteristic of the white mind — particularly of the Anglo-Saxon. He is easily discouraged, and his attention is apt to wander from one subject to another. It seems impossible for the average negro to continue a train of reasoning beyond a certain point; while his imitative faculty and power of perception are keen, his logical and reasoning faculties seem sadly rudimentary. Consequently, it is natural that he should attain a much higher degree of success in what may be termed the empirical studies than in those purely rational.

These statements are based not only upon my own experience in teaching the negro at the south, but also upon the statements that have been made to me by a number of my friends who have for years interested themselves in the practical education of the colored people. My experience has shown me that while at the start a negro child often shows ability quite

equal to that of a white child of the same age, yet, if the two children, one white and one colored, each of average intellect, are kept in the same class, in a short period the white child far outstrips the negro — at least in all those studies where diligent application and depth of thought are necessary for success.

There is undoubtedly much truth in the negro's statement that he receives little or no encouragement to strive for a higher education than the "three R's." His chief discouragement, however, is not from the white people of either the north or the south, but from his own race. The ambitious negro realizes that no matter what success he may achieve, and no matter what his mental attainments may be — acquired at the cost of hard-won battles against inherited weakness and instinctive tendencies — he will in the end be regarded by the rank and file of his own race as fit only for some menial employment. The greatest drawback to the negro's progress today is his lack of faith in the possibilities of his own race. A striking instance of this was afforded me when I was at the south a short time ago. In the Georgia town where I was stopping, there was a clever, well-educated, and remarkably intelligent young negro, who had recently received his degree of bachelor of laws, and been admitted to the bar of the state. When I saw him, he was evidently much discouraged that up to that time he had not received a single client, either white or colored. A short time afterwards, the young negro woman, who was employed as cook in my host's household, came to him with her tale of domestic woe, and asked his advice in regard to a suitable lawyer, in whose hands she could put the case in order to make application for a divorce. I was present when she sought my host in the library.

"Why not go to B——, the colored lawyer?" I suggested.

"Lawd, what does you take me for," replied the young woman, rolling her eyes in astonishment, "to think I'd done trust my case in the hands of a *nigger*? After I'd done spent all my money I wouldn't be no nearer a 'vorce than I

is today. No indeed, I'm goin' to some 'spectabel white lawyer."

Reasoning and argument in this case were vain as they were in the case of another negro woman who was advised to send for a colored physician—also a competent, intelligent man—for her sick child. The negro mother's reply to this well-meant suggestion was, "I wouldn't have no nigger doctor tech my chile; he'd kill her sure." Yet—I mention it as a further instance of the strange inconsistency of negro character—this woman, after trying several white physicians without success, sent for an ignorant old negro "hoodooer," or witch doctor, whose barbarous treatment caused the poor child's death!

As for the negro lawyer in the one case, and the negro physician in the other, I watched their careers and found that both in despair finally gave up the hope of winning even a modicum of success in their respective professions; the lawyer is now a barber's apprentice, the doctor a head waiter in a small local hotel.

Contrary to general opinion—and this is a matter to which I have given special attention—the educated negroes who come north fare but little better, either professionally or socially, than those who remain in the south. There are, of course, exceptions to all the rules I have mentioned, but they are, I believe, rare. Except in a few individual instances, negro education, as it has been attempted for the past thirty years, has proved practically a failure. But how could it have been otherwise than fruitless? To expect a man whose grandfather was a naked fetich-worshiping savage to have the same broad grasp of affairs, the same mental capacity as the "heir of all the ages," the Anglo-Saxon, whose ancestors for many generations have been civilized and educated, is not only ridiculous, but most unfair to the negro. Clearly our duty toward the negro, at present, is to attempt to educate him by methods radically different from those pursued in the past.

In regard to the political condition of the negro today—

particular the southern negro — it may be said of him, what has been said of the Russian peasant, the recently emancipated moujik, "He received his freedom before he was ready for it." In the case of the negro, this refers of course to his political freedom. It is my belief that the greatest mistake our government has made in the race question was in putting the ballot into the hands of the negro so soon after he was made a freeman. The colored man was thus precipitated into politics before he had an idea of the responsibilities of enfranchisement. Would it not have been infinitely better to have given the negro an opportunity of receiving instruction before he was given the ballot? Was it just to expect a man who had no previous knowledge of even the basis of civil government, who had never heard of the Constitution of the United States, and who did not know the bare meaning of the word "politics," to vote with judgment and discretion, or to be above the temptation of accepting a political bribe? I have found that to the simple mind of the average negro there is no more harm in voting for the man who promises the highest reward — whether it be in the form of money or offices — than there is in entering that occupation which promises most lucrative results.*

With all due respect for the white southern politicians, it must be admitted in fairness to the blacks that the political corruption which has been the disgrace of the south ever since the close of the war, has been as much the fault of the whites as of the blacks. The negro has been used as an instrument in the hands of unscrupulous white politicians for furthering the selfish ends of each. Too ignorant to understand the real significance of the issue, the negro has voted always on the side which offered the largest bribe, or whose representatives succeeded best in cajoling and flattering him.

The cause of many of the worst crimes of which the negro has been guilty within recent years may be traced primarily to election-day corruption. When, in order to control his

* This remark would apply with equal truth to the white voters of thickly populated urban districts in the north, and even to certain agricultural districts in Maine and in Michigan. —
EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

vote, the negro is taken into the embraces of the white man, when cheap corn-whiskey is used to befuddle his understanding — when he is truckled and catered to at the polls, and made familiar with dirty political manœuvering — then is it matter of wonder that the negro's head is completely turned? Naturally he overestimates his political importance, and thinks that rather than lose his vote, the white man will endure from him any amount of insolence and bad conduct; and, half crazed with the liquor to which he has been treated, he commits crimes and perpetrates outrages upon decency of which he was never guilty during *ante-bellum* days, nor would be today if he realized more fully the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

No one regrets more bitterly than the more respectable element of the southern white people that this system of bribery and corruption of the negroes should be the rule at the south today, but unfortunately this fact does not alter the existing condition of affairs.

A significant fact in this connection is, that the negro seems as ignorant of politics, and civil government, and United States history today, as he was thirty years ago, when he was first enfranchised. A case in point occurs to me. When at the south last winter, I noticed the negroes were unusually demonstrative in celebrating Washington's Birthday. I questioned a number of them in regard to their knowledge of the "Father of his Country," and as to their reasons for being so enthusiastic in their patriotic demonstrations. The almost invariable reply I received was, they "didn't know nothin' 'bout Misser Washington himself, but they didn't have to work that day, and jes' wanted to have a good time." A negro lad of average intelligence, who informed me that he was "goin' on sixteen," and had been attending school for five years, asked gravely: "Is Misser George Washington dead yet?"

With these facts in view, is it not a just conclusion that the three southern states in which the negro vote largely predominates — Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana —

have acted wisely in adopting measures to exclude the negro from the suffrage? It will probably be but a short time before the other states in the "black belt" — Georgia, Alabama, and Virginia, follow the example of the first three named. A bill is to be offered to the Alabama legislature, now in session, calling for a constitutional convention, the principal purpose of which will be to extend the disfranchisement method to that state. "We shall be recreant to our duty if we temporize with conditions which are pregnant with evil," said Governor Johnston in his message to the legislature.

Undoubtedly it would be wise to make enfranchisement an educational rather than a race qualification. This would keep from the polls the ignorant and irresponsible white man, and would not debar the educated and intelligent negro. Let the negro be deprived of the rights of citizenship, only until such time as he learns to exercise them with wisdom and discretion. The hope of being some day qualified to vote, would be an incentive to education and industry, which would no doubt prove of untold benefit to the negro race.

It is true that, if all the southern states unite in practically disfranchising the negro, even temporarily, it would be but fair that their electoral vote and representation in congress should be diminished accordingly, while that condition lasts; otherwise the political equilibrium of the nation would be seriously affected. But the south can much better afford to lose congressional representation, than to stand any longer under the burden of political corruption and rottenness, which has existed at the south, within recent years, on account of the indiscriminate negro vote.

But it is not alone to the south that this change would prove advantageous in the United States. Politics generally, would be benefited; for the negro vote being practically eliminated, there would no longer remain the necessity for keeping up the "solid south," which the white people of that section have maintained since the close of the war; for it has been kept merely as a bulwark against negro domination.

Normal political division and discussion would succeed, and the present morbid political situation be relieved.

The negro is neither the saint — particularly the martyred, oppressed saint — that he has been represented on the one hand, nor is he the devil that he has been painted on the other. When not under the influence of strong drink, or — far worse — the evil counsels of turbulent agitators, there is no more care-free, good-natured, happy-go-lucky creature on the face of the earth than the average negro. His virtues are as peculiarly his own as are his vices.

The responsibilities of the United States government toward the negro are great, for as the white man is responsible for the negro's presence in our country, so it is the duty of the white race to see that the colored people are properly provided for. The question which now confronts us is: What policy shall we pursue in the future, in regard to the negro, which will prove best both for his own welfare and the welfare of the country?

An apparently feasible solution of the problem has recently been suggested, which is, to petition the government to found a colony for the American negro on one of the Philippine Islands — or elsewhere in the new territory recently acquired — and to appropriate funds for the transportation thither of all the colored people now in the United States. This plan has been warmly advocated by those who have never come into personal contact with the negro. Theoretically the scheme is an excellent one, but those who from years of association, know the negro best, realize that the result would prove disastrous to his own future welfare, for it has been all too clearly proved that whenever left to himself the negro has reverted to a condition of primitive savagery — it being naturally easier to retrograde than to advance. Of this fact the present moral and social condition of Haiti and of Liberia are glaring examples. Even the negroes themselves — that is, the great majority of them — realize that the colonization scheme would prove utterly impracticable, and strongly oppose it.

As a child is sent to the kindergarten before he is sent to school—so let the negro be taught industrial pursuits before the attempt is made to force upon his undeveloped brain academical training. At present, law is to the average negro a vague and indefinite term, but let him be governed by prompt legal measures rather than by mob violence, and he will learn to respect the law, instead of defying it. Do not expect him to live up to a standard which is beyond his power to attain. To be just with him is to be lenient. Wisely and judiciously governed, there is no reason why the negro should prove the "impediment to national progress," that it has been asserted he is ; on the contrary, he will prove a good citizen, serving faithfully and well in the sphere for which he is suited by nature.

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IV. IMPOSSIBILITY OF RACIAL AMALGAMATION.

While the negro problem is of the most vital importance to the south, it is only recently that it has begun to be seriously regarded from a racial point of view by the thinking people of the north. Now that the war prejudice between the two sections has passed away, and a better social acquaintance is being made, the northern brother thinks of the situation of his southern brother, and sympathizes with him in his unfortunate surroundings, and is ready to discuss the matter dispassionately and assist in administering any remedy that would be humane in relieving the caucasian race in the south. As the situation now stands, it involves the very foundation of society ; yes, the principle of manhood, and the future of the south, and as there is greater cause for unity than ever before, the north should assist the south in solving the problem ; for it is no longer the "Negro problem in the south," but the problem of the Union.

In the absence of practical knowledge, Professor Willis

Boughton in the Arena for September, 1896, undertook to demonstrate that blood which flows beneath somber skins is of such superior quality that, when mingled with the blood of the whites, it subdues, purifies, and elevates, whether it comes from the impulsive arteries of the Arab of the desert, or from the sluggish veins of the man-eater of the jungle—the blacker the skin the better the blood for his purposes. He finds that the learned Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans owed their achievements to black blood. And coming to our own country and times, he says: "Perhaps this alloy of negro blood is an essential element in our race formation, and has been placed here by the Creator to be used in producing a people that shall, in its day, be as peculiarly gifted as were the Greeks and Romans in their time." Having wrought himself up to believe so strongly in the efficacy of black blood, and doubtless despairing of the white race for the present, he takes courage for the future outlook. He reasons: "Two races have never yet dwelt together for any length of time without commingling, and fusion will no doubt be the final solution of the race problem in this country."

In his haste for the fusion to begin he laments that, "In some of the southern states there still exists an immoral and absurd law, making penal the marriage of a white man with a colored woman." But he is thankful that the barriers are being removed in other ways, and that the education of the negro and his attainment of positions of rank and influence will "open the road at once, if he chooses, for his marriage with a very respectable white woman." He thinks also that, "had the colored maiden a dower of a few thousand dollars, there is many a white man who would fall at her feet and offer her legal marriage." He even goes farther, and says rather hopefully: "The time may come when the American white girl, proud of her pure Teutonic lineage, will find the wealthy brunette of doubtful lineage a winning competitor as compared with the broken-down foreign nobleman."

He also thinks that foreign immigration will assist in breaking down the barriers; that the foreigner is not so fas-

tidious in selecting his bride, when there is gold in sight; and that soon the Englishman may come over and capture a negro woman for a bride, return home, and enter society without danger of being ostracized. He does not see anything alarming or horrifying about these intermarriages. It is only a matter of choice. He wishes to see all obstacles swept away and let the fusion go on. It is his way of solving the race problem in the United States.

Dr. D. W. Culp thinks differently.* He is a negro, lives in the south, and knows better. Such a fusion will never, for one moment, be thought of there, by either white or black. The decree against it has been entered and signed, as if by Almighty God, and no power on earth nor in heaven will ever change it. Centuries may come and centuries may go, and agitators may preach and fanatics may howl, but it will not be altered. The pure Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States will never be corrupted by the blood of an inferior race. Some of the weaker vessels may poison and fester, but the ever-ready furnace of pride, intelligence, and purity, will drive out the foreign substance. Dr. Culp thanks Professor Boughton for giving his race a place in history, and exalting his people. He proceeds to exalt them himself. He has a high opinion of the negro as a factor in the future of this country, but he knows this future will not come through the fusion channel.

His solution of the political side of the problem would be to solidify the negro vote in a negro party, and then place this entire voting population on the block for sale to the highest bidder in "concessions," without regard to the principles of the bidder; that the negro race would be out for selfish motives, and for sale at the highest price.

I would not seem harsh toward the negro, for I am not. I would not disparage him, for he has enough disadvantages to contend against already. But when these two men, of superior education and high mental culture, discuss a subject of such vital importance to the people, in a leading magazine

* See The Arena for April, 1897.

of the country, they should lay aside pet theories and race prejudices, if they do not expect to be criticized in plain terms. I would strip the subject of all prejudice, and use only the test of reason ; for thus it must be determined in the end, in spite of the theories of the northern philanthropist, in spite of the negro's ambition, in spite of the southerner's alarm.

The fusion theory is unsound. That is not the sort of blood the old Romans were made of ; it is not good Greek material. It is objectionable to north and south alike, and will never be tolerated. The most admiring sympathizer of the negro in the north would rather see his daughter laid in her grave than united with the Ethiopian. The most degraded southerner would consign his children to the tomb rather than see them married with negroes. These are not temporary prejudices, but principles as dear and firmly fixed as the human soul itself.

The barter and sale of negro votes will never solve the problem. Purchasing votes is not elevating in the north, where it has been thoroughly tried. The negroes had better put their bodies on sale again, rather than their votes. The one would prove as great a curse to the purchaser and the purchased as the other.

The negro is not, and never can be, the equal of the caucasian. Standing alone, with no mixture, the negro found his natural place and condition in the wilds of his native haunts ; in a country rich in soil, wealthy in minerals, abundant with game, producing fruits and nuts in quantities sufficient to sustain him. But he was so indolent and thriftless as to go without clothing, and reduced himself to such a state of hunger and starvation that he was compelled to prey upon, slay and eat his fellow men, to sustain life !

It is unpleasant, and ordinarily contrary to etiquette, to refer in this manner to the origin of your neighbor. This epoch in the history of the negro is too close to refer to it in a spirit of pleasantry. But, when he and his admirers claim equality as a matter of right, sometimes even superiority in intellectual, moral, and social endowments, and condemn his

white neighbors because they do not concede this right, the whole subject is opened for investigation, and it is right that all the evidence should be reviewed.

Found, in an age when the scruples of civilization were not above reducing human beings to slavery, the negroes were hunted like wild animals, taken by force from their native soil, and transplanted among a superior race, who cruelly whipped and goaded them into work. This was doubtless necessary, for it was not in line with the negro's nature to take an active interest in the white man's affairs in those times. Determination and perseverance always win. Centuries of constant flogging, not only developed a habit of work, but developed pretty fair muscles; and a certain mixture of white blood aroused some ambition. Then the negro began to imitate the white man.

Finally, certain white people began to see the inhumanity of slavery. They did not own slaves themselves, and did not want them. They had owned them, but had sold them. We may pass by the reasons for this, and simply say that slavery was wrong. Whether God used it in the beginning for the purpose of civilizing the negro, whether it was right or wrong in the beginning, it became wrong; and God spoke through his servant, Abraham Lincoln, and declared it ended.

The negro was thus freed, and made a citizen. Was he then the equal of the white man? Now, after more than thirty years of freedom, is he the equal of the white man? What evidences have we of this, in invention, literature, art, music, discovery, where the field is equally open to all? A few cases of abnormal development in certain lines, where the individual possessed as much, or more, white than negro blood, is no evidence of this alleged equality.

It may, however, be said that the negro has been handicapped by slavery. He was not a slave when we found him, save to his own indolence and lusts. For more than two hundred years since then, he has had full sway in his native country, and yet, as was said so forcibly by Mr. Thomas Nel-

son Page, the African explorer's latest book is "Darkest Africa." After the negro has enjoyed more than one hundred years of freedom in the New England states, Dr. Henry M. Field, a northern man and friend of the negro, who has traveled and studied the case thoroughly, says:

"Yet here [in Massachusetts] we are doomed to great disappointment. The black man has every right that belongs to his white neighbor; not only the natural rights which, according to the Declaration of Independence, belong to every human being—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—but the right to vote and have a part in making the laws. He could own his little home, and there sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. His children could go to the same common schools, and sit on the same benches, and learn the same lessons as white children. With such advantages, a race that had natural genius ought to have made great progress in a hundred years. But where are the men whom it should have produced to be the leaders of their people? We find not one has taken rank as a man of action or a man of thought; as a thinker or a writer; as artist or poet; as discoverer or inventor. The whole race has remained on one dead level of mediocrity."

He quotes Theodore Parker, another staunch friend of the African race, as follows:

"There are inferior races which have always borne the same ignoble relation to the rest of men and always will. In two generations what a change there will be in the condition and character of the Irish in New England. But in twenty generations the negroes will stand just where they are now; that is, if they have not disappeared."

Dr. Field continues:

"That was more than thirty years ago. But today I look about me in Massachusetts, and I see a few colored men; but what are they doing? They work in the fields, they hoe corn, they dig potatoes; the women take in washing. I find colored barbers and whitewashers, shoeblacks and chimney-sweeps; but I do not know a single man who has grown to be

a merchant or a banker, a judge or a lawyer, a member of the legislature or a justice of the peace, or even a selectman of the town. In all these respects, the negroes remain where they were in the days of our fathers. The best friends of the colored race, of whom I am one, must confess that it is disappointing and discouraging to find that, with all these opportunities, they are little removed from where they were a hundred years ago.*

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his book, "The Old South," says :

"Opportunity is afforded us to examine the negro's progress in two countries in which a civilization was created for him, and he was surrounded by every condition helpful to progress. The first is Liberia : here, he had a model republic founded by the caucasian solely for his benefit, with freedom grafted in its name. It was founded in as splendid hopes as even this republic itself. Christendom gave it its assistance and its prayers. How has the negro progressed there? Let one of his own race tell the story; one who was thought competent to represent the United States there. Mr. Charles H. J. Taylor, late minister from the United States to Liberia, has given a picture of life in Liberia which cannot be equaled save in some other country under the same rule. He says, in a paper published in the Kansas City Times, April 22, 1888: 'Not a factory, mill, or workshop of any kind is to be found there. They have no money or currency in circulation of any kind. They have no boats of any character, not even a canoe; the two gunboats England gave them, are lying rotten on the beach. . . . Look from morn till night, you will never see a horse, a mule, a donkey, or a broken-in ox. They have them not. There is not a buggy, a wagon, a cart, a slide, a wheelbarrow in the four counties. The natives carry everything on their heads. The whole picture presented is hopeless.' "

Speaking of Haiti, Mr. Page says :

"Sir Spencer St. John, in his astounding work, 'The Black Republic,' has given a picture of Haiti under negro rule, which is enough to give pause alike to the wildest theorist and the most vindictive partizan. He takes pains to tell us

* "Sunny Skies and Dark Shadows," p. 144.

that he has lived for thirty-five years among colored people of various races, and has no prejudice against them; that the most frequent and not the least honored guests at his table in Haiti for twelve years were of the black and colored races. The picture he has presented is the blackest ever drawn: revolution succeeding revolution, and massacre succeeding massacre; the country once under white rule, teeming with wealth and covered with beautiful villas and plantations, with a 'considerable foreign commerce; now in a state of decay and ruin, without trade or resources of any kind, speculation and jobbery paramount in all public offices,' barbarism substituted for civilization, Voudou worship in place of Christianity, and, oftener than once, human flesh actually sold in the market-place of Port au Prince, the capital of the country."

Wherever the negro has been left to self-government, he has failed and immediately retrograded. Can you even sustain him theoretically? Because a few cases have been developed in which, with all the assistance of the white man, he has attained mediocrity, the theorist has discovered in him the material for a superior race. A few musicians, second-rate poets, lawyers, and physicians have been made from them, but in this day of eminent teachers and wonderful facilities, a skull would have to be thicker than that of the Ethiopian, not to yield to some extent to the determined educator. But he is not the equal of the white race. He has not the will-power, the firmness, the comprehension. Nature has formed him differently. His thickness of skull, want of originality, and lack of individuality will always prevent him from competing with his superior neighbor. He is an actor, a mimic, an impersonator; born not to lead men, but to follow.

If he was not the equal of the caucasian in his native state, he can only now lay claim to his association and mixture with the white man for his improvement. Naturally without energy, invention, or thrift, he cannot expect to surpass, or equal the white man from mere association alone. Then, does he claim that the mixture of white blood produces a superior race? Does the introduction of inferior blood with a superior produce a superior to the superior? The most prejudiced

fanatic will not insist on this. In general, the mixture has always produced an inferior race, both in physical and mental capacity. The result is perfectly natural. All skilled in the science of procreation tell us that the best specimens of manhood are produced in wedlock, where there is mutual affection and mutual respect, as well as ease of mind and peace of conscience on the part of the mother during the period of gestation. Possibly not a single element of these has ever existed in the birth of a child whose mother and father were of these different races. There is a certain disgust on the part of the white parent, a knowledge of inequality on the part of the colored parent, the illegal act, the sin and remorse of unlawful cohabitation, weighing upon the minds of the parents, which likewise affects the child in the womb. It is an unnatural production; and instead of a superior race, it brings into the world beings neither white nor black, with physical and mental defects.

There has been nothing added to the negro to make him our equal, and no power on earth can make him our equal. God's will alone can do it, and he has shown by his manner of forming the negro that he does not wish it. The caucasian race is the nearest perfect, and therefore nearest God's own image.

Notwithstanding Bishop Haygood's effort, and the great desire of the southern white people to colonize the negro, it can never be done. The negro knows too well his inability to stand alone, to be tempted away from the white man. It would require compulsion to get rid of him, and our constitution would not permit that. Besides, it would be impossible to decide who should go and who should remain. It is out of the question. The negro could not be persuaded or hired to leave a country where he can live in comparative comfort without much effort; and the horrors of being left to himself would be worse than death. He could not stand alone. Divine power saw enough good in him to rescue him from the jungle, and place him along by the side of his superior race. He must have the white man's help. The American

is best able to take care of him, and, sad though it may seem, the negro's place is among us.

We must then do our duty,—make the best we can of the negro. Education and cultivation will not hurt him. While he can never attain prominence, nor rise far above his present standard, yet we should keep him as far from his original condition as possible. But to do this, one section of the country should not bear the burden alone. The south has been punished amply for every injury it has done the negro, even from the most fanatic negro sympathizer's point of view. Let the north now come to her assistance. North and south have laid aside their prejudices and acknowledge their brotherly love. Let them share alike this common burden. If the negro is left alone, he must perish. If he crowds out the whites in any particular locality in this Union, that section will become a barren spot, and the negro will drift back into his original condition, as far as permitted. Guard against this. Prevent local colonies anywhere in the United States. Encourage disintegration. Scatter the negroes equally throughout the Union. Let the north offer inducements for immigration. Let the south organize emigration societies in every county, in every state, and encourage disintegration by word, by act, and by deed. Southerners can well afford to pay every negro's fare to the north, and give him a start in life. When the negro is equally divided between the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, each section will bear its share of the burden, and the knotty problem will be solved.

W. S. McCURLEY.

Seattle, Washington.

V. EDUCATIONAL POSSIBILITIES.

In the present condition of affairs in the south it is easier to find errors than remedies; yet I am tempted to say that any one who can so far lift himself above party, race, and geographical divisions as to make a calm, philo-

sophical study of the past and the present condition of the negro in the south must conclude that at the beginning of our freedom there were three errors committed.

These errors I mention only that we may draw a lesson from them for our future guidance. It was unfortunate that those of the white race, with few exceptions, from the north, who got the political control of the south in the beginning of our freedom, were not men of such high and unselfish natures as to lead them to do something that would fundamentally and permanently help the negro, rather than yield to the temptation to use him as a means to lift themselves into political power and eminence. This mistake had the effect of making the negro and the southern white man political enemies.

It was unfortunate, at the beginning of the negro's freedom, when we were without education, without property, without experience in government, that the burden of the government in the south was so largely thrown upon our shoulders in the way that I have mentioned. This was done when our strength should have been concentrated in the direction of securing property, education, and character, as a basis for our citizenship. Any race or nationality, I fear, under similar conditions, would have made the same kind of blunders that are now charged to the account of my race. Put the government of Cuba today completely into the hands of the inexperienced natives, even of the white race, and I think you would see a repetition of what took place in the south.

It was unfortunate that the negro got the idea that every southern white man was opposed by nature to his highest interest and advancement, and that he could only find a friend in the white man who was removed from him by a distance of thousands of miles. But I should be false to the highest interests of my race, false to the south, and false to my country, if I did not assert, notwithstanding the inexcusable wrong which you and I unite in condemning, which has recently been perpetrated against my race in the south, that

there are native southern white men whose hearts beat in just as earnest sympathy for all that concerns the highest and permanent interest of the negro as is true of any found in any section of our country. Their way may not be the negro's way, their way may not be your way or my way; but since the end they seek is the same end you and I seek, and the negro seeks for himself, we should lend those of the southern whites, whose hearts are right, our aid and sympathy in every honest, manly way, where no sacrifice of principle is involved. This assertion I make after an experience of seventeen years in the heart of the south.

In the third place it was unfortunate that the wisest and best element of the southern white people did not at the beginning of our freedom take the negro by the hand, and enter heartily into his preparation for citizenship, and thus convince the negro by indisputable evidence, before his political affections were alienated, that his interest was identical with that of the southern white man, and that he could find no better friend in any state. It has been equally unfortunate that the negro has long retained the idea that any member of his own race who sought in a manly, independent, and unselfish manner thus to encourage the southerner to enter into active sympathy with the negro must necessarily be a traitor to the highest interest of his race.

Friends of humanity, raise yourselves above yourselves, above race, above party, above everything, if you can save the highest welfare of ten millions of my people, whose interests are permanently interwoven by decree of God with those of sixty millions of yours, and seek with me a way out of this great race-problem, which hangs over our country, like a shadow of death, by night and by day; find any method of escape save that of patiently, wisely, bravely, manfully bringing the southern white man and the negro into closer sympathetic and friendly relations through education, industrial and business development, and that touch of high Christian sympathy which makes all the world akin,—find any way out of our present condition save this, and I am ready to lay down all my plans, and will follow where you lead.

But the task is not hopeless: it is in no degree discouraging. Already in the seeming darkness the sunlight begins to appear. Only a few weeks ago in Washington, in a national convention of black people, whose spirit was controlled by such members of the race as T. Thomas Fortune, Ida Wells Barnett, and Judson W. Lyons, we find a resolution passed to the effect that, whenever it shall serve the highest welfare of the negro race in a given situation in the future, the negro vote shall be divided among all political parties. This is the most advanced position taken by any responsible negro representative body since our freedom. There is further encouragement in the fact, that almost without exception, north and south, between both races, there is an agreement that what the negro most needs is education. As to the form of education in the south, we of both races have grown to the point where practically all are united in the opinion that just now industrial education, coupled with thorough religious and academic training, without circumscribing the ambition and inclination of those who have the means to secure what is regarded as the higher education, is now most needed. This industrial training will teach the negro thrift, economy, the dignity of labor, and will soonest enable him to become an intelligent producer in the highest sphere of life—a property holder, a larger tax-payer, a greater commercial factor—will enable him to knit himself into the business life of the south.

It seems to me that the highest duty which the generous and patriotic people of this country owe to themselves and their country, is to give willingly the means for the support of such institutions as Tuskegee, which are, without doubt, solving this serious and perplexing problem. If we had the means at Tuskegee, we could make our work tell in a hundred-fold larger degree. The men of the world have the money which is in large measure to settle this vital question.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee, Ala.

SPANISH CHARACTER-STUDIES.

NATIONAL characteristics, according to the statesman-philosopher Guizot, are "the outcome of local conditions and historical antecedents," and the preponderant importance of geographical data may be inferred from the fact that the climate of several countries has impressed the results of its influence on successive races of conquerors.

A traveler like Richard Burton might have written a work on the isotherms of virtues and vices. In spite of Maine Laws, King Alcohol remains a Frost-land monarch; and on a map illustrating the effects of the liquor traffic, the symbols of delirium tremens would multiply with every mile further north. The clouds on the ascetic's brow, on the other hand, would darken as we approach the equator. With rare exception, the same latitudes that engender pine-woods, have also favored the evolution of thrift and valor. The Graces prefer to dwell under palms, and only untoward circumstances have forced the Muses into fur cloaks.

The factors of ethnological peculiarities are generally, indeed, about nine-tenths climate and one-tenth history, and the inversion of that rule in Spain would, *a priori*, suggest the influence of altogether exceptional events, or of what Count Cavour used to call "the warping force of Despotism."

The present population of the Iberian peninsula was compounded during the first eight hundred years of our chronological era, and when the storm of the Moslem invasion had winnowed the wheat from the chaff, no "garden planted eastward in Eden," ever ripened its products under more auspicious circumstances. There was still a subsoil of the old Celt-Iberian race, that had won the respect of the same Roman land-devourers who never ceased to ridicule the foibles of their Gallic victims. The Romans themselves had left traces of their presence in the colonies that produced such men as Seneca and Trajan. Arabs had added the stimulus

of their restless enterprise. But the master-race remained, that tribe of the adventurous Goths, that had fought its way from the shores of the Caspian to the Atlantic, and, during their bivouac on the banks of the Marne, saved Europe from brutalization in that world-battle where Thorismund stemmed the hurricane of the Hunnish hordes for sixty hours, and, in the last decisive charge, contrived to rout the cut-throat conquerors of two continents.

Three hundred years later, a descendant of that victor was slain by the rough-riders of Tarik ; but, like the overthrow of Hastings, the defeat of Xeres de la Frontera was a disaster, rather than a disgrace ; in both cases, the prostrate nation resisted deglutition, and finished the tussle by swallowing its captors.

Spain, re-united under its Gothic princes, became the champion of Caucasian civilization, and like fate-favored Rome, seemed destined to hold the hegemony of Europe for a thousand years.

How has that promise been fulfilled ?

Since him, once called the Morning-star,
Nor gods nor demons fell so far.

Yet that portentous ruin was not effected by climatic influences. All the advantages of soil and temperature that made Greece pre-eminent in war, art, and science were united in the crownlands of Philip the Second. A warmer climate than that of southernmost Spain has not prevented the Arabs from preserving the physical vigor of their heroic forefathers. Wars as continuous as those of the Gothic-Moorish border did not prevent Italy from winning a *pentathlon* of laurels in the arena of culture. "How is it," asks Edmond About, "that the one foremost man in every branch of human pursuit has been a native of down-trodden Italy ? Raphael, Michel Angelo, Galileo, Mezzofanti, Dante, Columbus, and Napoleon — the list could hardly be more complete."

Spain even enjoys immunity from those terrors of the lower latitudes which Henry Buckle considered the prime

causes of superstition; cyclones and earthquakes are rare, and man-defying wild beasts only roam the woods of the most inaccessible mountains.

But plagues often gather force in their progress from land to land, and Spain had to stand the brunt of the mental epidemic that spread from the pest-centers of Buddhism to the Mediterranean coast-countries, and resulted in the mediæval millenium of madness, the thousand years' war against nature, freedom, and science. Elsewhere, the champions of that Anti-naturalism had to introduce their doctrines by violence or intrigues. In Spain they manage to popularize them by identifying their cause with that of the life-and-death struggle against the power of the Moors. Like two conflagrating flames, political and religious fanaticism continued to stimulate each other till the prestige of the priesthood could defy all opposition.

With the full consent of a considerable plurality of the population, the independent thinkers of the peninsula were weeded out at the rate of fifteen hundred a year. The struggle for existence, under such circumstances, came to favor the survival of the most credulous. Memorized dogmas usurped the functions of reason, and at last even of those instincts of beauty-worship that seemed to have become hereditary among the natives of southern gardenlands. Genial, resplendent, poetical, and polygamous King Solomon was as clearly a product of a sunny climate as a peacock or an Adonis butterfly. The Duke of Alva was a product of the Holy Inquisition.

The talents and virtues of a naturally highly-gifted race were thus either strangled out of existence, or distorted and *specialized* in a manner unparalleled in the history of moral evolution. The seven hundred years' crusade against the adversaries of the church resulted in an almost absolute indifference to the sufferings of disbelievers. The mere fact of deliberate or accidental dissent was considered sufficient to forfeit the claims of humanity. Industry, intelligence, cleanliness, harmlessness, and a scrupulously strict observance of treaties did not save the survivors of the Moorish wars from

being torn from their homes and chased like wild beasts into the wilderness of the African deserts. Within eighty years after the discovery of America the aboriginal population of the West Indies had been destroyed, and destroyed in a manner more horrible than if an army of Bengal tigers had been landed on their shores.

Yet, after all, the instincts of humanity had been merely specialized. Foreign residents of Spanish cities are amazed to find that the relentless butchers of Moriscoes, Lucayans, Netherlanders, and Cuban insurgents seem to be the most charitable people on earth. The famished citizens of Cadiz and Havana shared their pittance with still poorer wretches. Without a poor-tax, Spanish communities of fifty thousand self-supporters feed a pauper population of five thousand to seven thousand. Public hospitals are thronged with ministers of mercy. Nor should we shrink from the confession that in the land of Torquemada, minors are treated far more kindly than in Puritanical Great Britain. There are Spanish towns where Charles Lamb's Autocrat of the Grammar-school, child-torturing Boyer, would have been torn by a raging mob.

Habitual Sabbath-breaking may be a national disgrace, but the case of morality *versus* the frequenters of the bull-ring is by no means as clear as our humanitarians are apt to represent it, though there is something comically characteristic about Syndic Pacheco's reply to the remonstrances of Bishop Riley: "What! spoil the amusement of ten thousand Christians, on the only day when nine-tenths of them get a chance for a little out-door fun, and drive them to dram-shops or dens of vice? And all to *spare the feelings of an unbaptized brute!*"

Among the curiosities of heredity, Dr. Claude Bernard mentions an experiment with seven successive generations of black-and-tan terriers, whose tails were amputated and cauterized, with the result of the eighth generation being born bob-tailed. The cauterizations of the *auto-da-fé* have produced a similar anomaly. After some two million five hundred thou-

sand free inquirers had been cut off by the familiars of the Inquisition, kind nature obviated the necessity of the painful process by causing subsequent generations to be born without the instinct of inquisitiveness. That elimination of a troublesome propensity is so complete, that the victims of meddlesome neighbors should be advised to settle in Spain. Grave, silent Don Castellano does not trouble himself with the domestic concerns of his fellowmen more than he can possibly help, and checks the gossiping penchant of Doña Inez to the best of his ability. A South California hidalgo closed his door with a yawn, when an Anglo-American Paul Pry had disturbed his slumbers to communicate a suspicion that his next-door neighbors were Mormons. As long as they were Christians and baptized their youngsters, their matrimonial idiosyncrasies were no concern of his. But with almost equal promptness he would have declined to open his shutters for the purpose of witnessing a shower of shooting stars. Among fifty thousand Spanish-Americans invoking the aid of the saints entrusted with the portfolio of the earthquake department, not five could be induced to discuss the possible causes of seismic disturbances. The author of *Spanische Reise Bilder* considers the Valencians as, on the whole, the least bigoted provincials of the peninsula, but admits that in Valencia City a lecturer on scientific topics could fill his hall only by hiring an audience at a pretty liberal rate of compensation.

That mental torpor, considered in connection with the general neglect of cleanliness and agriculture, might tempt us to endorse the charge of hopeless and all comprehensive indolence; but the portentous activity of the Conquistadors compels a different conclusion. Galloping, fighting, exploring, and plundering all day, trenching and gambling half the night, they seemed more fatigue-proof than the legions who followed Cæsar to the conquest of Gaul, or the military enthusiasts who won the battles of Bonaparte in northern Italy and discussed the "*Contrât Social*" by the flicker of their camp-fires.

In less than fifty years, a few ill-provisioned brigades of

these busybodies explored and thoroughly subdued a territory as large as all Europe, and found time besides for mining enterprises and the entrenchment of several hundred forts and camps.

The truth is, that their energies had been specialized by centuries of concentration upon special pursuits. Fanatical border-wars had made them indefatigable guerillas and consummate masters of the art of living at the expense of their enemies, whose losses they compensated by smashing their skulls for the benefit of their souls. Secular drudgery had no claims upon the votaries of such enterprises, and the personal condition of the military friars almost justified the belief that uncleanness is next to godliness.

The identity of science and black art was a tenet that has left its after-effects upon the mental organism of true believers from Biscay to Granada, and at sight of a steam-harvester in full action, an old crone fell upon her knees and crossed herself, with the remark: — "They've been talking about Anti-christ: There he is now."

If Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," the Inquisition came very near silencing the nation's laughter altogether, to judge from the utter lack of the faculty for the perception of absurdities in customs and dogmas. Philip the Second built a granite coliseum to shrine the bones of St. Laurentius, and learning that a complete set of the same relics was for sale in a convent of southern Italy, concluded the bargain without a moment's hesitation, and ordered special thanksgiving solemnities to "signalize the favor of Fortune in vouchsafing him a duplicate." The chronicler Valverde gravely records a medley of witchcraft stories that almost defy burlesque, and a baker of Matanzas, Cuba, made a bid for clerical patronage by describing his shop as a "Panaderia de la Virgen del Pilar," but was eclipsed by a neighboring butcher who opened a "longiseria de la Purisima Conception," — "a sausage factory dedicated to the Immaculate Conception."

Yet here again, the sense of ridicule has been merely localized, and Sydney Smith himself could hardly have improved

a Spanish parody upon the charge of oppression, which the Cuban guerillas have already begun to prefer against their Yankee allies.

"Woe be the day," wails the West Indian Jeremiah, "when those narrow-minded barbarians landed upon our shores ! The day before yesterday one of their bullies actually kicked a son of freedom whom he caught in the act of removing the personal estate of a Spanish miscreant." "Gangs of ruffians," he informs his sympathizers, "patrol the public highways and prevent us from reaping the just fruits of victory. Only a week ago the stronghold of an enemy of mankind, a Spanish real-estate pasha, was set afire, and friends of reform would have hailed the fiery beacon as a promise of better times ; but a squad of our hyperborean oppressors rushed in to extinguish the flames. They were armed with sticks, and after seizing our emissary — but details are too painful to mention. Four of his assailants then laid hold of him, and Freedom shrieked when he fell out of a second-story window."

"Was it for this," he asks, "that we collected one million, two hundred and fifty thousand pesetas to bribe the politicians of that ruthless nation ?"

And more recently the pious asides of a Presidential message inspired a Spanish playwright with a burlesque introducing "Brother Johnathan, tract-peddler and philanthropist." In an assembly of international representatives, the dealer in moral literature makes sundry attempts to come to close quarters, and finally puts one of his pamphlets under the nose of a stranger : "My dear fellow-pilgrim, will you oblige me with your explanation of this passage in the Apocalypse of St. John ?" but at the same time reaches around to pick the pilgrim's pocket. With his striped forage-bag full of valuables he then experiences a revival, but continues to filch wallet after wallet, while he joins in the hymn : "Hold the Fort, for I am coming."

There were, moreover, certain attributes of the old Roman-Gothic hero race which the Inquisition had no motive to suppress, and the bitterest enemies of Spain could not help

admiring the perseverance and passive fortitude of the patriots who rallied to encounter the unconquered veterans of the Corsican Cæsar. "*Hasta la ultima tapia*," — "resistance to the last loam-wall," — answered the defenders of Saragossa when Marshal Lannes threatened to shell their city into brick-dust. Three hundred years before, the same city had defied the mediæval Demetrius, Alfonso el Batallador, for nearly five years, till one morning the ramparts remained unmanned, — whereupon "the hostile forces entered without opposition, nearly all the inhabitants having died of hunger."

The Spanish hierarchy rather patronized poets: and in the modern Spaniards and their colonial descendants the "organ of sublimity" is developed far above the contemporary average. Sergeant Esterman, who passed a year in a Cuban bush-whacker camp, and owed his survival chiefly to his skill as a repairer of firearms, comments upon the strange contrast between the profanity of the Spanish Creoles, and their penchant for excursions to the summit-regions of poetic pathos. "Newcomers," he says, "are apt to be amazed at the remarks of natives combining courteous manners and generous, or even poetic, instincts, with a propensity for colloquial blackguardism that would startle the hostler of a Texas cowboy tavern. The vulgarians of our toughest western rowdy-camps could be stampeded by a literal translation of Spanish-American fire-side conversations." "Yet, to be just," he adds, "after volleys of blasphemies and portentous obscenities, Pancho Hernandez may redeem himself by an outburst of impromptu eloquence. 'The mountains are growling for having to shelter those infernal caitiffs,' said one of our sergeants, on hearing a thunder-storm boom through the gorges of a sierra where we had seen the watch-fire of a Spanish encampment. On a raid to the *vega* of San Carlos, one of our youngsters — the orphan of a Cuban veteran — was shot, and Lieutenant E. consigned his slayers to a hades with a long string of lurid synonyms, but all of a sudden became poetico-sentimental. 'Poor kid,' said he, 'I can't help thinking he was too merry-souled to die altogether, may be his spirit is flitting about whenever we are

out fishing and hunting; and' — he stopped to indulge in a reverie, and the muttered curses of his sympathizers sank to whispered comments — ghost stories largely predominating."

Talleyrand's sarcasm about "language serving to conceal our thoughts" was possibly suggested by the fact that silent nations are generally honest, and the contrast between the chattering Greek and taciturn Turk is not greater than that between the laconic Castilian and his gasconading neighbor. "*Buena noche, amigos*," — "good night, friends," was the only remark of a one-eyed Aragon fencing master, whose remaining eye had been extinguished by a blundering tyro. "They call me *Grande* in my father's house," said a Castilian nobleman whom Charles IV. had tried to quizz about his physical shortcomings, and even Spanish pariahs affect that breviloquence. "Are you not ashamed to beg?" Baron von Ense asked an Andalusian vagabond who had solicited the loan of a small copper coin,—"a big, stout fellow like you ought to stop loafing and go to work." "I didn't request your advice, sir," retorted the vagrant, "I asked you for a penny."

Palafoz, who could not be accused of dealing in flatteries, remarked that he would "sooner believe a Spaniard on his word than an Italian on his oath," though he hastened to modify that compliment: "I do not pretend to say that I am proud of that," he added, "our folks are simply too lazy to lie, just as they are too lazy to steal." Yet the survival even of such negative virtues should not be undervalued in a country where the inculcation of intellectual dishonesty was carried to its most reckless extreme. "Up to the end of the sixteenth century," says Lecky, "every mental disposition which philosophy pronounces to be essential to a legitimate research was almost uniformly branded as a demerit, and a large number of intellectual vices were deliberately recommended as virtues. . . . Paganism was to be combated, and prophecies were forged, lying wonders were multiplied, and ceaseless calumnies poured upon those, who, like Julian, opposed the church. This tendency triumphed wherever the supreme importance of those dogmas was held. Generation

after generation it became more universal, it continued till the sense of truth and the very love of truth were blotted out from the minds of men."

The effects of that training were not wholly limited to metaphysical problems. There was a time when false witnesses could be hired at Seville for a dollar a piece (or in important cases for five dollars, *plus* a prepaid guarantee of absolution), and there is no doubt that the colonization of America and the intercourse with manful North-Caucasian neighbors, has exerted a reformatory influence in that respect.

As early as 1705 the Viceroy Gonzales expressed a confident expectation that "the dormant germs of ancient Gothic character-traits would revive in the soil of the New World, and thrive in the bracing atmosphere of the high tablelands," — a hope that has been justified in the record of such men as Porfirio Diaz and Simon Bolivar, and their intellectual superior, the Chilean hero-patriot Balmaceda, who devoted, and finally sacrificed, his life to the cause of reform, and for sixteen years swayed the destinies of his country as a dauntless champion of tolerance, free trade, industry, and secular education.

The "South American Jefferson" proceeded too far ahead of his age to keep many followers. The hope of post-mortem appreciation was his only reward, and his only recreations were the seclusion of his library and occasional mountain rambles with a young American friend, whose father had persistently declined to leave the freedom of his San Carlos highland ranch for the etiquette of the national capital.

And in a garret of that capital, at the brink of voluntary death, and with the approaching howls of bestialized bigots ringing in his ears, Manuel Balmaceda took his farewell of the world and of that San Carlos friend in two lines which for grace and pathos stand unrivaled in the literature of the last twenty centuries :

My dear little Diogenes:
I step out of your Sunlight.

Generations may pass before his birthland can hope to look upon his like again, but his motto, "Light and Liberty," may yet become the load-star of the Spanish-American nations.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE FAILURE OF THE DEATH PENALTY.

BILLS are now pending before the Massachusetts legislature and elsewhere, having for their object the abolition, or the qualification, of the death penalty. On this account, publication of material pertinent to this question, although gathered for another purpose, would seem to be opportune. The domestic data were collected by G. J. Bergen and F. M. Archer, of the New Jersey bar; those of foreign countries are taken from the report of the Hon. N. M. Curtis to the fifty-fourth congress.

The number of domestic jurisdictions is forty-nine, including that of congress, in which a bill for the qualification of the death penalty has passed the house and awaits action by the senate. The remaining forty-eight are exactly divided, twenty-four retaining the death penalty for murder of the first degree, and twenty-four having adopted a substituted penalty either absolutely, or at the discretion of the court or jury. The jurisdictions that still retain capital punishment without qualification are: Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

Those in which the death penalty is abolished are: Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin.

Those in which life imprisonment may be substituted for death by the verdict of the jury are: Alabama, Arizona, California impose life imprisonment for the intermediate degree, leaving

fornia, South Dakota, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Mississippi, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, and South Carolina.

Those in which a like discretion is given to the trial court are : Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, and Texas. In Utah, the court may exercise this discretion provided the jury so recommend.

It appears, therefore, that the death penalty is absolute in twenty-four jurisdictions : that it has been abolished in five, and qualified in nineteen.

The following abstract from Mr. Curtis's report shows the state of legislation in foreign countries : Capital punishment is retained in Austria, China, Columbia, Denmark, Ecuador, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Haiti, Hawaii, Honduras, Japan, Corea, Siberia, Mexico, Persia, Peru, Siam, Spain, Sweden, and Turkey.

It has been abolished or qualified in the Argentine Republic, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland (in eight cantons), and Venezuela.

From the same report are taken these figures showing the number of homicides in the United States in 1880, and for the years 1891-95 :

1880	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895
4,290	5,906	6,791	6,615	9,800	10,500

Referring to our own domestic data, two points are notable,—first, that already fifty per cent. of all our legislatures have qualified the imposition of the death penalty; and second, that in but five has it been entirely abolished. It will appear from this that the law-makers have been guided by practical considerations rather than by sentiment or theory, for it is to be observed that the effect of the interposition of a qualified penalty between that of death absolute and that of imprisonment for a term of years, is practically to make three degrees of murder, thereby enabling the jury that tries the cause to reserve the death penalty for the highest crimes ; to

common law murder to be punished by imprisonment for a term.

The reason for this new division of murder is to be found in the fact that early in the history of our criminal jurisprudence the judicial construction that was placed upon the words "premeditated and deliberate" which together with "wilful" describe the crime of murder of the first degree, was such as practically to eliminate their force and to leave the crime little if anything more than "wilful." To the prefix "pre" the narrowest meaning was given, while to the expressive word "deliberate" no effect at all was given. The picture suggested by a word compounded of "*libra*," *the scales*, and "*de*," *down*, is that of weighing a matter—the attitude of mind in which one side of the scales goes down. The illustrations that precede in most statutes the descriptive words are "by means of *poison* or by *lying in wait* or by any *other kind*" of wilful, deliberate, and premeditated killing. To confuse the taking of human life in this state of mind with the infliction of a mortal hurt under an almost instantaneously conceived purpose is ethically to obliterate a most significant distinction—to restore which is the unquestioned, though perhaps unconscious, object of the legislation in question.

Another eminently practical consideration is the stand that is constantly and increasingly being taken by juries against finding a verdict of murder of the first degree upon circumstantial evidence when the death penalty is to follow. It may be urged that the position taken by juries in this respect is illogical, since the effect is to absolve from punishment in exact proportion to the successful secrecy with which a crime has been concealed. But the fact remains, that juries refuse to convict when all that stands between the prisoner and the gallows is the major and minor premise of a syllogism. It is useless to argue; juries will find the most absurd verdicts of insanity where none exists; will find second degree where it is legally inconceivable—will, if necessary, acquit where they believe the prisoner to be guilty; but they will not take the responsibility of inflicting a punish-

ment resting upon the correctness of their conclusion upon a train of circumstances that puts the man beyond the pale of restitution should new and modifying circumstances come to light. The result, is that the worst criminals escape under color of law, not because a reasonable doubt exists as to their guilt, but because of the unwillingness of juries, reasonable or unreasonable, to assume the responsibility in view of the sanguinary and irretrievable effect of their verdict.

It is not the object of this paper to advocate or even to discuss the abolition of capital punishment—yet even for that there is the authority of the world's greatest reformers. There was one who came not to destroy the law but to fulfil, who left no scrap of manuscript, and yet who once with his finger wrote on the sand. What he wrote can be known only by what he said—which was that the old law was superseded; for the old law was—"Let her be stoned to death!"

C. G. GARRISON.

Camden, N. J.

GOD HELP.

"Curse God and die"—death visits flesh alone;
 The curse God will not hear: The soul must live.
 Cursings, revilements, chafings nor deceits
 Weakeneth not the word of Fate's decree.
 Bound in rebellious, ignorant flesh
 That drags the soul unwilling from the clouds
 To lay her in the dust of earth, God help
 To save her from the net of low desire
 And rescue from the mesh of Time; God help
 To heal the wounds and aid her rise again,—
 Again to seek her own beyond the skies.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

THE LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

EVERY reform nowadays has its separate organization, and organizations accordingly increase and multiply.

The new League for Social Service, which was incorporated in New York City, last August, does not intend merely to add one more to the many societies working along sociological lines, but rather to gather up the threads of the already existing organizations and make them more effective. It aims to perform in its own field that work which a clearing-house does in the commercial world. To be effective, it was essential that the League should have at its head the very best men, and no one looking at the names on its committee of direction and advisory council, will doubt that it has succeeded. The committee of direction comprises Washington Choate, D.D., Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, William B. Howland, John W. Kjelgaard, Robert C. Ogden, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, and Mornay Williams.

The advisory council consists of well-known people in every section of the country, whose interest in the work is greater than the mere support of their names, and by whose experience along various lines the League gains considerably. Following are the names :— Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago ; Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, President of the Mothers' Congress ; Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, Miss Clare de Graffenried, of the Bureau of Labor, Washington ; Pres. H. B. Frissell, D.D., of Hampton University ; Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century* ; Rev. Washington Gladden, LL.D., Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, LL.D., Bishop of Central New York, Rev. Wm. R. Huntington D.D. rector of Grace Church, Bishop John F. Hurst, LL.D., Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Mr. John H. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio ; Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, LL.D., Bishop

of New York; Rev. Richard S. Storrs, LL.D., Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, LL.D., and Bishop John H. Vincent, LL.D., of Chautauqua. The president of the League is Dr. Josiah Strong, and its treasurer, Spencer Trask.

An English essayist says that "a large part of the mission of the wise is to counteract the efforts of the good." The best intentions are a very incomplete outfit for philanthropy. Untrained goodness may be quite as mischievous as well-schooled villainy. Efforts at social amelioration must be intelligent, if they are to be successful — head and heart must work together. It is high time for "the good" to become "the wise."

The increasing recognition of existing evils, and the growing sense of personal responsibility for them, are shown by the many thousands of organizations of men, of women, and of youths, which have sprung up within a few years. These organizations are learning, each one, from their own successes and failures: ought they not to learn much from the experience of each other? The League for Social Service aims to afford a medium through which such knowledge may be gathered and disseminated — to serve as a sort of social clearing-house.

These many organizations have their separate and specific objects, some aiming to improve material conditions, others fixing their attention on social, political, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. We are beginning to learn that physical, intellectual, and moral ills are about as closely interrelated as are body, soul, and spirit, and that the evils in one sphere cannot be removed so long as the ills in the others remain. The League for Social Service aims ultimately to become a connecting link by means of which the various organizations in a community, aiming at social betterment, may act together for the accomplishment of ends which more or less directly concern them all.

The object of the League is the gathering of information regarding everything that tends to the social betterment of humanity, and to disseminate facts by means of its bureau of information, league leaflets, and the lecture bureau. For

example, in a large city like New York, movements like the Mills Hotel, the Neighborhood House, founded by Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, a Parish House like St. Bartholomew's, and the settlements, should serve as object lessons to other men and women of wealth to do likewise. Detailed information regarding these and kindred efforts, the League will supply through the bureau of information, as well as indicate the sources of information on all topics requiring bibliographical material.

Among recent inquiries, was a request for a bibliography on industrial progress in the nineteenth century ; an inquiry from a foreigner in the country district, how to become a citizen ; a student wished sources of information on tendencies in American politics, and a mill owner in Georgia wished suggestions as to what forms of recreation he might introduce in his milling community. For members in the League, the economy of time and effort in this kind of service is apparent.

Frequently a comparison of what other countries are doing is of great value to students of social problems. Co-operation as foreign correspondents has been secured from the following men : London, Sidney Webb, London County Council, Robert Donald, Hon. W. S. Caine ; Paris, Musée Social ; Budapest, Dr. Eugen Farkas ; Germany, Chemnitz, Hon. J. C. Monaghan ; Ireland, Dublin, Rt. Hon. Horace Plunkett, M.P. ; Japan, Osaka, Kotaro Shimomura, Ph.D. ; Denmark, Copenhagen, Victor Holmes ; Sweden, Stockholm, Hon. Edward Wavrinsky ; Holland, Delft, J. C. Van Marken ; New Zealand, Hon. H. H. Lusk.

The League Leaflets consist of about two thousand five hundred words, on present day problems, written by men and women who are recognized authorities on the subjects discussed by them. Many of these leaflets will be illustrated for the sake of winning attention, which the popular treatment will reinforce.

Other leaflets are more academic in character, and appeal to men and women of trained intelligence. It is the plan that leaflets will be prepared to reach all classes in the community, they will also be translated into different languages, when

required by the immigrant population. Ten-leaflets have already been prepared, written by Edward Everett Hale, Washington Gladden, Dr. Josiah Strong, Bishop Huntington, and others. Summaries of the laws of New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa, and Maine have been prepared. Forthcoming leaflets will be written by Prof. W. T. Hewett, and Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell; Rt. Hon. James Bryce, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, will write on a subject of international importance. Other equally eminent writers have promised co-operation.

The League's lecture bureau contains a nucleus of fourteen hundred lantern slides on present-day problems, like Public Baths, Small Parks, the Waring System of Street Cleaning, the George Jr., Republic, The Institutional Church, The New York Municipal Department of Police, Health, and Docks. Other subjects are being added. An ounce of picture is worth a ton of talk. By means of this illustrated material, women's clubs, labor unions, charity organization societies, village improvement societies, and the young peoples' societies in the various churches, can show their respective committees how they may be made better places to live in. Mayors, and other public officials will be enabled to inform themselves, as well as their constituents, what are the essentials of an up-to-date municipality.

The League is desirous of securing a point of contact with existing organizations, that it may co-operate with them for the general welfare. Its purpose is not to supplant, but to supplement them. It is non-partisan and non-sectarian; it asks no subscription to any constitution, nor adherence to any line of policy, but desires to help the co-operating organization.

It is suggested that any society whose working guide is the Golden Rule, either implied or expressed, should add a department or a committee, to be known as that of "Social Service," with a secretary, who shall be the point of contact between the co-operating organization and the League.

WILLIAM H. TOLMAN,

New York.

(Secretary.)

POSSIBILITIES OF THE MORAL LAW.

IN these days of escape from the bondage of conservative philosophy, there is much fast and loose playing with the moral sense. This must be evident to all who have considered the implications of the now widely accepted statement, "All is good ; there is no evil." The same comment applies to most systems of Oriental mysticism, in part to Theosophy, and to Pope's oft-quoted saying, "whatever is, is right." Moreover, physical science in a measure inculcates the same unethical view of things ; this is true, in fact, of any mechanical theory, of any philosophy that inculcates fatalism.

From one point of view, such a doctrine means the entire negation of morality, and its precepts are utterly dangerous and reprehensible. Yet those who advocate the doctrine are generally people of strongest religious faith ; those whose lives exemplify a highly commendable trust in the ultimate goodness of things. There must then be a deep truth in their religion, and they would undoubtedly scorn the idea that their doctrine gives the lie to morality. Let us, therefore, examine this precept, "all is good," to determine in what sense it contains truth, and eliminate from it its negation of the moral law.

In the preceding discussion entitled, "Has Life a Meaning?"* I have contended that the only justification for human life is the power of individual action, the presence of responsibility, the series of possibilities which our experience offers not only to do right, but to do wrong ; the opportunity freely to choose the ethical life, thereby adding something to the moral republic of God. Man, I have tried to show, is not merely a natural product, not the mechanical resultant of the past, nor even the creature of his present desires ; but a part of his life is always indetermined ; he acts anew for

* See the February ARENA, p. 162.

and by himself; he is, in part, the shaper of his destiny, fashioning his life by choice, will, or love; and his feelings and ideas are made dynamic, not merely by choosing, but by actualizing them. Life, therefore, has a meaning; it is of absolute ethical value; it is inspired by an "ought to be." We are not to regard the universe from the point of view of some fixedly determined Absolute, who has decreed all things, but to look upon life from the relative standpoint, believing in the immanent God of evolution, who lives, moves, and has his being with us, putting opportunities and possibilities before us, and granting us freedom to accept or reject them.

From this point of view, the real purpose of life is of course the continuous revelation of the Spirit, whose ultimate ideal is not only to attain the universal moral goal, but spiritually to perfect all humanity. Yet the important fact, the meaning of life for each of us, is man's action in reference to this purposive activity of God, the question whether man is conscious of his share in the creative endeavor, whether he is antagonizing or harmonizing his life with it. For even if the power of God be found such that submission is the wisest course in life, if we conclude that the highest spiritual life is obedience to the Father's will; this submission or co-operation is voluntary; it calls for action on our part. Whether we deem him a God of hate, or a Spirit of love, the need of action is still imperative. If God so adapts life that spirituality shall make the strongest appeal,—we cannot very well deem any other life acceptable—still, the acceptance is an act of will. And the fact that man is not simply a foreordained center of reaction in favor of righteousness, is perfectly clear from the widespread prevalence of, and undeniable interest in, unrighteousness; from the fact that we feel ourselves responsible. In any case, therefore, we are called upon personally to act. All precepts must accordingly take account of this fact of responsibility, the need of personal action, and be adapted to the contingencies of moral and spiritual evolution. And the real test of any precept is

the question, May it safely be applied universally? Is it morally safe as a universal law? Does it take account of all the factors in life, and ethically apply to finite choice and action?

The above being accepted as the fundamental purpose of life; namely, the choice and realization of an ethical ideal, it follows that at the foundation of the consciousness in us that "makes for righteousness" lie certain distinctions between right and wrong. Without such discriminations, there would be neither ethics nor morality. It is because whatever is, is not yet right, but may and ought to become so, that I am called upon to obey the moral law, to ask: "What is the purpose of God?" If we ought to conquer and obey, we can do so, as Kant has shown. If we can do right, there is freedom to do wrong; the universe recognizes our right of choice. Faith that the right will ultimately triumph, can only mean that I will its triumph; a faith that I am called on to prove by works; not that God decrees it, despite me. There would otherwise be no ground for achievement at all. For he who believes in the moral ideal, necessarily disbelieves fatalism, and with it the monistic, pessimistic philosophy which acceptance of it implies.

It is not enough to say with Professor Royce* "that unless I, in my private capacity will what harmonizes with the Absolute Will. . . . I shall be overruled by the other wills that [in that case despite me] harmonize in the whole." I must discover the lack of harmony, and choose the remedy for it myself, in order to be truly moral. Kant taught the absolute autonomy of the moral reason — "causality with freedom." Not that we are given a part to play, and will be curbed if we do not play it, for this would still leave room to doubt that we possess real freedom, but that we are left freely, out of love for the moral law, to contribute our share of righteousness.

In order to enforce these conclusions, let us see what would follow if it were true that "whatever is, is right." If so, the liar does right when he utters a falsehood; the thief when he steals, and the murderer when he kills. You have excused

* "The Conception of God," p. 274.

the entire world of sinners. "Forgive them, they know not what they do." But it is because the sinner should have done better that we condemn his deed. Forgiveness implies no sanction of wrong-doing, no escape from its penalties, save in so far as by ceasing from evil-doing, we no longer incur its natural consequences and penalties. Regret, so far as a deed is unethical, is well-founded; dissatisfaction with an immoral deed implies that it ought to have been otherwise; that what was, was not right, and we intend to prevent its repetition. Consequently, instead of defending the past as right or good, because "it happened and must have been right," our endeavor should be to discover the errors, the lessons of history. For it was not God alone who acted, it was also man. Man in process of evolution does partly right and partly wrong.

Only on the supposition that an all-wise God alone exists, that God alone acts, that there are no ethical selves at all, can we say, "All was right." It is unwarranted assumption, therefore, to say that the conditions in which we now find ourselves, are the wisest possible conditions, or that in the past our life has been as wise as it could be. We may believe this, but we do not know it. Only omniscience could know how far our action is wisest, how far it emanates from ourselves, and to what degree it comes from God. A perfect being alone could make the wisest use of circumstances, and who shall claim perfection? Circumstances may have a wiser lesson to teach, they may be such as to bring only good, if perchance we are enlightened enough to learn their lesson or discover their goodness. But the wisest circumstances, those which are wholly good, will naturally gravitate to us only when we are wise and good enough to invite them. For, remember, that man acts and reacts, and life has such worth or meaning for him as his own state of development makes possible. Life is for him what his own activity and wisdom make it. While he is imperfect, his life is imperfect, his thought is imperfect, and the circumstances he gathers about him are such as his imperfect state draws to a focus. Life shall become wholly good and wise to the degree that he learns the distinctions upon which our moral conscious-

ness insists. It shall be wholly good only when, instead of accepting circumstances as the wisest and best, he discovers that some are bad, some good, some better, and best ; while the truly good is not the circumstance, but the moral and spiritual life which makes it so. Thus right-thinking, wise action shall make things good ; for goodness and wisdom come from within, where the moral law obtains ; all moral estimates are inclusive of the worth of the individual.

From a mechanical point of view, it may be true that even a murder is a natural consequence or necessity of circumstance ; for, physically speaking, a man may not be above it. But the physical man is not the whole man ; circumstance is not the whole of life. Man has powers of thought, and is a moral agent. He did not think, you allege. Aye, but he ought to have thought. Moreover, the world teems with crimes committed by those, who, like the murderer of the Austrian empress, carefully planned a deed and gloated over it when it was done. There is surely no room for doubt here. Circumstance is never an excuse for crime, although circumstances may explain the conditions of crime.

It may, however, be urged that whatever is, is right from an absolute point of view ; that God is good, that his manifestations are good, and, therefore, "all is good." But this is pantheism. All is not God, from the moral point of view ; for there are ethical selves ; there is right and wrong. Furthermore, what have we to do with an absolute point of view ? what do we know about it except theoretically, as a mere abstraction or ideal ? All our knowledge is relative ; we are concerned with the actual state of man today. If the universe is to be understood concretely, that is, from the fact that man acts, the relative is the only real point of view, the absolute is hypothetical. Every attempt to define it, simply reveals the limitations of the one who essays it. To affirm that the absolute is true now, while the relative is illusory, is like asserting that we are on the mountain-summit, when, in truth, we are still in the valley. It is rational to keep the summit in mind as a probability of attainment, but we are concerned with the next step in the endeavor to attain it, and

we shall know what the summit is like only when we actually stand upon it. The rational man knows only the laws of evolution, the concrete world, and the immanent God of evolution. If there were an absolute point of view, only an Absolute could know it. Besides, if there be an Absolute, it must be in harmony with the relative, or human standpoint, otherwise right and wrong, and human action would have no real meaning. Once more, therefore, the relative point of view is our only true one. The concrete world is the real world. From our only possible point of view all is not yet good. There are necessary distinctions of lower and higher, and these are kept up, are of worth to God. Our moral precepts should therefore recognize these distinctions: we are morally bound to judge all men in accordance with the highest standards we know, and since all men are moral agents, the least we can attribute to the lowest of them is some consciousness of lower and higher, the conflict of selves; occasional servitude to the one, and occasional obedience to the other.

As an illustration of the current disregard of moral distinctions, take the "charity" so commonly advocated nowadays. It is asserted that people do as well as they know, that their acts follow from what they are, or "they are not developed to see farther." Now, as highly commendable as this charity is, from one point of view — and I am not arguing for unforgiveness — from an ethical standpoint it means, if taken literally, neglect of the ideals that happen to be beyond present attainment; the denial of the moral law. If people do not know better than they do, all is fate, all is mechanism, there is no ideal realm, there is no hope. Such charity "covereth a multitude of sins" in the wrong sense. We could offer no greater prayer than that people should do, or begin to do, as well as they know; that is all the moral law asks of us. I am justly displeased with myself only so far as I fail to be true to the best I know. All that people show me is not good. I am to discern, use my moral judgment, now helping by explaining and loving, now by unqualifiedly condemning — not the man — but the deed he does.

Still, it is maintained by the advocate of this unqualified charity, there should be no censure. But how are we ever to help our fellows if we accept everything they do as right? What would happen in society at large if men held this view in regard to crime?

In order to put this doctrine to the test, I once asked a believer in "all is good," what he would say to the harlot. "That she does right; I would love her," was the reply. I then drew a worse picture of degradation; namely, the reprobate who consciously deceives and ruins the innocent young girl. Even then my opponent would admit no wrong, alleging that the experience might make for the spiritual development of the girl! If this conclusion were to be accepted, it would be perfectly legitimate to do evil that good might come. Even wilful lying is good, because liars "learn" something from it.

Questioning my opponent further, I learned that he did not deplore evil at all. He compared the alleged wrong-doer to a green apple. But, if man is in reality no higher in type than the vegetable organism, all our moral consciousness is an illusion, the mechanical theory of the universe is true, and the philanthropists, unselfishly laboring to lift man from his degraded state, are doing wrong to interfere.

I then appealed, at last, to the ethical standard of Kant; namely, that we accept that deed as right or moral which we will to see all men performing. Applying this standard, that which one believed right in the reprobate's life, one would like to see all men doing. If it be right in one instance wilfully to deceive the innocent, it is right in all. Here, again, I made no progress, for "all is good," I was told. My opponent would accept no moral standard. He would not trace the effect of his doctrine upon society. He appealed simply to the individual "feeling" of what is right, which he deemed of as much value as all the ethical philosophy in the world. Accordingly, I found this man affirming of a wrong done him by another, "all is good," and declaring the same of his own mistake; these deeds were good because they occurred.

One could but admire his spirit of love and good will. But, unmasked, here at last was the basis of his spiritual faith, the elevation of private feeling above all moral standards, the utter disregard of all distinctions of lower and higher, and contentment with every thought and deed, as good, or at least a greater as opposed to a "lesser right."

Yet it is a fundamental principle of our moral nature that we must recognize a higher prompting than personal feeling; that we must consider other ideals besides the spiritual. If I am ethically quickened in the least degree, I must admit that all is not good in myself. If there is a lesser right and a greater right, there is a wrong also. All may become good, if I become aware of the wrong, and choose the higher prompting. All occurrences may have a good side, but it remains for me to see the possibility, and turn it to good account.

For all we know, some events may have happened which were downright mistakes; the worst possible deeds. It is difficult to understand how evil could become more vile than in the crimes constantly committed in our large cities in support of licentiousness. To excuse such crimes in the slightest degree, is utterly wrong and reprehensible. The fact that they continue shows at how low a grade of ethical thinking, humanity still stands.

Yet the fact that we call a crime an evil and not a good, does not mean that we may not love and help the evil-doer; it does not mean any less faith in the power behind all evolution. Our charity may be as strong as ever, but it must be wise. We may sometimes be as helpful by revealing a man to himself, as by holding up an ideal. If the reprobate could know the full import of his crime, the terrible burden put upon the one he wrongs, upon society, and upon himself, would it not be the best event that could befall him? Do we not rather need to come to judgment, than to please ourselves by contemplating self-complacent ideals? Does not the fuller judgment include both what we are, and what we ought to be? In a word, is not this coming to judgment a

needed part of the system of evolution whose laws we believe to be beneficent, whose ideals we deem good?

The critic may answer that "all is good" which I attract; it is "needed" for my development; it is "sent" to me by the divine Father. Am I then passively to accept whatever comes; to use no discernment? Rather say, that if I am undeveloped, my deeds may attract that which will work my harm. I must, therefore, use my judgment. I must learn the moral and intellectual lessons of experience, when judged by the highest standards. I must so purify myself that I shall invite only the pure. "All things work together for good for them *who love the Lord*." One may safely allow the power of attraction to operate only when one's life is dedicated unqualifiedly to truth and virtue. Previous to that stage, the acceptance of whatever comes, simply because it comes, may lead one into innumerable difficulties. Again, it is assumed by many that all that we are to become is enfolded within, and that education simply develops and brings out what is latent. But this is true only as a possibility. The real result of education depends upon the conscious direction we give our tendencies; what we select and will to survive. A human being is at first only a bundle of possibilities, some of which must be chosen and some rejected.

Or, it is asserted that we are doomed to work out, or atone for, a long roll of past karma. Is it so? If I chance to come to judgment, is my past life fated to rule my present, so that no effort of mine will avail to change it? This would imply that I am a machine, that nothing is ethically demanded of me. Rather say, if I become conscious of higher ideals, if I become wiser, yesterday may have little connection with today; for I may come to judgment, I may will to make today a turning point in life, so that even my friends shall marvel at the change. Have we not all known instances where young people have made this astonishing change, when the "soul's awakening" came, when a shiftless life suddenly became a life of great usefulness, in a new direction, a direction entirely contrary to what the past life tended to make it?

Karma is true, but it is only half the story. Those who emphasize karma are apt to overlook chance, really the most important aspect of our moral life. Their vision is generally turned toward the past; or they are striving to avoid another incarnation; whereas the believer in chance looks toward the future: he is thinking not so much of what has been as of what may be; he is not concerned with fate and necessity, but with freedom and possibility. And no man can serve two masters. If the thought be absorbed in what one must suffer, there is a tendency toward resignation, similar to that inspired by the old orthodoxy: "I must suffer this because God sent it." Furthermore, the advocates of the hypothesis of reincarnation usually accept the law of rebirth as a fact which is no longer open to question. It is a dreary, dismal, unprogressive world into which such a theory invites us.

According to another equally conservative philosophy, it is affirmed that God foresaw and chose the course of each soul once for all, because his perfect knowledge included all possibilities. But "why, if one act of knowledge from one point can take in the total perspective, with all mere possibilities abolished, should there ever have been aught more than that? Why duplicate it by the tedious unrolling, inch by inch, of the foredone reality?"*

No, we must have novelty, possibility, chance, if we are to have independent moral life, or any life of consequence at all. Whatever is, is both right and wrong. But whatever is right ideally, all that is good in possibility, may be made right or good actually by choosing and doing it. "Each detail must come, and be actually given, before in any special sense it can be said to be determined at all."

Is it not then clear that any statement like "whatever is, is right" must be rejected in so far as it annihilates distinctions and disregards the moral law? But, if you admit this deficiency, if you reserve a place in your thought for moral principles, the moral philosopher is ready to believe as con-

* Prof. James, "The Will to Believe," p. 271.

fidently as any one in the potentiality of the good, in the ultimate goodness of God and his universe.

“‘All is good’ means all is growth,” says a recent writer. But even this modification is not worthy of unqualified ethical acceptance, for if all is to be growth, we must first select that which is worthy of growth; it must be rightly understood and developed. Thus understood, namely, in the light of moral evolution, one is ready to admit that the spirit, the intent of this precept has accomplished great good, by teaching that every tendency in man may be turned into good. From this point of view, the body is good; every part of it, every function is good. But its use results in good only when its functions are understood: *it is good only in its place*. That place man has learned to recognize only through mistakes, the mistakes of the monastic life, the erroneous doctrine that the entire human world is fallen and depraved, that all materiality is vanity and vexation of spirit.

It is easy to account for the rise of this doctrine that “all is good, there is no evil.” It is a reaction from the extreme orthodox position, that man is a “poor miserable sinner,” that the physical life is vile, and that there can be no good in us except as the only-begotten son who died for us, redeems and uplifts us. One rejoices in the escape from the bondage of pessimistic theology; one readily understands why, as a result of this escape, one exclaims in gladness, “all is good.” It is a hymn to God, a burst of praise, of joy, and hope. But when enthusiasm gives place to thoughtfulness, one modifies the hymn by affirming that all shall become good, all may be saved, everything may be lifted and purified. All’s well that ethically ends well. All things are good when viewed in right relations. The universe at heart remains unhurt.* That is good which is good universally.

But certain combinations of notes always produce a discord. Out of all those who say, This is good, or, That is good; Two and three make four, or, Three and three make four, only one is right: namely, the man who says, Two and two are

* I shall develop this thought in a later article in this series.

four. As President Eliot said in his recent address on the function of education in democratic society: "Every child should be taught that what is virtue in one human being, is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city, or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern our empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage."

"The first element of morality," says James Freeman Clarke,* "is not only primal but universal. It is one and the same thing, wherever it exists. The sense of an eternal distinction between right and wrong, and of the eternal obligation to do what is right, and to refuse to do what is wrong, must be the same in the child as in the archangel."

It is no argument, therefore, to insist that, "the moral law is overruled by the spiritual." It is not a law, nor is it moral, unless it is true on all planes, everywhere, and at all times. To contend that it applies to "the external," while love applies to the inner world, is an equally futile attempt to deny its universality. The degree of morality may change and be transcended, the social conscience varies from age to age. But morality is ethics in practice; it represents the degree of moral consciousness attained by a given generation. The moral law does not dictate the details of morality; it decrees that there shall be morality. It imposes an ought, saying to man, Of the two or more courses open before you at a given time, choose the one which conscience emphasizes as right, the higher, the wiser. There may be a thousand oughts of which we are now unconscious, which further enlightenment will reveal. But they are still right, and in due season moral enlightenment will come. Meanwhile, it is impossible to deny the fact that we are at present aware of moral obligation, and that however far we may progress, there will still be a course we ought to pursue.

However dark and doubtful the present, it always holds an

* "Ten Great Religions." Vol. II. p. 282.

ought; there is a deed for us to do. Suffice it now that we know this; when tomorrow comes, the new duty will come with it.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today.

If your spiritual life, which you say is higher than morality is really higher, it is righteousness; it is a life we ought to pursue. The term "higher" implies ethics; it involves choice. And what deed of the spiritual life could be higher than self-renunciation, the choice of the Father's will, the entire dedication of self to the great ought-to-be of God? What is the Father's will, if it be not the height of morality, that which ought to be obeyed? If there is nothing higher, it is impossible that the moral law can be overruled; the summit of spirituality and the height of morality are the same. You may have a lower form of morality without a high degree of spirituality. A lower form of spirituality is possible, where unethical statements like, "all is good" are made. But the perfection of the one is the perfection of the other. Never until human experience shall cease will there cease to be a lower and a higher. There is always a beyond, just as there are higher forms of mathematics than twice two are four, higher in the sense of being more complex. But in these more complex forms two and two are still four. The law is absolute, imperative, eternal. God himself cannot make it otherwise. It is an expression of the nature of God. For by the term God, we mean the perfect Being, he who knows the right, who is so moral, that all knowledge, all thought, all conduct is of this precise, perfect type; it is complete righteousness. The existence of an ideal, of a purpose in the universe and in human life, shows that God himself deems some things right, some wrong, that a certain ideal or purpose ought to be realized, while all other possibilities should be excluded. Thus the moral law springs from the nature of God, it is an eternal aspect of his being, as much a part of him, as essential and as high as love. For love is perfect,

when it is not only wise, but right. The law of love is ethical. Love, or the spirit, is the fulfilling of the law which regulates what ought to be. Love is the motive, law is the method, and wisdom the guide.

It is clear, then, that the acceptance of ethical distinctions, as the basis of conduct worthy of man, has a marked effect upon that phase of life commonly known as spiritual. For the spiritual man is apt to be good-natured or non-resistant to a fault; he is the one who has said, "Whatever is, is right," "All is good." He is usually submissive, receptive. He is heard to speak even of evil as "good in the making," neglectful of the false conclusion which follows from this, namely, that one may then do evil that good may come. Illness is often looked upon as an "affliction" which must be patiently borne; all suffering is alleged to mean "progress," and is therefore deemed good. There is also a tendency to overlook intellectual distinctions, to be vague, careless in the care of property, and careless in business methods; inaccurate, unsystematic, mystical. Of course, if one has decided that the moral law is "overruled," it is a logical procedure to be inaccurate, even dishonest, while contracting debts without knowing how one can possibly meet them, and practising methods to which a business man, if honest, would not stoop. But true spirituality is entirely consistent with righteous financial methods. The dogma that the intellect is secondary, is responsible for much of the confusion of thought which has recently obtained. But what standard should govern our powers of expression, if not intellect? How can business be conducted except upon business principles? Is not the theory that all this is of the "external," a relic of the middle ages, when the body was looked upon as evil? And is not this dogma responsible for the unethical thinking which has crept into current thought?

Rather say, then, that instead of setting aside the moral law, the spiritual man should raise life and thought to its high standard, that the conscience of spiritual communities must be educated. Nothing short of acute intellectual

analysis can accomplish this: the persistent question, What is right? What ought I to do?

I do not wish to throw any discredit upon the spiritual life, but to free it, if possible, from the suspicion that it is not truly ethical; that it engenders easy-going thought, a tendency which, if continued, would lead to the degeneration of our moral consciousness. It is well, also, to ask, in passing, How far is it right or wise to be non-resistant? It is possible that by leaving a wrong to right itself, one may suffer long after the trouble might have ceased, had one taken active measures against it. Suffering may, in some cases, mean progress, and in others temporary retrogression, requiring the reverse of non-resistance. He alone shall continually progress in the spiritual life who is ever watchful, who constantly maintains his hold upon the spiritual ideal, since it is easy to retrograde, if one becomes careless in thought and action.

It may be argued that retrogression is really progress. By many it is nowadays deemed wrong to admit the possibility of failure. But degeneracy leads to progress, only when one learns its lesson, and once more becomes continually on the alert. Considered in itself, it is retrogression, and is not to be concealed under soft names. Moreover, if there are no failures, "whatever is, is right"; there is no moral order; we have no need to exert ourselves that things may not go wrong, but may calmly float along the stream of life, wherever fate drives us. But, in truth, there are failures; otherwise we are not morally free. Failures will teach their lesson only when recognized as such. It is egotistical assumption to say that we have never failed. Humility, not assertion of infallibility and perfection, shall open the door to growth. The true power and meaning of a force or faculty of our nature is understood only in the light of what it can do and what it cannot do. The admission of failure as a factor in our experience would lead us to ask, Why did we fail? Why did intuition prove inadequate? For the fact that there is a divine moving does not imply that it is always discovered and obeyed.

In the fuller consciousness we are made aware both of defects and of higher standards. But the defect is always a defect; the evil does not become good. Yet, side by side with the wrong consciousness, the evil deed, may come the consciousness that it is evil. The good is known by contrast; thus the purpose of evil in a moral universe is shown. The universe is good because evil is always bad, because it is never good, and never can become good: two and two never become three. It is not evil that leads to good; it is the coincident consciousness of its utter wrong, the discovery of what it is, and its utter rejection.

Having once attained a high moral level, is it possible to retrograde? Obviously, yes, else man is not free. Every sin is degeneration. Do not, therefore, say of me that I *could* not do wrong. For if I could not, I should be immoral; my inheritance, temperament, and moral enlightenment may be such as to render wrong-doing extremely improbable. The chances are that I shall not lie, I shall not steal, nor am I likely to commit murder. For what I am today, that is, the result of past moral choice and endeavor, precludes these possibilities. But circumstances might arise in which I should deny my conscience and do wrong. I am free to do so. It may be God's desire, God's hope, that I shall not. But if he willed that I could not, he would not be granting me freedom. "A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the scale."

There is both God's will and my will. I may continue in my way, or I may choose his way. The choice is pure matter of chance. But, having chosen, I necessarily reap according to my sowing; for otherwise the moral order would not be an order, but a chaos. I cannot escape the results of my own acts. Here I am bound; but I can choose that other results shall come, and thus gradually progress. I am neither forced down hill nor up. The fact that karma is true, that I must reap as I sow, does not show whether I shall fall back or progress, morally speaking; for moral progress is absolutely an affair of choice.

That God grants such freedom that millions of people may remain about the same for centuries, history clearly shows. The Chinaman may be conservative, if he wishes; the Mohammedan may continue to practise the morally atrocious religion of the sword; the miserable Sultan is permitted to slay *one hundred thousand* innocent Armenians—one of the greatest crimes of history—while the Christian nations are allowed to stand by in apathy, when, forsooth, their selfish interests are at stake. What better evidence could one ask that we are free?

If now you contend that God designed the Mohammedans to do as they did, that it was "all good because it happened," that there was a purpose in the Armenian atrocities, I cry out, Save me from such a God! I would not own him. He is not the God of the moral law. And why should one try to find any purpose in the Armenian atrocities?

Must every crime have a meaning? Only so, in case the universe is a mechanical, fateful, pessimistic, not a moral order. And what better evidence of degeneration could one have than the fact that man may sink even lower than the brute, and become a mere vicious wanton, selfish and cruel? What greater reason for believing in the goodness, the love of God, than the persistent possibility put before even the lowest of us, to reform, to regenerate, to become morally upright and pure? Is not this possibility the true hope of the world? Is not this great fact, that the God of the universe holds out the pathway of escape to each and all, the true basis of belief in his goodness?

If so, if moral salvation is the true road to freedom, the spiritual life must take cognizance of these great facts and laws, or it is not truly spiritual. Instead of obeying the first moving that comes, or accepting circumstances as they come, the spiritual man should, therefore, discriminate, seek alternatives, consider the chances of mistake or defeat; for we permanently progress only as rapidly as we become conscious of errors and defects. Instead of regarding trouble as a God-sent affliction, affirming that "all is good," one is to ask how

one caused it, what is the way of escape? How may I better my conduct? How ought I to act? Especially is it necessary to eliminate all suggestions of fatalism; for just as there are two diametrically opposed philosophies, the one fatalistic, egoistic, unmoral, pessimistic, mechanical; the other inculcating freedom, altruism, the moral law, optimism, and superior causation, so there are two strongly contrasted lines of conduct, the one into self, despair, apathy; the other out of self, hopeful, active. It is, indeed, a very different attitude toward life, the belief that the universe is partly dependent upon us, that we must awaken and do our part, as opposed to the old, easy-going belief that goodness will triumph anyway, and all will somehow be saved. One must continually ask one's self, Am I bestirring myself? What is my part? What am I best fitted to do? What next? One does not even indulge in pleasure for pleasure's sake alone; it is a means to an end, namely, to fit one the better to work for humanity; and one is continually asking, How can I turn this experience to intellectual and moral account? There is literally no moment spent for self alone, but all is for mankind, for the moral law. The future, in large part, depends upon ourselves, and is never sure until we make it sure. Wizards and astrologers may prophesy misfortune, calamity, and death; but are we to bow down before grim, hypothetical fate? Rather let us see to it that the harm they prophesy shall not come to pass. For if one accepted such prophecies as true, saying "All is good," many an avoidable calamity might thus be calmly accepted, whereas disbelief would have made it possible to escape. A vast amount of harm has been wrought by these pernicious prophecies.

Theosophists may tell us that we must suffer, and work out our karma; but what have we to do with a far-off hypothetical existence that no one can more than dimly remember, when we have rich possibilities today, open to the resistless command of the will? It is true that our troubles are in large part of our own creation; law is still absolute, but there is no time-limit or fate involved in that—only the possibility to recreate wisely where we have wrought miserably before.

There is also a possibility not only of doing what we ought, but of doing yet more. The glory of ethics is the choice which transfigures ethics, through the highest moral motive of all; namely, love. For we have not fully described the sphere of man's freedom until we have included the possibilities of love. In this higher mood I give to another not merely because I owe him somewhat, not because he has put me under obligation by entertaining me, giving me a present, or doing me some favor, but because I love him, because the prompting is spontaneous, and I ought to follow this higher motive. I give full measure, running over, for giving's sake only.

For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray,
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here lies another day."

The mechanical theory of obligation, that one must exactly compensate for every favor received, is not pure ethics, it is in fact little superior to a selfish or mercenary motive, and is obviously a part of the same grim old pessimism, fate. We need not necessarily give to those who have given to us, unless it be agreed upon from a business point of view. Give to those whom you are spiritually prompted to help, regardless of what they may, or may not have done for you. Attribute the same spontaneous motive of love to those who give to you. Give not even as you would have others give unto you, for the golden rule is ambiguous and is susceptible of an egoistic interpretation. But give as you would like to see people universally give, regardless of self, or of compensation. Does God love us merely because he ought? Did he create because he must? Does he compel us to love him? Rather did he create out of fulness of love that sought companions to share it, with such love, in fact, that he leaves us to love him or not in return, as we may choose. Moral choice is, therefore, the basis of the higher life, that which

gives it definite direction, but love is the highest motive which prompts it.

Again, conduct is to be adapted so as to take account of chance or possibility. Do not anticipate harm and accident, but send out the thought which shall invite the favorable possibility, safety, health, happiness, righteousness. We apparently do not need any greater power than we have, we need simply to focus it more wisely. As we observe the surging, struggling forces within, we learn that now this one waxes strong and dominates, now that one weakens and another tendency rules. It is a case of control by the strongest. We must, therefore, make those tendencies in us which we would see survive, stronger than those we despise. Here we must be most skilful. The sensuous man cannot reform himself while passion is paramount. He must begin after he has indulged appetite, and strengthen his better self while the lower sleeps, or is weak from excess. Is not this the law of all development? If at one time you yield to sense impulse, and at another, wisdom intervenes to tell you of the consequences and master the temptation, while at another you fail, make the wise self master by giving it your thought. Think, understand yourself better, ask yourself what you will to become, and if your desire for that ideal is strongest, that ideal will prevail. For when sorrow, calamity and temptation come, one must take one's chances. The time to prepare for war is in times of peace, by constant target practice, by daily drill.

There is apparently no reason to blame the universe. When we are honest with ourselves, we cannot conceal the fact that in many, many ways we know better than we do,—the consciousness of lower and higher is never absent from us. Every ideal is an ought. What we know is so much better than what we do, that we shall not realize our present idea for a thousand years. If we know that we ought, the question is, How? What is the method? Here again, we know better than we do, for nature has taught us how to achieve; namely, through evolution. Our first duty is to begin. Since we

already know, all we need to do to take advantage of the possibilities of freedom, is now at last, even at this late day, to choose to do the wisest we know. Even though life be veiled in mystery, we know enough about the laws of accomplishment to do that. Though the world is partly the field of chance, probability is on the side of righteousness. For the philosophy of freedom takes away nothing from spiritual faith. It leaves as much room, yes, more reason for believing in the goodness of things.

There is reason, too, for this firm faith, for there is both law and freedom; both a will that chooses, and a mechanism that carries it into execution. The wise man does not will at random, but by making law his servant. Therefore, if the soul is some time to escape from bondage to law, it must do so by first understanding the law, then making it a means to an end. It is useless for me to cry out in ecstatic belief in freedom that I can have what I will. I may claim to possess the wealth of the ages, and shout my claims forever. But nature will pass me by unheeded. When, however, I say to nature, This is my ideal, teach me how to rule myself, she places herself at my disposal, as much as to say, "Will, believe, pray, trust, and wait. I will in due season bring what you wish."

And this is the place to distinguish between causation and sequence. Sequence is mechanical; it is fate-driven. The second step is like the first, and necessarily follows it. But in causation, effect is not like cause. "If the effect is not different, causation does not exist and its assertion is a farce."* It is when something mixes with or joins something else, to produce a new result and different from either, that causation occurs. If I read a stimulating book and think as I read, the author's ideas and my ideas may combine to produce new ideas. But the new ideas are not like the author's, and not like mine; they sprang from both, and are different. Even if you knew both the author's ideas and my own, you

* Bradley. "Appearance and Reality." p. 55. See his able discussion of the difficulties involved in the concept of causation.

could not tell, nor could I tell, what would result from their union. You cannot tell what an effect will be, by knowledge of its cause, until you have made the experiment, just as the chemist puts two liquids together to see what will happen. If one combination were bound to result, there would be only fate; in chemistry or physics the result is mechanical. But the higher we go, the less mechanical we find the universe, until we pass from mechanism to organism, and from organism to personality. Then what a wealth of possibilities make for causation; how far removed is the will from mere sequence!

Such an analysis reveals much uncertainty, it is true. But is not truth better than error? Since we do not positively know, is it not better to discover that our supposed knowledge is really belief, or probability, and not assured truth at all? There is no reason why the admission of uncertainty or chance as a factor in our philosophy should in any way lessen faith in the probable triumph of the good. The bare existence of the moral law is strong evidence of the goodness of things. And is anything lost by looking at the possibilities of failure? Who is the rational optimist if not he who, instead of shutting out the sin of the world, goes into the slums to inform himself concerning the dark phases of life; he who, despite his knowledge of evil and the possibility of its triumph, still believes that the right shall prevail? If our logic compels us to accord to the bad the possibility of triumph, it also suggests a far grander possibility of accomplishment; namely, the opportunity to win the day for righteousness, when unrighteousness was freely offered as an alternative: to triumph despite the bad.

Freedom becomes the characteristic of the man who truly gives himself to the world; the one who opens wide his heart to let love speak unstintedly. It is the beauty, the grace of movement, the melody of music, the fulness of utterance, the self-forgetfulness of service, the harmony of love, the sacrifice of the Christ, the joy of the universe. It is the stern dignity of the moral law, the gentle ease of spontaneity. Nature

looks on with pride as her children attain it one by one, and on successively higher planes. The universe looks on with pleasure when a man, at liberty to use it as he may, registers his choice in favor of the moral law.

If I seem to have confused freedom of choice with freedom as a general principle, I would remind the reader of the common factor in all aspects of human life, namely, the will. The moral law is the reason for the existence of finite will-power, but the will functions in its unmoral aspect before man reaches the ethical plane. It frequently chooses the spiritual life before it is aware of moral distinctions. Hence the confusion of doctrine exemplified in "all is good." Because of this confusion, the will becomes listless, the mind accepts the conclusions of easy-going optimism, and thus spirituality loses its chief potency. I have rejected this doctrine because it thus fails to stir the heart to activity, because it neglects the supreme opportunity of life, because it is untrue to Anglo-Saxon genius, and brushes the sense of responsibility aside. As a critic has recently put it, the doctrine is "invertebrate." There is more vitality in the old orthodox belief that we must earnestly work and pray to save souls. As another critic expresses it: "The pendulum has swung to extreme optimism, which blindly leaps toward the Absolute, in ignorance of the requirements of the law." The stress is laid on mere thought, to the neglect of the fact that disease, suffering, and evil did not originate in thought alone, nor is the mere affirmation of ideals capable of producing a cure. That shall regenerate me which inspires me to action, and action partakes of the whole life of man. Our age needs the fire of moral genius, that awakening of man to a sense of duty which shows that on him, on you, on me, on all of us, the salvation of the race depends. We need that which shall bring us to judgment in our souls, bring us face to face with selfishness. We need that stirring appeal which shall inspire men to take, not the easy pleasant course, but the far more difficult pathway of the unselfish life. For nothing shall ever take the place of downright self-discovery, the heroic endeavor

to overthrow the weight of habit, impulse, and passion, and become triumphantly a Man. Here is the moral opportunity, here is the spiritual dawn, and this new epoch shall come only through a reaction from this listless optimism, through the awakening of man to the responsibilities of individual action, the great possibilities of the moral law.

Finally, then, this conclusion brings us to the point reached in the preceding paper. Pantheism is rejected because it leaves no room for finite individuality; pessimism because it dogmatically asserts that life is as bad as it can be and cannot be improved; fatalism because it denies the possibility of human action; and the present day optimism of Spiritual thought in so far as it identifies good and evil in fatalistic belief that all things of their own accord tend toward perfection. Instead, I substitute belief in an omnipresent Being, who grants us freedom of choice and action that we may, through this separate, yet related experience, learn the beauty of our life with him; and, if we will, contribute our individual share to his advancing moral cosmos. I find a truth in fatalism, namely, that the universe is regulated by law; a truth in karma, namely, that our deeds make us what we are. But I find neither basis nor reason for human existence, unless free finite action is also real; no rationality in a doctrine which does not incite to action, no ethics unless it separates right from wrong, and no spirituality unless it inspires the unselfish love that *accomplishes*. In my fullest life, therefore, I understand the beauty and necessity of law, by which I am bound only until I co-operate with it; my conduct is regulated by a clear cut moral sense; my heart is prompted by inclusive, outgoing love. And I look up with reverential admiration to that Spirit, that achieving Perfect, with whose advancing revelation it is my joy to harmonize, glad that freely, spontaneously, I can dedicate all that life brings me to his great glory, the high ideal of his moral republic, and the sublime fellowship of his all-comprehending love.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Boston.

IN A MANAGER'S OFFICE.

THE first act read well; the play would certainly be a success.

Why, then, had the manuscript remained in the manager's office two long years unread? A mere matter of title. Could a reputable manager be asked to read a play entitled "Only a Broken Heart," and that in the year of grace 1899?

Sheridan K. Snubbles, manager of the Thespian Comedy Company, had had a run of ill luck: A play "dug out of a dozen different French dramas," the effort of his life, and two other plays, "truly American plays," as he had patriotically billed them, had all "fallen flat."

Driven to despair, Snubbles remembered that he had a "Broken Heart" somewhere in his office.

"Broken," mused he; "I thought I had done with 'broken hearts.' To be honest," he went on, a slight sneer lifting the corners of his mouth, "do hearts ever break? Now, what is a heart? A blood-pump, that's all. As for its being the seat of our affections, it's all humbug. Hearts don't break; 'professional' hearts don't, that's certain; I ought to know."

Had Manager Sheridan K. Snubbles glanced around his office, had he looked among the old play-bills and begging letters for "passes" scattered under his desk, he might have found more than one heart,—more than one broken heart,—hearts still beating, perhaps; bleeding, throbbing hearts;—for hearts do break in a manager's office!

It was the eighth call she had made that day; the third at Manager Snubbles' office. She had finally been told he would see her. How her hand trembled, that poor little dancing-soubrette's hand, as she turned the knob of the door! How long those winter months had seemed to her! And the spring and summer dragged hardly less with the cumulative

heartsickness of hope deferred. How ill she had been ! Her dear good mother had nursed her, oh, so tenderly, as only a mother can nurse a sick child. And autumn had come. She must "sign for the season." Barely able to stand on her tiny little feet, her body emaciated, she had now called, hoping against hope. Should he not engage her, she knew her aching heart would break.

"Dancing-soubrette, eh ?" said Snubbles, eyeing her from head to foot, when she, with tears in her voice, had told him her errand.

"Dancing-soubrette," he repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, sir," she answered, feeling her heart growing faint.

"Well,"—and he again let his eyes run from her head to her feet, a look full of speculative ownership,—“well, my dear child, you won't do.” This he said, not brutally, but in a most decided manner.

The poor little dancing-soubrette felt those words—"you won't do"—sink deeply into her heart, and a cold, icy sensation benumbed her whole body.

"Thank you, sir," she said, painfully, as she opened the door to leave. She had not yet shut the door when she heard Snubbles mutter to himself :

"All skin and bones ; don't care to pay her funeral expenses."

She closed the door ; she tried to utter a cry, but there was a lump in her throat ; her lips twitched nervously, her whole body shivered ; she grew paler still, and fell heavily on the floor.

An ambulance took her away.

The "Broken Heart" lay on the table. With a weary hand, Sheridan K. Snubbles opened the book at page 1.

"By O. B. Angell," he said ; "who the devil is O. B. Angell ? An angel is a scarce article in a manager's office ; they are out of date, anyway. Had two in my 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' years ago,—deuced pretty girls ; came down 'at back' in pink tights ; made quite a hit."

And without even glancing at the *dramatis personæ*, he read a few pages.

"Well, well," he presently remarked to himself, reclining in his comfortable armchair, "the technic is not quite up to the standard of my ideas of modern dramatic art, but there is something in this, I'll be hanged if there isn't." And he took up the manuscript again, and read on, his face betraying surprise,—at times actual excitement.

"Good!"—"good!" he exclaimed every now and then; "good situations—a laugh here, sure—old woman capital—pretty line—fine business for the 'first old woman'—ah, 'leading man' 'takes the stage'; go it, that's right, good!"

Had a button been suddenly touched setting off a powerful spring under Snubbles' chair, he could not have jumped higher into the air.

"Grand!" he fairly shrieked, as he came down upon his feet. "Grand! Oh, what a climax! What a curtain!"

He had reached the end of Act first. What had he read? A simple story, simply told; a page from life; a daily occurrence. A marriage ceremony at home, nothing more. Friends, invited guests, the minister, all were there. Oh, but that climax, the end of the act, what originality, what a discovery, what a surprise!

Sheridan K. Snubbles lit a cigar, took up the manuscript for the third time, and slowly re-read the last lines of the act.

"Enter Doctor Splicer," he read aloud, "the ceremony begins. Amid solemn awe the decisive words of the Episcopal service have been reached: 'Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?'"

There was a timid knock at the door of the manager's sanctum.

"Come in," said Snubbles, in a voice that bespoke no very hearty reception to the intruder.

The door opened, and a charming young girl entered. Her eyes were modestly cast down, and her whole appearance denoted embarrassment and fear combined.

Before Snubbles could say a word, she began :

"Mr. Snubbles?"

"Yes,— Snubbles, Sheridan K. Snubbles — What do you want?"

"Mr. Snubbles," she continued, her words scarcely audible, "Mr. Snubbles, my mother died last week — my father and I have come to New York — I am seeking an engagement as —"

"Don't want any lady," broke in Snubbles brutally; "company complete; no time to waste; sorry; call again."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Snubbles," she ventured to pursue, her voice trembling, while a slight rosy tint colored her pale face, "I am not seeking an engagement as — as an actress —"

"Well, what under the sun do you want?" interrupted Snubbles, no longer endeavoring to control his impatience, "what are you here for?"

"Mr. Snubbles," the girl replied, "we are very poor; all the money went to take care of mother —" and she burst into tears.

Sheridan K. Snubbles hesitated a moment, then, thrusting his hand into his hip pocket, he pulled out a roll of bills :

"Here take this," said he, putting a five dollar bill on the desk, "and let me finish reading this play."

She did not take the money.

"Perhaps, Mr. Snubbles," she said with great effort, "now that you know how poor we are, perhaps you will find time to read my play."

"*Your* play! What play?" said Snubbles.

The color that had come to the girl's face, when Snubbles had offered her money, faded away.

"Two years ago," she said, striving to keep back a sob, "two years ago, I sent you a play; — *that* play," she added suddenly, pointing to the desk, her whole body now trembling with excitement.

She had just caught sight of her neat green-covered, type-written manuscript.

"That your play?" fairly roared Snubbles.

"Yes," she replied, with the courage hope had brought back to her heart, "I am Miss Angell."

Sheridan K. Snubbles rose to his feet, went to her, and, taking both her hands in his, said:

"You *are* an angel."

And he shook her hands with such force that the poor girl had to say:

"You hurt me, Mr. Snubbles."

"Beg pardon; come sit down at my desk; make yourself at home," said Snubbles, actually dragging her to the seat he had just left, and obliging her to sit down. Then, suddenly: "I'll be back in a moment; wait!"

And without another word he rushed out of the room, calling out excitedly:

"John! Harry! Come! You must hear it; millions in it!"

Miss Angell felt her heart leaping all over her body. Was she dreaming? Could it be true? Had he read her play? What did he mean by "millions in it"? Would she get a little money? How much? Fifty dollars perhaps? How happy her father would be! If her mother were only living! How long her mother had lingered between life and death, and how fast all the money had disappeared! And now she would be rich. "Millions in it!" She might get a thousand dollars, two thousand, perhaps—"millions in it!" She might get five thousand dollars. She would raise a monument where her mother slept; they would leave that horrid New York; they would go back home, and she would place fresh flowers on her mother's grave every day, and she, too, would be happy!

The door opened, and Sheridan K. Snubbles, followed by John and Harry, entered.

"This is Miss Angell," said Snubbles to the two men: "Miss Angell, the author of the greatest thing on earth." Then turning to the girl: "My dear young lady, you are going to read us your play. Don't omit a single word." And turning again to John and Harry: "Don't interrupt her;

wait for the climax." And again turning to Miss Angell: "My stage-manager and my property-man, Miss Angell; now go on, read slowly; curtain's up!"

He took a chair, placed it in front of the desk, and prepared to listen.

"When the curtain goes up," read Miss Angell, "the audience sees Mrs. Atherton entering from the left side of the stage, through the door nearest the end of the stage, on the left side."

"You mean," interrupted the stage-manager, "Mrs. A. discovered at rise, entering L. U. E. I'll fix that."

"Shut up!" commanded Snubbles.

Miss Angell resumed her reading. She read well; her voice was clear and musical. In the most pathetic scenes she could scarcely control her own emotion; every word seemed to come from her heart. As she was nearing the end of the first act, Snubbles, who had been listening almost religiously, began to show signs of great nervousness.

"Slowly now, take your time; don't come to it too soon; knock the boys down with one blow," said the manager, looking knowingly at John and Harry.

The simple story had been well told. The general bustle preceding a home marriage had been portrayed with a touch of actual realism. Tears, joy, jealousy,—all had been felt. The awkwardness of the groom; the modest bearing of the bride, the father's pride, the mother's beating heart,—all had been vividly portrayed. The end of the act had almost been reached.

"Get ready, boys," said Snubbles, rising from his seat; "now comes the climax; hold on to your chairs!"

Miss Angell had reached these words:

"Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be thy wedded wife . . ."

"Ready!" broke in Snubbles again, fairly shaking with excitement; and going to John and Harry, he added:

"Don't try to guess what's coming; you can't do it; nothing like it; you'll see the audience the first night; every

lady will go wild. Now, Miss Angell, read!" And Snubbles resumed his seat.

"Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be . . ." repeated Miss Angell.

"Suddenly the lights go out; the stage is dark; general screaming and shouting!" interrupted Snubbles again, "and then, what?" . . . "I'll tell you: The folding-doors at back open; light restored; . . . where is the bride? GONE!!! Quick curtain!"

"Grand!" shouted John.

"Tremendous!" echoed Harry.

"Ever seen the like?" asked Snubbles? "Sardou never did anything better! Millions in it, I tell you; millions in it!"

Then turning to Miss Angell, whose face was as pale as death:

"How much for your play? State your price; we'll sign the contract this instant. How much, cash down?"

And pulling out the roll: "Here's a hundred to bind the bargain. Fifteen dollars per performance; eight performances a week; hundred and twenty a week; four thousand eight hundred the first season; big New York run; two companies on the road; keep it on the boards five years. Fifty thousand for you, and a million for me!"

Miss Angel was shaking from head to foot, and her heart was beating violently. She had closed her eyes, and she thought she could see her mother standing by her side, smiling and happy.

"Quick now, the second act," said Snubbles after a moment.

Her voice trembling:

"Act Second," Miss Angell began, "An open space in a South African forest. Twenty years have elapsed.

"What is that?" cried Snubbles; "you say twenty years?"

"Yes," answered Miss Angell, "Twenty years."

"Great Scott!" shrieked John.

"Ye, gods!" exclaimed Harry.

Snubbles rose, leaned on the desk, and, shaking his fist in the poor girl's face, actually roared :

"You have killed the bride! Where is she? Twenty years! Why she must be forty; an old woman! What! A young bride disappears suddenly during the marriage ceremony, no villain in the plot, and she turns up in the second act an old hag! It's absurd, it's outrageous! it's scandalous! Why, woman, you are crazy! Who the devil cares for the bride now! Why it's damnable, it's immoral!"

And he fell back in his chair, out of breath, panting with rage, his face red, his eyes bloodshot.

"She is a missionary among the Zulus," timidly remarked Miss Angell, her head bowed down, and not daring to look up.

"The devil take her, and you too," said Snubbles; and he rushed out of the room followed by John and Harry.

Miss Angell rose to her feet. She took a step toward the door. Suddenly all became dark before her eyes. Her body swayed; her lips parted, and she murmured: "I am coming mother!"

And she fell heavily on the floor.

Another heart had broken in a manager's office.

ALFRED HENNEQUIN, PH.D.

Boston.

CARLYLE.

There's a flash in the night,
A straight-edged cloud of black,
A hush like the holden breath
Of a man in his might.

Then a roar like the rage
Of desperate sullen hate,
A spiteful and cutting hail—
But the showers assuage!

BARTON O. AYLESWORTH.

Denver.

RUSSIA'S MARCH ON EUROPE.

AS DISCLOSED IN THE EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

FINLAND SENTENCED TO DEATH

The statesmen of the old world, so far at least as their public utterances are concerned, have maintained a well-bred silence upon the subject of the national tragedy of which the closing scene has just been enacted in Helsingfors, the capital of the grand duchy of Finland. And because no word of protest has been uttered from a ministerial bench, or read from a blue book bearing the official signature of a chancellor, the world has stood by in silence while the Finnish nationality has been decreed out of existence by an ukase from St. Petersburg, signed by Czar Nicholas II. and promulgated by Count Muravieff, the Slavic Bismarck.

The import of this decree, is that three millions of people of Germano-Finnish blood shall become Russians forthwith. Behind the promulgation are a million of gray-coats ready to carry out the will of Muravieff by the grace of the knout. In the meanwhile, the imperial weakling whose pen has subscribed to the death-warrant of a nation, is lisping foolishly of the advisability of mitigating the horrors of war—a coincidence which would furnish theme for an Offenbach, were it not matter more meet for the tragic genius of a Milton!

Since the last review of the month in Europe appeared in The Arena, the parliament of Finland has been informed, in no mincing language, by a Russian governor-general, that it must legislate out of existence its right to pass upon measures affecting the relations of the grand duchy to the empire, a right which was conferred upon it by Alexander II., "the liberator," and confirmed by his successor, Alexander III. The lower house of the Finnish legislative body flatly refused its sanction of this philanthropic plan. The senate offered a more fruitful field for the activities of the imperial chancellery.

When it was represented to the Finnish noblemen and land-owners that their refusal to coincide with Muravieff's views for the regeneration of Finland would be followed by the introduction of Russian troops into Finnish territory, and the proclamation of martial law in the grand duchy, the senate unexpectedly discovered that it had for a long time held precisely the view of the existing situation that prevailed at St. Petersburg, and the obnoxious decree was duly promulgated by the authority of the highest legislative body of the country. This precipitated conversion can be easily understood when it is remembered that Russian martial law (*voennoe polozhenie*) represents the most advanced type of military dictatorship; a system of terror to which the renowned *standrecht* of Austria bears approximately the relation that a five o'clock tea does to a bull fight.

But the lower house of parliament at Helsingfors maintained its opposition to Russian encroachments, and resisted the influence of the senatorial pliancy. When the boot of the Cossack who represents the majesty of Russia at the capital of Finland, began to gall the collective neck of the diet, the trusting deputies bethought them of the proclamation that was issued from St. Petersburg so recently as to be fresh in the memory of the present generation, calling the powers of Christendom together to take counsel for the advancement of the cause of humanity. These same flaxen-haired deputies looked one at the other with their blue German eyes, and said in a chorus: "Is not the Czar a self-confessed humanitarian? Let us go and lay our complaint at his gracious feet. He will hear us, and the cause of Finland shall not be writ in the Book of the Lost." True enough, there flashed through the minds of these commoners, for a brief and appalling moment, the recollection that it was this same humanitarian, Nicholas II., who at the very opening of his golden reign, had proscribed the Swedish and Finnish languages in the university of Riga, and had declared that thenceforward the Russian language was to be the official speech in the lecture-halls and upon the diplomas of that famous seat of learning. But what did that

signify? quoth the distressful deputies. Had not the "White Czar" just announced himself, amid the blare of trumpets and the crash of bass-drums, the friend of mankind?

And so these good people left the snows of Helsingfors and betook themselves to the morasses of St. Petersburg, there to set forth their griefs before the throne, just as their forefathers had done, when Alexander the Liberator assumed the fatal purple of the Romanoffs. When the Finnish deputation reached St. Petersburg, it was notified by General Kleighels, the prefect of police, that he regarded its membership as suspicious persons, and that it behooved them to leave on an early train for Helsingfors — unless, indeed, they preferred to study winter scenery in Siberia!

When the news of this notable reception reached Helsingfors, Finland donned mourning. The diet, as recent despatches informed the world, dissolved itself by suspending its sittings; all social festivities were cancelled, and the women of the land clothed themselves in black, as if for the dead. And well they might. The decrees which the Finnish commoners had refused to sanction have been promulgated. They declare in effect that henceforth Russian shall be the language of Finland; that the university of Helsingfors is to be conducted by learned men who have been sent out from St. Petersburg to demonstrate the beauty and effectiveness of the doctrine of Panslavism; and that hereafter the name of Finland is to be a purely geographical term, quite free from any suggestion of political meaning. The youth of the grand duchy are to be conscripted for the glory and might of "Little Mother" Russia, and its taxes are to swell the treasury of the empire, upon which, to reverse a quotation that is becoming strongly familiar to the American mind, "the sun never rises."

Does Nicholas II., whom the gossips of St. Petersburg have nicknamed "The Humanitarian," know of these things? Mr. Stead and his school would have it that he does not. Perhaps Mr. Stead and his school are right.

**IS THE CZAR
REIGNING?**

Christendom has by this time become accustomed to regard with complacent pity the picture of a pale young man of the most clean-cut and aristocratic Man-Chu type, who sits somewhere in the gardens of the Palace of a Thousand Perpetual Delights at Pekin, surrounded by a swarm of eunuchs and female slaves, and who is just as much a prisoner as is the convict coolie who guides the gorgeous river-boat of Li Hung Chang up and down the putrescent channel of the Pei-Ho. The young man is alive today. The world knows that he is alive, because an intrepid British sailor recently made a mandatory request upon the Empress Dowager of China that he be admitted to an interview with the imprisoned emperor. After the sailor had seen the high-born prisoner he ran to a telegraph instrument and informed his government, and incidentally the inevitable newspaper correspondents, that the Emperor of China was still living, but that it was not known how long he would continue to live. The newspaper correspondents, however, from their points of observation at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Yokohama, are responsible for the assurance that the Emperor of China might as well be dead as to dally in the Gardens of a Thousand Perpetual Delights with the Empress Dowager's eunuchs and her female slaves keeping close watch upon his person—a living example to all who would tread the path of reform.

Does the court of Russia offer a parallel to that of China?

A significant despatch appeared in the London newspapers a fortnight ago. It announced, in effect, that the Czar was so ill as to be unable to perform his official duties, and that the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaevitch was, for the time being, the actual ruler of the empire. Inasmuch as no news is transmitted by any of the telegraph offices of the empire without the sanction of the ever-watchful censor, the inevitable assumption is, that the text of the despatch in question must have passed beneath the eyes of a high official in the home office at St. Petersburg before it was allowed to proceed

to Darmstadt, the capital of the German grand duchy of Hesse, and the point from which the London papers ostensibly obtained their "tip." The significant feature of this "tip" was the skilfully veiled implication which it contained, to the effect that the Emperor's malady was a mental one. This insinuation furnishes a glimpse of the workings of a powerful cabal at the court of St. Petersburg. It is well known that Chancellor Muravieff, who represents the old-fashioned Russia, the Russia that has strewn its dead soldiers from Stamboul to Vladivostock, in its far-spreading battle for domination over the East as the gateway to the West, is chancellor virtually in spite of his master. It is also known that Count Muravieff has done more to discredit Nicholas II. with the ruling class in Russia than several successive generations of nihilists could do by means of the most industrious propaganda. This official campaign against the person of the Lord's anointed is epitomized in the hint which has recently reached the world of the *mental* malady of the Czar. The Grand Duke Michael, who is named as the regent of the empire, is one of the most bitter opponents of the "new fangled" policy of the Czar. In the event of the latter dying without issue, Michael hopes to be his successor upon the throne. Can the mind imagine more mystifying conditions than those amid which Nicholas II. and his English nurse are attempting to check the energies of a headstrong chancellor, reinforced by the most influential members of the imperial family itself, and exemplifying in his own person the aspirations of a people in whose blood is bred the conviction that they are the Romans of the modern world?

In the meanwhile, Christendom has not yet answered, to its own satisfaction, the question, Is the Czar reigning? The winter palace at St. Petersburg does not offer such complete opportunities for seclusion as does the summer palace at Pekin; but the galleries of the huge pile are tortuous enough and dark enough to conceal a great deal, even from the penetrating gaze of the newspaper correspondents who obtain their view of events that pass in Russia from safe and luxurious vantage points at Berlin and Vienna.

France has demonstrated once more, with the quiet dignity of conscious strength, that the republic is not to be the plaything of the adventurous, or the decayed fruit that falls at the puffing of the passing breeze. M. Emile Loubet, the new president, has served notice upon anti-Dreyfusites, radicals, legitimists, and Bonapartists — the strange and motley political aggregation that has made a humorous attempt to overthrow the existing order of things in France — that the republic will tolerate no trifling. There are now in the prisons of Paris several gentlemen who are awaiting trial before the civil authorities. They are imprisoned because they failed to realize in time the earnestness of the government's purpose to suppress all attempts against public decorum and public peace.

Not for a long time has a French government undertaken to teach the malcontents and irreconcilables, in their infinite number of sub-divisions and degrees of disaffection, so stern a lesson as is being taught them now by the quiet bourgeois who became president of France at a moment's notice, and is acting the ruler with as much self-possession and as cool a temper as if he had inherited the faculty of government from a long series of crowned ancestors. The latest plot against the permanency of the French republic is not without its humor. A medley of professional patriots, representing both extremes of the political procession — the most hide-bound reactionaries standing shoulder to shoulder with men who do not yield their allegiance to the democratic government of France, because they do not consider it democratic enough — united their voices into one raucous, long-continued cry: "*Conspuez Loubet, resign, resign!*"

The self-possessed man from southern France — the Roman France — listened to the shouting for a brief space, and waited for it to cease. The cacophony continued after the new president had been installed. Then word issued from the presidential palace at Versailles that quiet must be restored. The police did their duty with effective promptness, and the most virulent of the shouters found themselves

behind prison bars. It so chanced that two of the prisoners — Déroulède and Harnet — were deputies. The government proceeded to demonstrate its sovereignty and its strength, by demanding of the chamber that the offending deputies be placed upon trial on the charge of having disturbed the peace of the country, a demand which a majority of the deputies at once conceded. Thus did the French republic vindicate itself before that swarm of foreign critics who had predicted, with gleeful positiveness, that France would become the easy prey of the first bold adventurer who should attempt to overthrow the republic. It is becoming apparent, too, that Loubet will go a great deal farther than he has already gone in the work of reconstructing France. It has become evident, in the devious course of the Dreyfus case, that the military has obtained altogether too strong a hold upon the governing machinery of the republic. M. Loubet is credited with a serious purpose to restore the complete ascendancy of civil France over the France that struts about with a clanking sword at her side, and to render impossible the peril of "The Man on Horseback," — the political element that has proved fatal to France in times past. It is expected that General Zurlinden, the military governor of Paris, who is perhaps the most powerful individual in France today, will be the first of the military leaders to feel the weight of the executive hand. Gen. Zurlinden is primarily responsible for the high-handed proceedings of the French war office in the latest stages of the Dreyfus scandal. He is by all means the most striking military figure in the republic. Should the French government decide to remove him from his post, its decision will offer a notable opportunity to test the real strength or weakness of the military party in the affairs of the French republic.

S. IVAN TONJOROFF.

Boston.

EASTER LILIES.

OUT from the mass of more luxuriant bloom
That sheds upon the air a rich perfume,
Supremely beautiful these lilies rise,
Bidding day welcome with a glad surprise.

And, though about them blushing roses nod,
Fairer, these symbols of the living God
Open their waxen petals to the light ;
Their hearts of gold revealing to my sight.

Of the soul's triumph over death fit type —
In the unfoldment of perfection ripe —
A message clear to all, these blossoms bring :
"The grave no vict'ry hath, nor death a sting."

Nor flowers alone the glorious truth may voice —
All Nature bids us in new birth rejoice.
To fuller life, not death, the grave shall lead,
When we with Christ in God are risen indeed.

LUCIEN WEBSTER.

New York.

WORKERS AT WORK.

IV. LILIAN WHITING AT THE BRUNSWICK.

THE Brunswick breathes an atmosphere of quiet opulence, settled dignity, and calm culture, the very antithesis of the typical American hostelry. Its utter absence of bustle, and noise, and crowds suggests, indeed, one of those private hotels in London's West End, so dear to the heart of the tired traveler. Yet it is essentially American in its spacious halls and parlors, and in its completeness of organization; essentially Bostonian in its combination of solid comfort and harmonious artistic effects. There is none of the glare and glitter and gorgeousness of the "palatial" places that reflect *fin de siècle* wantonness and waste in New York. None of the strain and unrest of their overdone prodigality. Having sent up my card, I rest my body in a large, substantial leather chair, and rest my eyes on a good picture on the wall, on a group of palms that fill a corner where the light from a window falls on them, or on the warm, rich rugs, whose harmonious tones soothe nerves and brain. If the day is dark, as days are apt to be in Boston at this time of the year, the shadows are dispelled by the soft glow of an opal-shaded electric light at the foot of a broad staircase that opens invitingly from the hospitable hall.

Our poet is certainly a modern of the moderns in her choice of domicile that affords command of the resources of civilization at the touch of a button, and, at the same time, that command of seclusion and privacy, essential to individuality in life and work. She has the world when she wants it; the world can have her only when she says (through her private 'phone) "Ask him to come up." Even in Boston and the Brunswick, our poet is true to poetic traditions. Like Beranger, and other singers of the city, she finds lodgment near the sky. So I was led by a sable servitor in blue livery to an elevator through a long passage from which opened

old-fashioned parlors and cozy reception rooms, all richly furnished, all suggestive of the "hominess" of a good club, yet with the lightness fitting to the feminine intention and use. Suddenly a door opens, and I find myself in the workroom of the author of "The World Beautiful." It might be a workroom in fairyland. The little lady in fleecy drapery of canary-colored tulle (I think it is called tulle, but it might be spun sunbeams) who flutters toward me from her writing table near the window, and welcomes me in a well-bred musical murmur, seems a veritable Queen Mab. The sun breaking through the clouds at the instant, I note a suggestion of Florence the Beautiful in the graceful church tower that rises against the sky, with the calm waters of the Charles river beyond, filling the window view, and furnishing background for the figure of this "Airy, fairy Lilian." Next moment I find myself seated at ease, and in strangely sympathetic and deeply interested chat with the wee woman ensconced in a low rocker opposite me. "Here is a soul who lives in the spiritual" is my distinct impression; a woman who, in patience and confidence, has held to her ideals and reached the heights where the ideal is the actual, expressed and embodied in powers, in surroundings, in results,—in that conquest of the soul over condition by which all things are transformed—even struggle and difficulty becoming occasion and opportunity for the unfoldment of the stuff that soul is made of,—its grace and beauty, sweetness and light.

Lilian Whiting began her literary career some twenty years ago, with a paper on Margaret Fuller in the Cincinnati Commercial. For nearly sixteen years she had been a journalistic writer, winning place in the front rank of her profession, before she published her first book. Her published works now number five volumes; a sixth—her life of Mrs. Browning—is announced for early publication, and she has almost completed a biography of her friend, Kate Field—a labor of love, which will give us a breathing picture of one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Despite years full freighted with achievement,—possible in volume

only to constant and untiring industry, possible in quality only to a trained and cultivated mind, ever alert, ever advancing,—Lilian Whiting, in one sense, is as young today as when she wrote her first article. She has been called “eccentric.” Her eccentricity seems to consist in her genuineness and honesty. She refuses to look or to act any older than she feels. She is independent enough to decline conformity to conventions which would deny spontaneity, lightness, enthusiasm, impulsiveness, if you will, to the maturity that to all these adds depth and earnestness of thought and feeling, clear judgment and the serene temper of the soul who has lived and loved, suffered and learned.

This sketch is unadorned by a portrait of its subject, simply because that subject defies portraiture in the rigid lines of the draftsman or in the camera’s unsympathetic angles of refraction. Only a Whistler or a Burne-Jones could limn a face and figure whose expression is as changing as an April landscape—almost negative in repose; instinct with life and light, with fire and color, when stirred. This, of course, suggests the criticism of lack of concreteness, of an over-absorption in the “beyondness” of the spiritual life, and distinct need, therefore, of some further appreciation of the presence of spirit in matter here and now, which it is the aim of the New Thought to emphasize. It will not do to be “all soul”—for the soul’s sake, no less than the body’s. There is a world of meaning in Miss Whiting’s large eyes—eyes whose largeness is exaggerated by big round glasses. These windows of the soul seem to be ever opened wide—open to all beauty of the outer world, drinking in eagerly all that clearness and breadth of perception may invite,—giving as freely from the depths, which their light reflects, of comprehending sympathy, quick understanding, earnest interest in everything true and beautiful, in hope, purpose, or endeavor. One cannot help a feeling of queer contradiction between the eyes and the rest of the face. So suggestive of the fresh, undefined innocence of a child, are features and complexion, that I could not help looking from her to a portrait of a little

brother of Kate Field, that stands under the mantel, and then to one that hangs above it, of Walter Savage Landor, in ripe old age. Miss Whiting's face reminds one at times of the boy, and at other times of the sage. More than boy or sage, her presence breathes "the eternal womanly" in its constant suggestion of daintiness and delicacy. Decorous ever, figure, dress, movement, and voice, as well as the atmosphere of her little writing room, all "belong" as naturally as the butterfly on the rose.

Filled with rarest reminders of great souls and good, who have made part of the poet's life, is this little upper room in the Brunswick. A modest bookcase holds a hundred books, perhaps,— books that are evidently personally related, natural selections. For work and reference there are the myriad tomes of Boston's great Public Library ready to hand, a stone's throw away. Atop the bookcase is a bust of Dante—a bust with a story. The plaster cast of Victor Hugo's head, made by Rodin for his wonderful group of the poet listening to his muse, looks from the other side. A photograph of the group, given by the sculptor to Miss Whiting with the cast and cordially inscribed, hangs below a large photograph of Philips Brooks, also inscribed by the great preacher to his friend. The busts on the bookcase flank a splendid oil portrait of Kate Field, the presiding genius, the subject and inspirer of Lilian Whiting's best thought and work; it might almost be said the goddess of her idolatry—her *friend*. Over the simple writing table, in a corner near the window, are other portraits of Kate Field, one a photograph of the portrait by Elihu Vedder, painted at Florence in Miss Field's girlhood, and now in the Museum of Fine Arts. An engraving of Vedder's picture of "The Soul Between Faith and Doubt," another picture with a remarkable history, suggests a world of meaning in that place. Near the Vedder portrait is a handsome one of Mary Anderson Navarro. Memory of a wonderful day with Rosa Bonheur in the forest of Fontainebleau, is perpetuated vividly by a large carbon print of a painting of sheep huddled in a mountain sheepfold, that won Miss Whit-

ing's special admiration. On the mantel is seen the clasped hands of the Brownings in bronze, a gift from Harriet Hosmer, and cast from the mold taken by her at Rome in 1853. Near them, and under the elder Landor's portrait, is a small autumn landscape painted by the poet's grandson, A. Henry Savage Landor, whose remarkable journey, and no less remarkable record of it in "The Forbidden Land," has made him famous. It was given by him to Miss Whiting when he was in Boston a few years ago. A photograph of the weird and wonderful statue of Balzac, by Rodin, which set the critics by the ears all over Europe a few months ago, is near it. To the sympathetic student of the author of the "Comedie Humaine," it appeals with rare force.

These are a few only of the mementoes that hold the touch of hands that have wrought for humanity, and whom Lilian Whiting has called friends. How well these silent witnesses testify to the truth of Miss Whiting's affirmation that "the one supreme good of life lies in sympathetic companionships, all else being purely incidental!" What wonder that she can write, "My life is full of the precious privilege of meeting and knowing those whom we all revere as the makers and molders of our thoughts." Significant also is the fact, that born critic as she is, she probably numbers among her well loved and trusted friends, more men and women of letters than any other woman in America. But never a hint of professional jealousy in attempted depreciation falls from her lips. On the contrary, her tribute of generous and spontaneous praise is always ready. Miss Whiting herself, considers "After her Death," her masterpiece, and for this reason, I am glad of the privilege of reproducing with this hazy sketch, the excellent portrait of Kate Field which forms the frontispiece to that book. It is indeed a remarkable work, not merely for its expression of the influence of a beautiful friendship, but even more for its record of the continuous and undeniable psychic communication established between the author and her friend beyond the veil. Miriam Harris, a California writer, says: "I shall never forget the first time I read 'After her Death.'

Someone had called it a beautiful symphony ; it was that, and more to me. I had just come down from Mount Lowe. Imagination and feeling had been kindled anew in that rarefied atmosphere, and life itself had taken on something of that Alpine glow. Then, reading that book, I saw for the first time the picture of Kate Field in the beauty and charm of her early womanhood. Her pictured face is ideal in its loveliness."

So sound an authority as the London "Academy," pronounced Miss Whiting's essays included in "The World Beautiful," as "noteworthy in themselves, and even more so as a sign of the times." "Miss Whiting," the critic further declares, "writes on the old themes . . . but she rises above the throng in her treatment of them. . . . She is clearly of that growing band of men and women who believe that an awakening of the human soul, attended by the acquisition of new psychic powers, already enjoyed by the few, is the gift which the future holds for the children of men."

There is no intention here of discussing Miss Whiting's work in detail. Yet it must be said that those who are attracted and encouraged by the three volumes of "The World Beautiful" should not neglect the volume of flowing, melodious verse, "From Dreamland Sent," in which the author gives more finished form to thought deep and tender.

My own acquaintance with Lilian Whiting and with Boston, began years ago, in reading her Saturday letters in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Boston at its best — and the best of a city as of an individual is its truest, — is most faithfully and feelingly reported week by week in these letters, and in those to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. How much Boston owes of prestige and influence as a center of intellectual and spiritual activities, in the minds of the west and the south, to Miss Whiting's letters, it would be difficult to tell. Certain it is that thousands of exiled New Englanders regularly look to them for luminous and lively criticism of the latest in art, literature, music, and the drama, handled with that personal touch which makes words live even in cold type.

Important discoveries in science and development along metaphysical lines, often find their first announcement in these letters. The story is told of a new managing editor in Chicago, who expressed the belief that in this electric age, letters by mail from Boston were "behind the times." His suggestion that they be discontinued met with an emphatic protest from the news editor, who declared that Lilian Whiting's letters always contained several "good beats" on the telegraph service. Another time, one of these letters was laid over a day to make room for "important news," whereupon the Inter-Ocean office was flooded with missives from indignant readers, announcing that if Lilian Whiting's letters were not continued, they would take another paper.

Exemplifying in marked degree William Morris's saying that, "Beauty is the worker's expression of joy in his work," Lilian Whiting the woman, in personal touch, at close range, in no wise disappoints the expectations of those who have come under the charm of Lilian Whiting the writer. Refusing to content herself with poetizing on paper, she carries her poetry into life. This is the secret of her success — the lesson of that success to our younger writers — all too prone to follow the influences in literature and journalism which separate poetry from life, and tempt them to ply the pen for bread alone, harnessing Pegasus to a market-wagon. Literature so produced and peddled, however brilliant and skilful in execution, is vitiated at the core by lack of that loyalty to one's highest, which demands that practice shall not fall below preaching.

MARCO TIEMPO.

Boston.

UNDER THE ROSE.

MIND AND MONEY

It too often happens that the possession of wealth seems to exercise a narrowing and blinding influence on people otherwise fair-minded, just, and generous. As Charles Dudley Warner pointed out in his article in the December *Arena*, everything depends on the point of view, and the point of view of the man of money toward reform of any and every sort is too apt to be that of utter and unhesitating condemnation. In the Boston of today, not less than in Jerusalem of old, the preacher of righteousness is very generally set down as "a pestilent fellow and a stirrer-up of sedition." It is not that these wealthy individuals are entirely devoid of sympathy for human suffering and aspirations; their honest, deliberate judgment is, that some sort of sacrilege is involved in any question of the permanency of a system which they consider the bulwark of the social order. Like Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, it frequently happens that the price of their support and endorsement must be unquestioning acquiescence in systems and methods which the radical fully realizes to be at the very root of crying injustice in all the world. All the more gratifying, therefore, is it to find the exceptional case of a millionaire who embraces a reform without regard to consequences in his own case, and with no mental reservations as to where truth must stop when vested interests are menaced. The most notable of such recent exceptions is that of Ex-Congressman Thomas L. Johnson of Ohio, who, having achieved a fortune through the skill and energy with which he was able to take advantage of present conditions in industrial development, freely and fully devotes to the single tax reform — which he believes means human emancipation — not merely that fortune, but the skill and energy which achieved it, and much more — his whole heart and soul. Retiring from "business" in the prime of life,

he gives himself up wholly to a movement for social reform. Long known as one of the ablest and most effective of Henry George's supporters, it is very certain that we shall hear more of "Tom" Johnson before long. The single-tax movement cannot fail to be immensely helped by his leadership, and all reformers, whether believers in the single tax or not, must yield a tribute of admiration to Mr. Johnson's courage and decision. He is not alone, however, among the millionaires who are awakening to the greater opportunity for real living and a wise use of fortune's gifts afforded by the reform movement. William Lloyd Garrison, Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo, Governor Pingree of Michigan, Mr. H. O. Nelson of St. Louis, all men of much wealth and employers of labor on a grand scale, are among those who in spite of the paralyzing influence of money, have ranged themselves on the side of the people in the battle now waging for human emancipation. But there is room for more. Who will be next?

* * * *

I believe in giving the man who has fallen from grace a fair chance to reform, and in not allowing to pass unrecognized any evidence of his change of heart. Take Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for instance. Just now he is leading the opposition to the alleged "imperialism" underlying McKinley's policy in the Philippines. And in this he is ranged side by side with Mr. Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders. For nearly ten years the name of Mr. Carnegie had been constantly associated with the ruffianly and murderous episode at Homestead which resulted in riot and bloodshed, precipitated by the importation of a band of armed thugs and mercenaries to overawe and coerce Mr. Carnegie's striking workmen. It would be well, indeed, if out of this infamy Mr. Carnegie and other employers shall have learned a lesson. There is little doubt, if I may judge from the magnificent reception accorded Mr. Carnegie at the hands of the workingmen of Homestead, on the recent occasion of the

A SUGGESTIVE COMPARISON

dedicatory exercises of the Carnegie Library, that at least those of the workers who know him best have been generous enough to forget and forgive. During his address, Mr. Carnegie referred to the great strike and its accompanying bloodshed in these words :

“For the first time, my friends, I stand before a Homestead audience with peculiar feelings. Mrs. Carnegie felt that she must be with me at Homestead. Why this occasion impresses us both today as nothing else could, will be readily understood. The one great pain of our united lives, arising from business, and which has haunted us for years, came from the deplorable event here, which startled us when far away, and which even yet has not lost its power at intervals to sadden our lives. The memories which Homestead has called up to this time have sometimes saddened us, and we hoped that this occasion might fill our minds with such a beautiful picture as to enable us to banish the cruel memories of the past forever. Imagine our happiness when now this happy meeting, the cordial and joyous welcome accorded to us, and the thousands of children’s happy, smiling faces, stamp a new picture of Homestead upon our minds which will gladden our hearts as it flashes before us wherever we may roam. By this meeting, by your welcome, by these smiling faces, all the regretful thoughts, all the unpleasant memories, are henceforth and forever ‘in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.’ Henceforth we are to think of Homestead as we see it today. This building which I now dedicate, may it, indeed, be between capital and labor an emblem of peace, reconciliation, mutual confidence, harmony, and union.”

Speaking of the wages paid at the Homestead works, Mr. Carnegie declared that during the past year of 311 working days the average pay, man and boy—common laborer included,—was \$2.91 per day ; \$905 per year. To emphasize the meaning of the figures, he compared them with the average at Pullman last year (the highest average ever paid at Pullman), which was \$535. It would be the proudest boast of himself and partners, he added, “that the firm had paid the highest wages ever paid to labor.” Why should not Andrew Carnegie follow in “Tom” Johnson’s footsteps? Captains of industry are wanted in the reform army. If Mr.

Carnegie is really sorry for the Homestead slaughter, and has sickened of the McKinley-Hanna-Platt-Quay combination, he may find himself welcomed to greater usefulness and honor than are possible to any man outside the ranks of the only really "Triumphant Democracy" — the coming Industrial Democracy.

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CURIOUS COINCIDENCES

Two very striking instances of similarities between writers unacquainted with each other, have recently come to my notice. In the February *Arena*, Mr. Dresser, in the course of a brief review of a book entitled "The New Cosmogony," by Col. George E. Warder of Kansas City, called attention to the striking resemblance between the propositions advanced in that book and those advanced in an earlier publication called "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology," by J. B. Dods. Col. Warder writes me that any such similarities were entirely unconscious, on his part, as he had never seen a copy of Dods' volume, nor even any mention of it. This only makes his presentation of a most suggestive and important theory of creation all the more interesting. In the second case, I discovered on reading the manuscript of a novel yet unpublished, but of unusual charm and power, that the plot throughout seemed to be a reversal, splendidly carried out, of a famous novel by an English writer, published about ten years ago. Even the heroine's name in the latter story was simply a feminization of the hero's name in the earlier work. Curiously enough, the author of the second story had never read nor even heard of the first story, and supposed she was working out an original idea that had no relation to any other story that she had ever read or heard of. This latter instance certainly seems to afford reasonable confirmation of Balzac's idea that in fiction, as in real life, names have an inevitable relation to characters, and that in fiction, as in real life,—starting from a given premise,—setting, action, and *dénouement* must all follow in logical sequence.

Edward Bellamy has left on record his declaration that the story "Looking Backward" came into existence precisely in this way. He had given no particular attention to the study of political economy, was unfamiliar with the writings of Karl Marx and other exponents of socialism, and had no intention of fitting the story to any preconceived economic theory. What he did, he tells us, was simply to set out with the idea of picturing life in an ideal state of society. All the details of this society, its working out and its order and arrangement generally, followed inevitably and logically. We have here also a strong argument in favor of the practicality of the ideal. Mr. Bellamy, through the exercise of reason allied to imagination and fancy in the picturing of an ideal, became a more fervid and earnest socialist than he could possibly have been made by any process of dry statistical argument.

* * * *

Every once in a while the daily press gives currency to extended reports of the failure of some community alleged to have been organized and conducted on the plan of Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Such failures are held up as demonstration of the fallacy of the entire socialistic idea, and especially of the Bellamy brand of socialism. One such recent failure, of which very much is made in the press, is that of a coöperative society that settled in Hastings, British Columbia, about three years ago, and which, through neglect and mismanagement, met with financial disaster. The Boston Transcript's account of this failure goes so far as to assert that "soon after the colony was founded the brainy men ceased to think—the necessity did not exist. There was no spur to ambition, no competition." As the fallacy of this idea that thinking and working depend entirely on the incentive of the struggle for bread and butter, is demonstrated every day in the year, even in the midst of our competitive society, by the fact that all the really fine and beautiful work in literature, art, and science, is done by men, who, like Professor Agassiz, are "too busy to make money,"

**"BELLAMY
COLONIES"**

it would seem about time to try something new. Any one who has read "Looking Backward," or "Equality," the books in which Edward Bellamy's ideas of an ideal society are clearly set forth, knows perfectly well that he nowhere advocates the establishment of isolated communities or colonies: that everywhere he insists that the new order can only be established by the collective and concerted action of all the people of the nation. All these attempts at colonization should stand or fall on their own merits. To call them "Bellamy" colonies is misleading. They may be coöperative colonies, but they cannot be Bellamy colonies. Bellamy called for the establishment of coöperation, not in small and separate efforts in the midst of a competitive system, but on a national scale, and as a complete substitute for competition in the production and distribution of wealth. All argument, therefore, as to the feasibility of socialism drawn from the failure of these colonies, is unwarranted.

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THE DEATH PENALTY

Public attention is strikingly called to that survival of barbarism, capital punishment, by the case of Mrs. Martha Place, who, having been refused a reprieve by Governor Roosevelt, will be murdered by the State of New York at Sing Sing about the time this issue of *The Arena* goes to press. Hanging, crude and bad in every way as it was, seems almost refined beside the horrors surrounding the execution of criminals in the electric chair. In the case of a woman criminal all these horrors seem to be aggravated. The cold-blooded and deliberate preliminaries of shaving the head, baring the legs, and binding with straps; the unknown chances and possibilities of torture under the current, and the utter abandonment of every sense of delicacy, not to say decency, in the handling of the woman by men, — for no women can be bribed for these grewsome horrors, — all emphasize the demand of our civilization for the abolition of capital punishment. The difference in horror and propriety, and the shock to all that is humanitarian when the victim is a woman, is only a difference of degree. We are

in the habit of looking upon our Spanish-American neighbors as behind us in development, but in most of the Central and South American republics, capital punishment was abolished long ago. Judge Garrison, of New Jersey, in his very suggestive article in this month's *Arena*, concisely presents the exact legal status of the reform in this country, and quotes stubborn facts to show the failure of the death penalty to effect the one purpose alleged in its justification—that is, to deter men from the commission of murder. Since his article was written, the act of Congress he refers to has become a law, and is being applied by the various Federal courts throughout the country. Bills are now before the Massachusetts and New Jersey legislatures to abolish the death penalty, and the question is being earnestly discussed and considered in several other states. People of advanced ideas, unitarians, universalists, theosophists, spiritualists, and mental scientists, join the quakers in favoring this reform. Of course, like all reforms, it must be brought about in a democratic way, not by force, but by the democratic expression of the popular voice. In Massachusetts, the Anti-Capital Punishment League was recently organized with a distinguished membership, including such leaders of thought as Julia Ward Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Vicar General Byrne, Rabbi Fleischer, Professor Morse, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, Mary A. Livermore, Francis T. Morton, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Robert Treat Paine, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and Benjamin Fay Mills, among others.

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

The cause of government ownership of railroads and other public monopolies has recently received support from an unexpected quarter. In his recent report, General Longstreet, United States Railroad Commissioner, recommends the government construction and operation of a double track railway from San Diego on the Pacific Coast, to Kansas City or St. Louis, a measure, which he urges, is not only warranted, but demanded by the extension of our

commerce, certain to result from the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, and our probable control of the Philippines. Australia seems to be keeping the lead which it took several years ago in this direction. Among the measures now before the parliament of New South Wales is one for the establishment of national collieries sufficient to supply the requirements of the government service. The experience of the city of Sydney with tramways under city ownership and control has been remarkable, even from the point of view of profits to the city. In 1888 these tramways paid less than two per cent., while in 1898 the net profit was more than five and a half per cent. Official inquiry now under way in New South Wales is directed to establish as far as possible the relations between wages and rents. The result of this inquiry is likely to have an important effect on the demand for increased wages. It is estimated that the average deduction from a laborer's income for rent, amounts to twenty-five per cent. in Australia. The proportion is about the same in this country, and very little reflection will serve to show that this proportion must be regarded as excessive. The balance must be struck, and if it cannot be arrived at by reduction of rents, it must be met by an increase of wages.

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POSSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN- IZATION

The article on the Paulist fathers in this issue of *The Arena* opens up an important view of a certain development that has been going on all about us very quietly during the last twenty years. Attention was called to this development in a book recently published in France, by l'Abbé Maignen, in which he sounded an alarm against what he termed the danger to the Roman Catholic Church, of Father Hecker's methods. This danger was described as the probable "Americanization" of the church, and "Americanization" seems to have a very dreadful sound to the ears of European ecclesiastics. The whole matter has been considered in solemn conclave, the Pope being implored to take a stand against the tendency so newly discovered, and finding it worth while to summon Archbishop Ireland to Rome for

a consultation, and then to issue an encyclical, which bids fair to become historical. I have had occasion in *The Arena* and elsewhere, at various times, to call attention to the process of Americanization as exemplified in its effect upon national characteristics, and in its development of a composite national character, broader, more potent and more universal than that heretofore developed on the planet. Those who have given thought and study to this matter must be struck by the remarkable confirmation of this view, and of the immense possibilities it opens up in the fact now made plain, that not even the most compactly organized institution in human history is proof against this influence in the American atmosphere, spiritual and physical. Those who have traveled in distinctively Catholic countries, like Spain and Italy, or indeed in Mexico and Central and South America, cannot fail to have marked the more than outward differences between catholicism in these countries and catholicism in the United States. The Americanization on which the Abbé Maignen focused his attention is really a very small part of the Americanization which has really taken place in the whole purpose, character, and methods of the Catholic church in this country. Father Hecker's efforts, and those of his followers, undoubtedly mark a beginning of the process, but its larger results will be found in such institutions as the Catholic University at Washington, the Summer Schools at Plattsburg, N. Y., in the east, and at Madison, Wis., in the west, and in the conspicuous part taken in civic matters by men like Archbishop Ireland. If all these things must be gratifying to the American Catholic, they should be still more gratifying to the American non-catholic in their testimony to the broadening influences of American life and institutions. There are still a few who look upon every advance to power of Catholic influence in the councils of the nation, as fraught with danger. This, perhaps, is an inevitable inheritance from the old "Know Nothing" movement. Is it not more likely that in the dreaded "capture of the continent" by Rome, we shall find that "We have surrounded the enemy and he is ours"?

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

PUERTO RICO

Frederick A. Ober has produced a valuable book, "Puerto Rico and Its Resources" (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 12mo, cloth, 282 pp., \$1.50). The story of the development of this fertile island is well told, and the author describes clearly its geologic and climatic conditions, its vegetable and fruit products, its abundant mineral resources, and the many opportunities for its development made possible by the transfer of government from Spain to the United States. Especially interesting is his account of the people and their customs. The volume contains all that the general reader needs to know about the island, and is especially valuable and trustworthy because of the author's long and intimate acquaintance with it. The book is in some respects a strong argument for colonial expansion, — not where such expansion is opposed to the desires of the natives and is contrary to the principles of our government, but where there is opportunity for the development of trade, and the production in our own territory of commodities which cannot be raised at home, and for which we have formerly paid enormous amounts to other countries. So far as Puerto Rico is concerned, the author finds the acquisition of this island in every way advantageous, both to our own country and to our newly added territory. Mr. Ober's treatise is therefore recommended as a very able presentation of the past and present characteristics, resources, and possibilities of Puerto Rico.

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THE STORY OF THE MIND

"The Story of the Mind," by Prof. J Mark Baldwin (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 16mo, cloth, 232 pp., 40 cents, illustrated), is a very readable little treatise, in which the author, one of the leading psychologists of the day,

has briefly outlined the entire mental realm, and told the story of consciousness in simple language. The book is an excellent treatise to put into the hands of readers of all grades of intelligence. It is comprehensive, yet suggests throughout the need of looking beyond it to a study not only of the reader's own mind, but to the general literature of psychology. It is therefore well calculated to incite interest in psychology, not merely as a technical study, but as a subject of vital importance in the training of children, in knowledge of self, and in self-help. The book is also thoroughly up to date, and contains a carefully chosen list of books for further reading, a line of study which, if faithfully followed, would lead the reader far afield in search of the rich treasures of science and philosophy.

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**AN
OPTIMIST'S
STORY**

In "Fate or Law," by Warren A. Rodman (Lee and Shepard, Boston, cloth, 218 pp., \$1.00), the New Thought has made a decided advance into the realm of fiction. The style is smooth-flowing; many of the characters really live, instead of being didactic automata; the story progresses according to the laws of evolution instead of leaping at one bound into the new ideas; true love is here, kindly sympathy, genuine appreciation of spiritual things, and a deal of human life, life not as abstract metaphysics would have it, but as nature fashions it out of the common into the beautiful, out of the sordid, the passionate, into the self-sacrificing and the spiritually poised. As one puts the book down, it is with the feeling that the spirit, that love, has triumphed; that in this little society of evolving souls it has wrought a wondrous transformation. To be sure, the literary critic will discover marked defects. At times the author leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination of the reader, but catalogues details with a precision worthy of a scientific treatise. But prose gives way to poetry as the movement becomes more rapid, until finally one forgets all defects in the

heightened interest of the narrative. Its doctrine is rational, and the cures described are wholly credible. In fact, this story suggests possibilities for the New Thought in fiction which might well be thoughtfully considered by other writers; and we trust that the book will have a wide circulation among followers of the new movement.

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**NOTES
OF NEW
BOOKS**

“Red Patriots : The Story of the Seminoles,” by C. H. Coe (The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, cloth, 290 pp., illustrated), is designed to re-awaken the interest of the public in the Seminoles, to show how they have been wronged, and to secure for the remnant of them a peaceful home and death in the land of which they were unjustly deprived.

The last Quarterly Report of the American Statistical Association (Boston) furnishes important recent railroad statistics, classification of causes of death, with birth rates in England and France. (Paper, 150 pp., 50 cents.)

The November, 1898, Bulletin of the New York State Museum contains a remarkably fine series of photographs, illustrating the geological structure of the State of New York. The volume is intended as a guide to the geological collections in the museum, and well illustrates the splendid work possible under government auspices. (State University, Albany, N. Y., paper, 262 pp., 40 cents.)

In “Present Theories of Christ’s Resurrection,” S. M. Pealer endeavors to show how, by a new way of reckoning time, — a day lasts from one evening to the next evening, — it was possible for Jesus to be buried on Friday, yet rise again on the first day of the week; the present Thursday night was the Friday night of the Bible. (Published by the author, Carthage, Mo., paper, 27 pp., 35 cents.)

“Democracy and Direct Legislation,” by A. W. Thomas, is an earnest argument for political and social reform, based on recent laws enacted in Illinois, with special reference to the monopoly of land, railroad, and other monopolies. The

volume contains many facts and arguments of value to all students of socialism, and is illustrated by excellent portraits of leading social reformers. (Home Study Publishing Co., Chicago, paper, 142 pp., 25 cents.)

"A Colorado Wreath" is a dainty booklet of verse by Virginia Donaghé McClurg, of Colorado Springs, and is devoted to the Colorado flowers, among them being the Pike's Peak forget-me-not, "truant, heavenly blue," the anemone,

A flower of love that fair and sweet,
Bloomed at the spot where two ways meet,

the columbine, the state flower, and the kinnikinnick :

Of old, the Indian loved it,
And in his pipe of peace,
Inhaled its pungent fragrance, —
A pledge that war should cease.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand" is an argument for the displacement of capital by socialized industry, by C. W. Wooldridge, M. D. C. H. Kerr & Co., 74 pp., paper, 10 cents.

H. W. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Uncle Ike's Ideas," a booklet of fearless reform poems, by George McA. Miller. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 64 pp.; leatherette, 25 cents; paper, 10 cents.

"Poems of Expansion," by John Savary. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, 12mo, cloth, 129 pp.

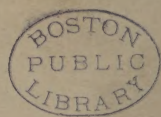
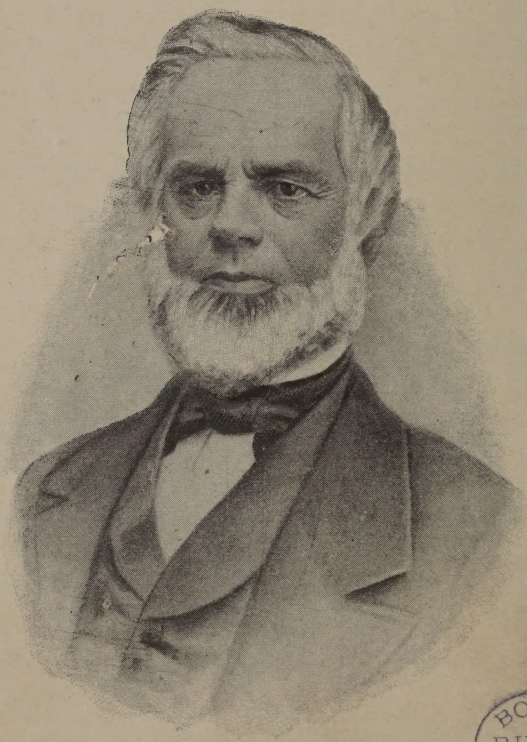
"The Lost Atlantis, or The Great Deluge of All," by E. N. Beecher. The Brooks Co., Cleveland, O., cloth, 100 pp., \$1.00.

"Waiting for the Signal: A Political Novel," by Henry O. Morris, Schulte Publishing Co., cloth, 497 pp., \$1.00.

"History of State Banking in Maryland," by A. C. Bryan. Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, paper, 50 cents.

"The Success of a Failure," by J. H. Lincoln. Vincent Publishing Co., Omaha.

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PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND ITS PROPHETESS.

I. THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

THE closing years of the greatest century have witnessed the rise of one of the most amazing religious delusions of which history has record. While Christian Science, so called, has, despite its deceptive character, been productive of good, due to the germ of truth it contains, found mixed with much that is irrational, that truth has already been incorporated in its integrity into the theory and practice of thousands of people who believe in the power of the mind over the body. There remains, however, connected with the worship of Mrs. Eddy, the author of "Science and Health," a series of false claims and misstatements which have caused the genuine metaphysical movement of our time to be greatly misunderstood, with results of a most unfortunate character. The time has come when, in simple justice, the facts of the case should be made public. Silence, it seems to me, is no longer becoming in those who know the truth, when such silence seems likely to be taken advantage of to deceive thousands of innocent men and women.

The facts of leading importance are these: Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, formerly Mrs. Mary ^{Morse} Mason Patterson, of Sanborn-ton Bridge, N. H., is regarded by many thousands of faithful followers as the originator by "divine revelation," in 1866, of the philosophy and practice of mental or spiritual healing, best known in its sectarian phase as "Christian Science."

The followers of the movement recognize only the authority of Mrs. Eddy, and the Bible as interpreted in her authorized text-books; other literature on the subject is prohibited, and her followers are not permitted to affiliate with other organizations. Mrs. Eddy is compared to Christ, whose face is made to resemble hers in a picture where the two stand side by side; her words are deemed the words of the divinest authority, and although she has probably not been a well woman for over forty years, she is believed by her disciples to be perfectly sound and true. The chief tenets of her doctrine are that there is but one principle or spirit in the universe, that "all is mind, there is no matter," "all is good, there is no evil"; and that consequently by those who know this abstract "truth," all seeming evil and disease are dismissable as "errors of mortal mind." It is useless then to complain to a believer in this doctrine that one is suffering, or to ask how one shall succor the poor; for one is emphatically informed that there is no suffering, "there are no poor."

If, now, we ask, Whence came the truth in the doctrine, so far as it has proved helpful as a principle of cure, and how does it chance to be intermingled with irrationality and fanaticism? we find that Christian Science had two sources: only a certain peculiarly worded interpretation of the great truths of mental healing is original with Mrs. Eddy,—the truth itself was rediscovered by Dr. P. P. Quimby (1802–1866), who not only restored Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, to partial health, in the autumn of 1862, after six years of invalidism, but also freely shared with her ideas which afterwards formed the element of truth in her special "revelation."

Dr. Quimby began his researches in the realm of mind as long ago as 1838, and I have in my possession a scrap-book containing newspaper reports of his wonderful power,* first as a mesmerist, then, for many years before Mrs. Patterson-Eddy first saw him, as a practitioner of the method of silent treatment, now widely known as the mind cure. Dr. Quimby

* Some of these newspaper reports have been reprinted in "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," by A. G. Dresser. Portions of the articles contributed by Mrs. Eddy are quoted by Mrs. Woodbury in this issue of *The Arena*.

first restored himself to health after having been condemned by the best physicians,* and then devoted the remainder of his life to the sick, and to the formulation of the principles which his remarkable cures illustrated. His manuscripts, all of which I have read and copied, and with the contents and dates of which I am perfectly familiar, contain a complete theory of disease and its cure, and although they bear evidences of pioneer work, are nevertheless clearly the product of an original mind, of one in whom the love of truth dominated all else. Yet this friend of the sick, whose remarkable cures were witnessed by many now living, has been condemned as an "ignorant mesmerist" or magnetic healer by the very woman whom he once restored, although she had publicly praised the man and his work, as I shall presently show; while his manuscripts are either called Mrs. Eddy's first "scribblings," or are utterly ignored. Out of this first misstatement have grown reports, enlarged as they passed from mouth to mouth, which have caused the Christian Scientists to brand as deceivers, "incapable of telling the truth," all who know the facts about Mrs. Eddy; while the independent followers of mental healing and all advocates of the New Thought † have been greatly hampered in their labors for humanity by these misstatements, and by the exclusiveness and personality worship of which I speak. It is solely with the hope of removing these strained relations, not with the slightest desire to attack Mrs. Eddy's personality, that I make this public statement.

My father, Julius A. Dresser, was a patient and follower of Dr. Quimby, in Portland, Me., from June, 1860, and was in Portland when Mrs. Eddy, then Mrs. Patterson, came from Hill, N. H., to receive treatment. He owed the thirty-three years of his life following 1860 to Dr. Quimby, whose ideas he ardently espoused and often explained to new patients, among them Mrs. Eddy. The first mention of Mrs. Eddy in my father's journal is October 17,

* See "The True History of Mental Science," by J. A. Dresser, p. 9.

† See the January *Arena*, p. 28.

1862, and my mother, Annetta G. Dresser, who was cured by Dr. Quimby after six years of hopeless invalidism, was present when Mrs. Eddy was assisted up the steps to Dr. Quimby's office. I have had the acquaintance of those who copied all of Dr. Quimby's manuscripts from the original, and have recently had access to letters written by Mrs. Eddy between 1862 and 1866. My facts are, therefore, first-hand facts, and I could, if necessary, substantiate by competent witnesses and legal testimony all that I am about to state.

(1) Mrs. Eddy was never the secretary of Dr. Quimby, this office having been filled by the Misses Ware, and Mr. George A. Quimby.*

(2) Dr. Quimby was not the author of "Science and Health," which was not published until 1875, nine years after Dr. Quimby's death. His most ardent friends would claim for him only the discovery of the truth of thought-power, of a causative influence in the production and cure of disease, and of the method of silent treatment, during the years 1838-1865; the ideas were his, and frequently the language in which the science was described by Mrs. Eddy; but the published writings of Mrs. Eddy were never claimed to have been written by Dr. Quimby in their final form.

(3) My father lent Mrs. Eddy his *copy* of the first volume of Dr. Quimby's manuscripts, which she may have copied for herself. The articles in this volume were written in 1859-1860, and were followed by articles written in 1861-1865, which Mrs. Eddy probably never saw, but which I have been familiar with since 1883. These articles contain a full statement of Dr. Quimby's theory, with abundant incidents drawn from his practice, references to the Bible, and illustrations from the Civil War, in progress while they were written. The style is very unlike that of Mrs. Eddy, who never could have written them. No one who should read them would doubt the power and sincerity of their author.

(4) The statement made in the Christian Science Senti-

* See "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," p. 19.

nel of February 16, 1899, that these manuscripts may have been left with Dr. Quimby "years ago," has no foundation whatever in truth. That they could not have been "stolen from my [Mrs. Eddy's] published works," as Mrs. Eddy suggests, I am ready absolutely to prove. The quotations from these writings which Mrs. Eddy says, "were my own words, as near as I can recollect them," were from an article written by Dr. Quimby in 1863, copied by myself into a book, *which Mrs. Eddy never saw*, from the manuscript book of Dr. Quimby's writings, copied from the original, not a page of which Mrs. Eddy ever saw. The statements of "Eugene Greene," quoted in the Sentinel, that Dr. Quimby "requested us to transform" his "scribblings," "which we did," are also wholly false. These statements entirely misrepresent Dr. Quimby's practice and teaching and his relationship with Mrs. Eddy. Dr. Quimby *did* term his theory the "Science of Health." He also used the term "Christian Science."

(5) No stranger who has visited Mr. Quimby to procure his father's writings has, or ever will have, the slightest success. But the fact that they will not be published verbatim, except under certain conditions not yet fulfilled, is obviously no reason for "daring" their owner to issue them; there are too many who know of their character to doubt that they are precisely as I have represented.

(6) As for the statements in court of Dr. E. J. Arens, referred to in the Christian Science Sentinel above mentioned, I knew Dr. Arens and know also that he never saw Dr. Quimby, and that nothing has ever been settled in court concerning the Quimby manuscripts.

(7) The extracts quoted from Dr. Quimby in the Sentinel are from one of his earlier articles, and do not adequately represent him. He held a very exalted idea of God, quite superior to that of Mrs. Eddy; he did not deny the existence of matter; no friend of his claims that Mrs. Eddy has plagiarized to any extent from Dr. Quimby's later manuscripts, because she never saw the best of them; Dr. Quimby was not a



MARY BAKER EDDY.

(After the latest authorized photographic portrait.)



spiritualist, and Mrs. Eddy publicly defended him against the charge in Warren, Me., in the spring of 1864; he did not teach that his treatment was due to the transmission of electricity; * he discarded mesmerism many years before Mrs. Eddy visited him as a patient in 1862; and the "discovery" of Mrs. Eddy in 1866 was, so far as I know, simply the fact that after Dr. Quimby's death, with no one likely to succeed him, she must depend upon herself, since her revered teacher and helper could no longer be called upon, as formerly, to help her out of every little ailment.

(8) The Sentinel quotes a letter from Mrs. Eddy as follows :

"The following extract copied from a letter to me recently received from a well-known Christian Scientist, may at least amuse the readers of our Journal. After doing justice to this subject, I had dropped it, as we naturally turn away from a fossilized falsehood. But evidence and testimony on the side of Truth are always in order, and proverbially better late than never.

'It might be interesting for you to know that Mr. A. J. Swartz of Chicago, went to see the late Dr. P. P. Quimby's son, and procured his father's writings for the purpose of having them published, in order to show the world that your ideas were borrowed from Quimby. After having examined them, to their utter disappointment, it was found there was nothing that would compare in any way to Science and Health; and he, Swartz, concluded that it would aid you too much to publish them, so they were returned to the owner.

'Mrs. Swartz saw and read these MSS. and she gave me this information.

'MARY H. PHILBRICK.

'*Austin, Ill., May 18, 1892.*' "

I am informed (March 26, 1899) by Mr. George A. Quimby that there is "not a shadow of truth" in the above claims. Mr. Swartz visited Belfast, it is true, but *was only permitted to read and copy from the scrap book* containing newspaper references to Dr. Quimby. Mr. Quimby read aloud a few paragraphs from his father's writings, but did not

* The statement to this effect in the Sentinel is entirely false, also the statement that Dr. Quimby owed all his popularity in Portland to Mrs. Eddy.

permit these writings even to be examined by Mr. Swartz. Mrs. Swartz did not accompany her husband, and Mr. Quimby never saw her. I can produce statements in Mr. Swartz's own words to show that Mary H. Philbrick has wholly misrepresented the result of the visit to Mr. Quimby.*

(9) In the same issue of the Sentinel, Mrs. Eddy says :

"In 1861, when I first visited Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., his scribblings were descriptions of his patients; and comprised the manuscripts that, in 1887, I advertised I would pay for having published. Before his decease, in January, 1866, he had tried to get them published and failed. The quotations contained in the article above—purporting to be Dr. Quimby's own words—were written while I was his patient in Portland and holding long conversations with him on my views of mental therapeutics. Some words in these quotations certainly read like words that I said to him, and, at his request to correct his copy, had added thereto. In his conversations with me, and in his scribblings, the word Science was not used at all, till one day I declared to him that, back of his magnetic treatment and manipulation of patients, there was a Science, and it was the science of Mind, that had nothing to do with matter, electricity, or physics."

The *truth* is, that Dr. Quimby left Portland, in 1865, to rewrite his manuscripts for publication, but died before they were in any respect in shape to offer to a publisher. The statement that "he tried to get them published and failed," is absolutely false. Equally false is the statement that Mrs. Eddy helped Dr. Quimby in any way. The attempt, repeatedly made, to show that Mrs. Eddy taught Dr. Quimby, is utterly baseless, and Mrs. Eddy knows that in such statements, and in her effort to show that he was a mere mesmerist, who once controlled her, she entirely misrepresents one whom she once compared to Jesus, and whom it was once her pleasure to defend.

The statement has been made that Mrs. Eddy was never Mrs. Patterson, and consequently is not the same person

* See "The Mental Science Magazine," April, 1888; June, 1888.

who learned Dr. Quimby's ideas and methods in 1862. But in a letter addressed to the Boston Post, dated "No. 569 Columbus Avenue, March 7, 1883," Mrs. Eddy says:

"In 1862 my name was Patterson, my husband, Dr. Patterson, a distinguished dentist. After our marriage, I was confined to my bed with a severe illness, and seldom left bed or room for seven years, when I was taken to Dr. Quimby and partially restored. I returned home once more to make that home happy, but only returned * to a new agony to find my husband had eloped with a married woman from one of the wealthy families of that city, leaving no trace save his last letter to us, wherein he wrote: 'I hope sometime to be worthy of so good a wife.' I have a bill of divorce from him, obtained in the county of Essex."

I have in my temporary possession a series of letters addressed to Dr. Quimby, which no one except their owner has seen for more than thirty years, until they came into my hands, March 1, 1899. The letters are chiefly of a personal character, and I shall mention them only so far as they concern the public, since it is unnecessary to do more. I shall confine myself to the mere statement of facts, the purpose of this brief statement being to set at rest the question concerning Mrs. Eddy's loyalty to Dr. Quimby previous to the publication of her book.

The first of these letters is dated Rumney, N. H., October 14, 1861, and is addressed by Dr. D. Patterson to Dr. Quimby, soliciting the aid of the latter's "wonderful power" for the restoration to health of his wife, who for a number of years had been an invalid, "unable to sit up." Then follow fourteen letters signed by Mrs. Patterson, bearing dates beginning May 29, 1862, and ending July 25, 1865; and written from Rumney, Hill, and Sanbornton Bridge, N. H., Saco, Me., Warren, Me., and Lynn, Mass. The first is a letter of appeal, expressing "entire confidence" in the "philosophy" of Dr. Quimby, and asking him to come to heal her, since if he

* Compare this statement with one I shall presently make. A letter from Dr. Patterson can be produced in which he simply states that his wife has returned, leaving an unpaid bill, which he promises to pay.

does not save her, she must surely die—after six years of severe invalidism. Then follows a letter from a Hill (N. H.), water cure, where Mrs. Patterson had gone for treatment, as Dr. Quimby could not come to her, which expresses the hope that she may yet reach Dr. Quimby, as she believes herself sufficiently “excitable” to live through the journey. This was in August, 1862, and evidently the journey was made a few weeks later; for in my father’s journal, as I have said above, under date of October 17, 1862, I find mention of her. The next letter, written after her return home, is dated “Jan. 12, ’63,” and refers to the benefit received from a distant mental treatment which removed all her pain in a remarkable way, and speaks of herself as “a living wonder and a living monument of your power,” as a result of which “five or six of my friends are going to visit you.” She hopes soon to accompany her sister, Mrs. Tilton, to Portland to see Dr. Quimby. She says of herself, “I eat, drink, and am merry; have no laws to fetter my spirit now, though I am quite as much of an escaped prisoner as my dear husband was.” The letter expresses firm faith in Dr. Quimby’s theory of disease, and reveals a clear understanding of it. She applies terms to disease which appear both in Dr. Quimby’s manuscripts, and in “Science and Health.” She says farther, “I mean not again to look mournfully into the past, but wisely to improve the present. . . . My explanation of your curative principle surprises people.”

The following letters relate to slight ailments for which Mrs. Patterson solicits Dr. Quimby’s help, express utmost confidence in him, and show that she is spreading his ideas, defending him, defining the difference between his theory and spiritualism, as well as making some effort to apply the healing principle. These letters are also full of gratitude and good wishes, of the love which the student feels for the revered teacher.

In one of these letters, dated, “Saco, Sept. 14, ’63,” Mrs. Patterson says, “I would like to have you in your *omnipresence* visit me [absent mental treatment] at 8 o’clock this

eve if convenient." A later letter is dated Warren, Me., April 10, 1864, and describes a lecture given by Mrs. Patterson, in which she outlined Dr. Quimby's theory, and once more distinguished his teaching from spiritualism. An earnest desire is expressed to engage in a more public work, and applications have already come to her both for treatment and for articles upon the subject. But she declares that she is not yet out of her "pupilage." The next letter expresses a yet deeper desire to realize the ideal of the higher life, to perfect herself that she may help others, and shows warm appreciation of the spiritual side of Dr. Quimby's teaching. There is a noticeable variation in the handwriting in portions of this letter, and in general the handwriting of these letters reveals a variety of moods. From time to time, Mrs. Patterson encloses money in payment for absent treatments. Again she speaks of Dr. Quimby's work as a "science," which has had as clear a demonstration in her case, as any experiments she has "witnessed in clairvoyance." On one occasion she meets an acquaintance who was formerly editor of *The Banner of Light*, to whom she explains Dr. Quimby's philosophy. "He thought you a defunct spiritualist; before I quitted him at Berwick, he had endorsed your science." She quotes from memory, in another letter, the public announcement of her address in Warren, Me., "Mrs. M. M. Patterson will lecture at the Town Hall one week from next Wednesday on P. P. Quimby's spiritual science healing disease — as opposed to Deism or Rochester Rapping Spiritualism." In the first letter from Warren, she reports having said to a friend, when speaking of Dr. Quimby's power, "Why even the winds and the waves obey him." Again, "Dear Doctor, what could I do without *you*." "I will not bow to wealth for I cannot honor it as I do wisdom." The following letter closes thus, "May the peace of wisdom which passeth all understanding be and abide with you.—Ever the same in gratitude." A later letter asks "Who is wise but you? What is your truth, if it applies only to the evil diseases which show themselves. . . . Doctor, I have a strong feeling of late that I ought to

be *perfect* after the command of science. . . . I can love only a good, honorable, and brave career ; no other can suit me."

Writing from Lynn, Mass., July 8, 1864, Mrs. Patterson speaks of the severe illness of her husband, earnestly wishing that Dr. Quimby were there to help, and stating that her husband only laughs when she explains the "truth" to him. She closes by asking, "Can you not prevent my taking it, and lend relief to him?" The last letter is the emotional cry of the mother heart, because of the probably fatal illness of her son George, at Enterprise, Minnesota. The same unquestioning faith in the wonderful power of Dr. Quimby is expressed, with an earnest appeal to him to save her son, for whom she expresses the highest regard. There is not in these letters the least attempt to discredit Dr. Quimby's power as a *mental* healer, not the slightest mention of magnetism or electricity, and no suspicion that his treatment is not of a high spiritual character. On the contrary, a longing is expressed to attain as high a level, and there is every reason to believe that the temptation to claim the great new truths as her own, came later when the field was free. It is noticeable, however, that the temperament is one of exceeding susceptibility to the pains of others ; there is constant appeal to Dr. Quimby to free her from these sensations, and it is evident that here is the origin of Mrs. Eddy's later theory that people can affect each other by "malicious animal magnetism." There is no reference to an "elopement."

I have shown these letters to trustworthy people who certify that they are in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting, and express surprise that one who formerly held Dr. Quimby in such high esteem, should trample upon his reputation, claiming his hard-won laurels as her own,* borrowing his ideas,

* In the letter to the Boston Post, referred to above, Mrs. Eddy says : " We had laid the foundations of mental healing before we ever saw Dr. Quimby ; were an homœopathist without a diploma. We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853, when we were convinced that mind had a science which, if understood, would heal all diseases. . . . Dr. Quimby was somewhat of a remarkable healer, and at the time we knew him he was known as a mesmerist. . . . We knew him about twenty years ago, and aimed to help him. We saw he was looking in our direction, and asked him to write his thoughts out. He did so, and then we would take that copy to correct, and sometimes so transform it that he would say it was our composition, which it virtually was ; but we always gave him back the copy. [I have already

adopting his method of treatment, and even stating in print that his writings may have been "stolen" from her published works!

It is easy, however, to understand the persistence of the false claims of Mrs. Eddy. Her followers really believe that the truths of mental healing came to Mrs. Eddy by revelation, that Dr. Quimby was a mere mesmerist whom Mrs. Eddy instructed, and that the whole subject of her indebtedness to him was settled in court. Consequently, these misstatements have been passed from mouth to mouth, until nowadays they are repeated in public addresses by innocent people who would be dumbfounded to know that they are false. Yet I can name trustworthy people who could give much more damaging testimony than the above. The evidence is first-hand, and has been carefully investigated by competent scientific authorities. But I have tried to say the best word possible for Mrs. Eddy, namely, that she was once loyal to Dr. Quimby and valued the great truths which he discovered. I must at the same time state, however, that never has man or woman been so idealized, never have a religious leader's followers been so deceived. I have been familiar with the history of the mental healing movement from my boyhood, and have known of one right hand man or woman after another who became undeceived, and separated from Mrs. Eddy; and if half were told that could be told, the exposure would produce an unparalleled sensation.

It may be asked, why have these facts been so long withheld? Why have not these former favorites exposed Mrs. Eddy? Because one and all feared her, were afraid of her "malicious" treatment. Two editors of mental healing publications have had the courage to publish historical statements concerning Mrs. Eddy. But both wrote to me *that their business was threatened with ruin* if they dared to publish anything more about her. I was informed by one

said that this is absolutely false.] . . . But lo! after we have founded mental healing, and nearly twenty years have elapsed, during which we have taught some six hundred students, and published five or six thousand volumes on this subject, . . . the aforesaid gentleman [my father] announces to the public, Dr. Quimby, the founder of mental healing."

publisher that his receipts fell off one-half from the time he printed certain letters of mine concerning Dr. Quimby. What then could one do when those who needed to be undeceived were expressly forbidden to read one's articles, when one must contend with a powerful ecclesiastical and financial organization? One could only await the time when all things should tend toward the overthrow of this gigantic delusion. The time has come. Within a few months those who know the facts have been besieged by inquirers and those intending to prepare exposés. The disruption must follow, and consequent upon it will come a great reaction in favor of the rational philosophy founded by Dr. Quimby.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

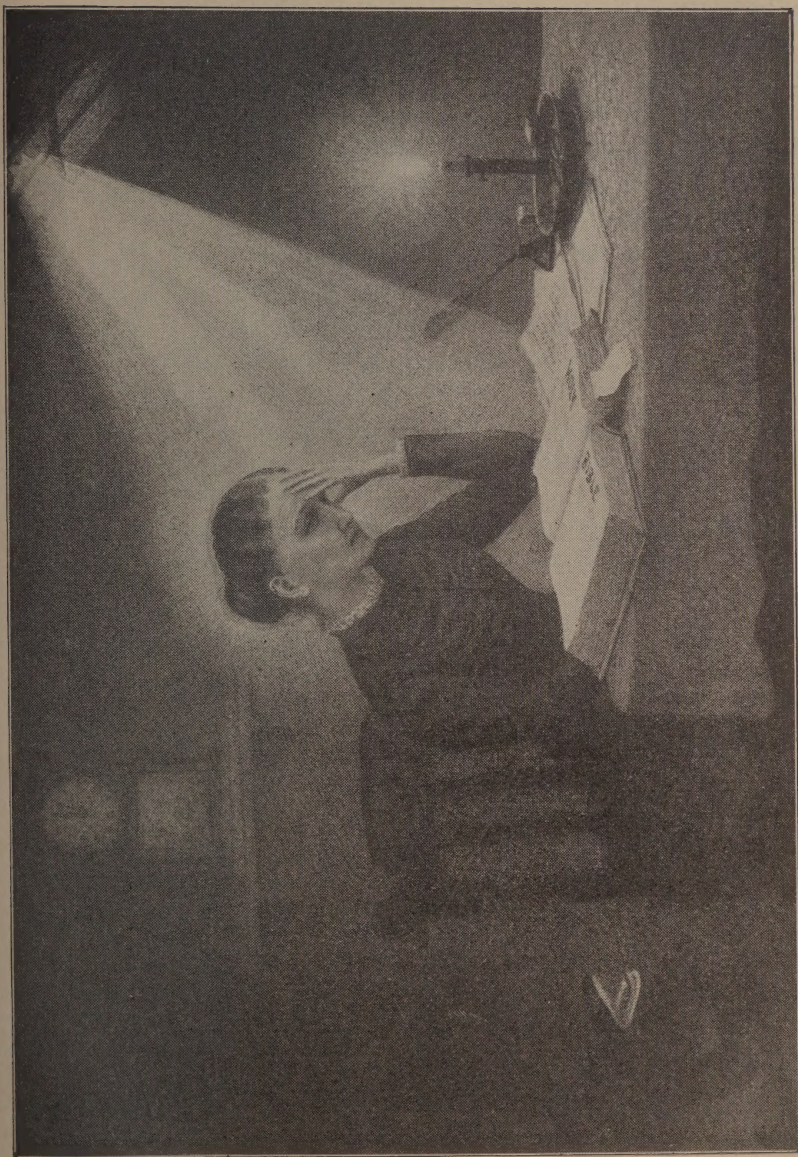
Boston.

II. THE BOOK AND THE WOMAN.

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and he had in his hand a little book, open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth. . . . And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars; and she, being with child, cried, travailling in birth, and pained to be delivered. And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads; and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to his throne; and the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand, two hundred and three score days."

— *Revelation x: 1, 3; xii: 1-8.*

The followers of Mrs. Eddy assert that these apocalyptic passages refer to Mrs. Mary ^{Morse} Mason Baker Glover Patterson Eddy, who was born in the neighborhood of Concord, N. H., nearly four score years ago. In other words, these



MRS. EDDY AND THE SERPENT.

This picture is made from one originally published as an illustration to a poem called "Christ and Christless," by the author of "Science and Health." It is intended to picture the production of the bible of the new sect, and presents a striking combination of realism and allegory. While the star and the snake are merely symbolical; the portrait, as well as the accessories of table, chair, and candlestick, are historically authentic. The snake is left out, hardly for the effect on the nerves of the worshippers, *ma*

devotees maintain that Mrs. Eddy is "The Feminine Principle of the Messianic Expectation" in the nineteenth century; that the man child, born to the apocalyptic woman, is Christian Science; while the angelic little book, preceding this birth, is Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." An astute critic declares "a woman clothed with the sun" the most stupendous metaphor in any language. Is Mrs. Eddy that woman? Is the moon under her feet, and are the twelve stars on her head? Is she antagonized by a great dragon, ready to destroy her revelation? Is her Christian Science "to rule all nations with a rod of iron"? Has this child been caught up into heaven? Was Portland, Lynn, or Boston the wilderness to which this woman was to flee after her travail; or is her desert to be looked for in her "Pleasant View" estate at Concord, N. H., whither the prophetess of Christian Science retreated some years ago?

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, from whom Mrs. Eddy learned all she knows of the theory and practice of metaphysical healing, was born in Lebanon, N. H., Feb. 16, 1802, but spent the larger part of his life in Belfast, Maine, where he was well known both for his successful healing, and for his personal goodness. His interest in the power of mind began in 1838,* and his early methods involved mesmerism, clairvoyance, and scriptural laying-on of hands; but a few years later he gave up the practice of mesmerism,† and began to heal diseases by the silent mental method, declaring "Truth" to be the great healer; yet not deriving his theory or practice from the Bible, though rejoicing in scriptural endorsement. In 1859, Dr. Quimby moved to Portland. Let him now speak for himself. In a circular to the sick, which he distributed while in Portland, he says:

"My practice is unlike all medical practice. . . . I give no medicines and make no outward applications, but simply sit by the patient, tell him what he thinks is his disease, and my

* See "The Philosophy of P. P. Quimby," p. 12.

† Ibid, p. 14.

explanation is the cure. . . . If I succeed in correcting his errors, I change the fluids of his system, and establish the truth or health. *The truth is the cure.* This mode of treatment applies to all cases."

In October, 1862, when Dr. Quimby had been four years in Portland, working what were called miracles of bodily healing, there was, one day, assisted up his stairs a woman who declared herself suffering with spinal disease. The new patient was poor; but through the doctor's aid she found a boarding-place near by. Concerning this period we have ample testimony from those who daily saw Mrs. Eddy (then Mrs. Patterson), to the effect that, though claiming to be so well at the end of three weeks, as no longer to need treatment, Mrs. Patterson still went regularly to Dr. Quimby's office to ask him questions concerning his methods. When in her own room she was busily engaged in putting on paper the points she drew from him; and these papers were afterwards corrected by him, if in any way she misinterpreted his ideas.

Now let us hear what the lady said about the doctor in 1862, as well as what she said a quarter century later:

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862.

When our Shakespeare decided that "there were more things in this world than were dreamed of in your philosophy," I cannot say of a verity that he had a fore-knowledge of P. P. Quimby.

When by a falling apple an immutable law was discovered, we gave it the crown of science, which is incontrovertible and capable of demonstration; hence, that was wisdom and truth. When from the evidence of the senses my reason takes cognizance of truth, although it may appear in quite a miraculous view, I must acknowledge that as science, which is truth uninvestigated. Hence the following demonstration:—

Three weeks since, I quitted my nurse and sick-room en route for Portland. The belief of my recovery had died out of the hearts

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.

It was after the death of Mr. Quimby, and when I was apparently at the door of death, that I made this discovery, in 1866. After that, it took about ten years of hard work for me to reach the standard of my first edition of "Science and Health," published in 1875. (Page 115.)

As long ago as 1844 I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease, and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming—to druggists, spiritualists, and mesmerists—that Science must govern all healing. (Page 116.)

I discovered the Science of Mind-healing, and that was enough. It was the way Christ had pointed out; and that fact glorified it. My

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862—(Cont'd.)

of those who were most anxious for it. With this mental and physical depression I first visited P. P. Quimby, and in less than one week from that time I ascended by a stairway of one hundred and eighty two steps to the dome of the City Hall, and am improving *ad infinitum*. To the most subtle reasoning, such a proof, coupled, too, as it is with numberless similar ones, demonstrates his power to heal.

Now for a brief analysis of this power.

Is it Spiritualism? Listen to the words of wisdom. "Believe in God, believe also in me; or believe me for the very work's sake!" Now, then, his (Dr. Quimby's) works are but the result of superior wisdom which can demonstrate a science not understood; hence, it were a doubtful proceeding not to believe him for the work's sake. Well, then, he denies that his power to heal the sick is borrowed from the spirits of this or another world; and let us take the Scriptures for proof. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." How, then, can he receive the friendly aid of the disenthralled spirit, while he rejects the faith of the solemn mystic who crosses the threshold of the dark unknown to conjure up from the vasty deep the awestruck spirit of some invisible squaw?

Again, is it by animal magnetism that he heals the sick?

I can see dimly at first, and only as trees walking, the great principle which underlies Dr. Quimby's faith and works; and just in proportion to my right perception of truth is my recovery. "This truth which he opposes to the error of giving intelligence to matter and placing pain where it never placed itself, if received understandingly, changes the currents of the system to their normal action, and the mechanism of the body goes on undisturbed. That this is a science capable of demonstration becomes clear to the minds of those patients who reason upon the process of their cure. The truth which he establishes in the patient cures him

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.—(Cont'd.)

discovery promises nothing but blessings to every inhabitant of the globe. This glorious prospect seems to incense some degraded minds, and stimulate their unscrupulous efforts to thwart its benign influence and defeat its beneficence. (Page 116.)

I never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally; and many others will testify that, up to his last sickness, he treated us magnetically, — manipulating our heads, and making passes in the air, while he stood in front of us. During his treatments I felt like one having hold of an electric battery, and standing on an insulated stool.

His healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism. I tried to think better of it, and to procure him public favor. He was my doctor, and it wounded me to have him despised. I believed he was doing good; and even now, knowing as I do the harm in his practice, I would never revert to it but for this public challenge. I was ignorant of the basis of animal magnetism twenty years ago, but know now that it would disgrace and invalidate any mode of medicine. (Page 111.)

Did I write those articles purporting to be mine? I might have written them, twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death, in 1865. He was illiterate, and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing; and I was as ignorant of mesmerism as Eve, before she was taught by the serpent. Mind-science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by animal magnetism and will-power, under his treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet. (Pages 109, 110.)

Dr. Quimby believed in the reality of disease, and its power over life; and he depended on man's belief in order to heal him, as all mesmerists do. Nothing is more remote than this from Science,

Mrs. Patterson (now Eddy) in Portland Courier, 1862.—(Cont'd.)

(although he may be wholly unconscious thereof), and the body, which is full of light, is no longer in disease.

Mrs. Patterson in the Portland Advertiser, a little later.

P. P. Quimby stands upon the plane of wisdom with his truth. Christ healed the sick, but not by jugglery or with drugs. As the former speaks as never man before spake, and Mr. Quimby heals as never man healed since Christ, is he not identified with truth, and is not this the Christ which is in him? P. P. Quimby rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of error, and health is the resurrection.

Mrs. Eddy in the Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.—(Cont'd.)

whose principle is God, and whose power is vested in its principle, and not in man. In the Science of Mind you find no disease, and no power superior to life, because life is God. This science substitutes, for human belief, the Divine Mind and His power; and it shows that mortal, erring belief has no curative power. The so-called cure wrought through belief, is an effect produced by human will, inducing a state of mesmerism that is worse than the disease. (Page 113.)

How could the same patient discover the power of mind-healing twice, once in 1862, and again in 1866, within a few months of Dr. Quimby's death, which occurred Jan. 16, 1866, at Belfast, Me., whither he had returned, giving up his Portland practice, in order to put his manuscripts in shape for publication? If Mrs. Patterson had been convinced, in 1844, "that mortal mind causes all disease," and in 1862 was proclaiming spiritual science as all-healing, how could she, in 1887, declare that, in 1862, mesmerism and mind science were alike "unknown to me"?

Where did Mrs. Patterson discover Christian Science? In her own body. How? By the action, upon her own mind, of Dr. Quimby's mental methods, which she now declares to have been not mental. Dr. Quimby wrote out in full his opinions and conclusions on the subject of disease, not with the help of Mrs. Patterson, but with that of trusted friends and patients in Portland, some of whom are still living to tell the facts, and have their copies of Dr. Quimby's writings among their most precious possessions.

The following headlines of an article dated 1863, show conclusively the sentiments of Dr. Quimby at that time:

"My Conversion from Disease to Health, and the Subsequent Change from Belief in the Medical Faculty to En-

tire Disbelief in It, and to the Knowledge of the Truth on Which I Base My Theory." *

"My theory teaches man to manufacture health, and when people go into this occupation, disease will diminish, and those who furnish disease and death will be few and scarce." †

On the Fourth of July following, occurred the great Portland fire; before which event Mrs. Patterson had moved to Lynn, whence she wrote this letter to Mr. Julius A. Dresser, who had been one of Dr. Quimby's most apt patients, often explaining the doctor's views to new-comers and to Mrs. Eddy.

"LYNN, Feb. 15, 1866.

"MR. DRESSER, —

"*Sir*: I enclose some lines of mine in memory of our much-loved Friend, which perhaps *you* will not think over-wrought in meaning, *others* must of course.

"I am constantly wishing that *you* would step forward into the place he has vacated. I believe you would do a vast amount of good, and are more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of.

"Two weeks ago I fell on the sidewalk and struck my back on the ice and was taken up for dead, came to consciousness amid a storm of vapors from cologne, chloroform, ether, camphor, etc., but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby.

"The physician attending said I had taken the last step I ever should, but in two days I got out of my bed *alone*, and *will* walk, but yet I confess I am frightened, and out of that nervous heat my friends are forming, spite of me, the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly. . . . Now can't *you* help me. I believe you can. I write this with this feeling: I think I could help another in *my* condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done

* "True History of Mental Science," p. 9.

† Ibid., p. 15.

and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you? . . .

"Respectfully,

"MARY M. PATTERSON."

What sort of physicians and friends were these who administered chloroform and ether to a woman taken up for dead? Is not this confusion of thought and terms characteristic?

To her appeal for help Mr. Dresser replied that he had no intention of taking up Dr. Quimby's public work. Of one thing she was assured by his reply, — that Mr. Dresser did not purpose to become their healer's successor. Had this discovery any bearing upon her subsequent actions?

Mrs. Patterson's poem, *written after Dr. Quimby's death*, is here quoted in full from a Lynn newspaper.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF DR. P. P. QUIMBY WHO
HEALED WITH THE TRUTH THAT CHRIST TAUGHT,
IN CONTRADISTINCTION TO ALL ISMS.

Did sackcloth clothe the sun, and day grow night,—
All matter mourn the hour with dewy eyes, —
When Truth, receding from our mortal sight,
Has paid to error her last sacrifice?

Can we forget the power that gave us life?
Shall we forget the wisdom of its way?
Then ask me not, amid this mortal strife, —
This keenest pang of animated clay, —

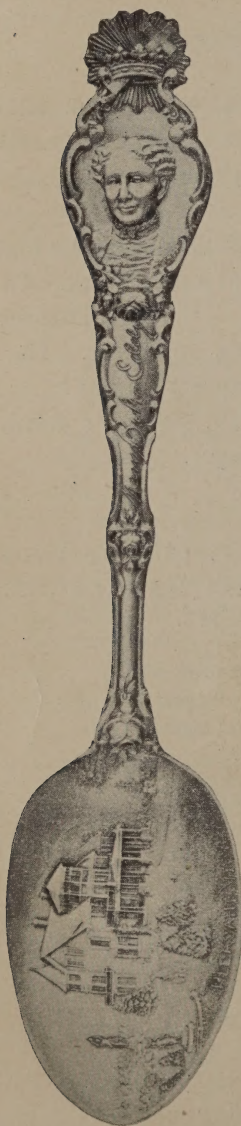
To mourn him less. To mourn him more, were just,
If to his memory 'twere a tribute given,
For every solemn, sacred, earnest trust
Delivered to us ere he rose to heaven;

Heaven but the happiness of that calm soul,
Growing in stature to the throne of God.
Rest should reward him who hath made us whole,
Seeking, though tremblers, where his footsteps trod.

MARY M. PATTERSON.

Lynn, Jan. 22, 1866.

While it may be no reproach to Mrs. Eddy that her character and conduct show her to have "an eye to the main chance," it comes with something of a shock to find her boldly trafficking in the temple.



The forces of hypnotism work on a great scale in the Christian Science society. Every organization has its own bent of mind; and suggestions, given in that direction, are fatally effective. Let the High Priestess of Christian Science affirm there is no God but Christian Science, no prophet but herself, no book but "Science and Health," and they shout: "Amen! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Let her say that each loyal student must purchase her five dollar souvenir spoon, and lo, it is done. The use of these spoons is, in fact, urged on the faithful as a means of grace and healing. In the bowl is an etching of Mrs. Eddy's home; from the handle the prophetess beams benignantly. Five dollars is the price for the gold plated variety. In plain silver it may be had for three dollars. A rushing business is also done in copyrighted photographs of Mother Eddy — plain, one dollar each; tinted, two dollars.

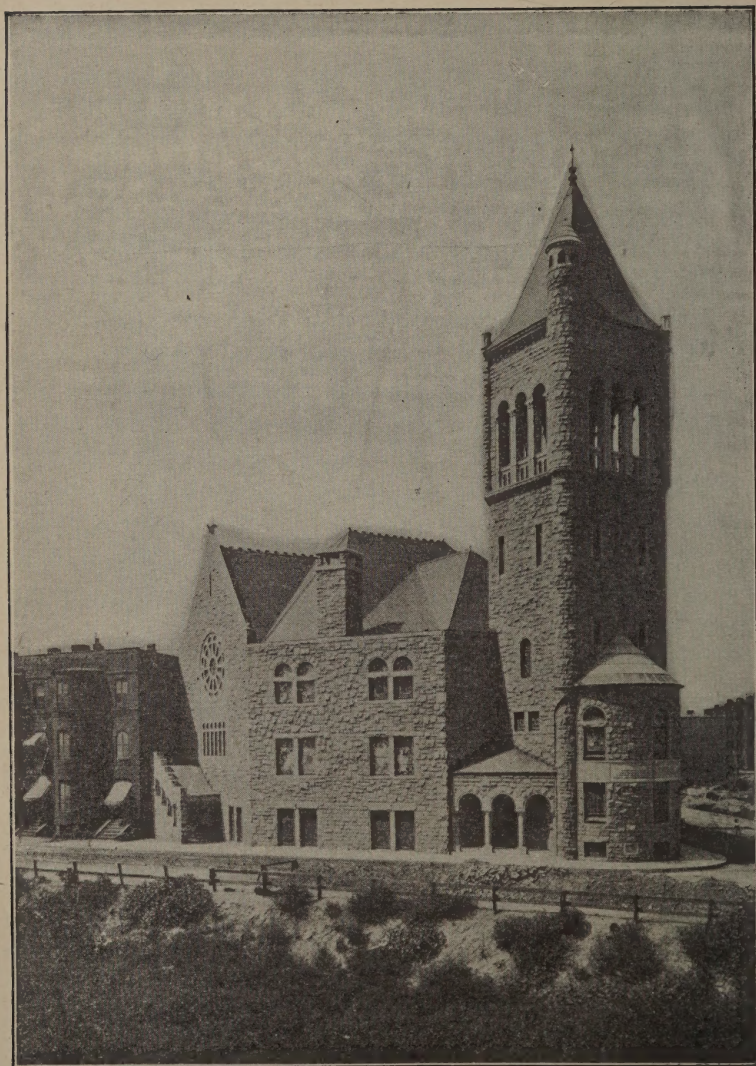
The counter-suggestion to all this charlatanry must come from those who understand the real inwardness of the system; from those who have been long in the toils, like Victor Hugo's hero within the all-encircling and absorbing tentacles of the octopus. The writer has emerged from the toils after many years of close association with the head of the new church.

It is asserted that before her acquaintance with Dr. Quimby, Mrs. Patterson not only believed in spiritualism, but practised clairvoyance. Furthermore, it is capable of proof, by competent living witnesses,—some of whom were intimately associated with Mrs. Patterson in Portland, and in Lynn,—that even after Mrs. Patterson had become Mrs. Eddy, and was teaching her new husband her doctrines, she frequently fell into trances, during which she said very strange and damaging things, though afterwards pretending she had been acting all the while, merely to test her companions.

Certain it is that Mrs. Eddy always denounces spiritualism with peculiar virulence. Nevertheless in the *Christian Science Journal*, June, 1887, she asserted that if she wrote, in 1866, after Dr. Quimby's death, "anything so hopelessly incorrect" as this poem, it must have been because her head was "turned by animal magnetism and will-power"; wherefrom it must be inferred that in 1887 Mrs. Eddy continued to believe in the power of departed spirits to personally influence and even mesmerize people still living on earth,—herself, for example.

There is also ample living testimony, that while in Lynn, Mrs. Patterson held spiritual seances, though this was after her professed ascertainment that Dr. Quimby was all in a fog, and that it had remained for her to discover the true light of mental healing shining through the darkness. Such spiritualistic belief and trances largely account for much strangeness in Mrs. Eddy's life and ways.

When Dr. Quimby was in his grave, and Julius Dresser did not succeed him, as Mrs. Eddy had anticipated, her first step was to practise mental healing, in a tentative fashion; which, at the end of nine years, all being quiet on the Potomac, led to her publication, in 1875, of her first edition of "Science and Health," though she had copyrighted it (as she states in her preface to the edition of 1886) five years before. This first edition is now very hard to obtain, but it is so eagerly sought by her adherents, that it is singular the author does not reprint it as a business specula-



"THE MOTHER CHURCH," BOSTON.

This is the \$250,000 building erected in honor of Mrs. Eddy, and in which texts from her book are printed beside texts from the Bible, while her face is conspicuous in the stained glass windows.



tion ; unless indeed there are grave reasons why she wishes to suppress the edition altogether.

Since that time her book has undergone great changes. In 1883 it was divided into two volumes, like the two Testaments, but in 1886 it was again issued in one volume. The index of 1886 was rearranged a few years later ; and from time to time sections have been taken from and added to the "inspired" work, long passages being carried forward and backward, sometimes a hundred pages.

Nobody claims that "Science and Health" was written by Dr. Quimby, for its incongruous paragraphs and jumble of antagonistic ideas are wholly unworthy of his philosophy. The charge of Dr. Quimby's personal friends and old patients is, that Mrs. Eddy appropriated from him certain metaphysical ideas—not indeed unknown in some form among the ancients and in the Oriental philosophies, but rediscovered by Dr. Quimby for himself, and imparted to Mrs. Eddy between 1862 and 1865, as demonstrated in their essence by him in practical application to the healing of the sick through a long series of years.

It is doubtless true that in some ways Dr. Quimby was "an uneducated man" as Mrs. Eddy says ; but this charge comes with poor grace from one who teaches the supremacy of the spirit that quickeneth over the letter that killeth, especially as her own writings are by no means free from errors that indicate a loose and uncertain grasp of the niceties of her mother tongue.

For instance, in the edition of "Science and Health" of 1886 (page 12) she speaks of her opposition to Gnosticism, but later it appeared that she meant its opposite, Agnosticism. Her citations of scripture are astonishingly inaccurate. In the summer of 1898 she was deservedly ridiculed by the papers for her absurdly erroneous "copyrighted" statement that the word pantheism was derived from the sylvan god Pan, though as soon as she was informed of the blunder by one outside the ranks, she made haste to unsay it ; and the article was corrected by a literary expert, at the very time that the editor

of the "Christian Science Journal" was laboring in print to support her ignorance of the subject.

In 1875 she had not thrown Dr. Quimby's reputation aside so utterly as at a later day. Again we draw the "deadly parallel":

Mrs. Patterson in Portland Courier, 1862.

I have employed electro-magnetism and animal-magnetism, and for a brief interval have felt relief from the equilibrium which I fancied was restored to an exhausted system, or by a diffusion of concentrated action; but in no instance did I get rid of a return of all my ailments, because I had not been helped out of the error in which opinions involved us. My operator (not Dr. Quimby) believed in disease independent of the mind; hence, I could not be wiser than my teacher.

Mrs. Eddy in first edition of "Science and Health," 1875, pp. 373, 378, 383.

Dr. Quimby reached his own high standpoint, and grew to it, through his own, not another's progress. . . . He was a good man, a law to himself. When we knew him, he was growing out of mesmerism.

We knew of no harm that could result from rubbing the head, until we learned it from a student's malpractice; and never since have permitted a student to manipulate. Manipulating the head is a shameless waste of time and opportunity, an abuse of ignorance.

Mrs. Eddy in Christian Science Journal, June, 1887.

If, as Mr. Dresser says, Mr. Quimby's theory (if he had one) and practice were like mine, purely mental, what need had he of such physical means as wetting his hands in water and rubbing the head? Yet these appliances he continued until he ceased practice; and in his last sickness, the poor man employed a homeopathic physician. The Science of Mind-healing would be lost by such means, and it is a moral impossibility to understand or to demonstrate this Science through such extraneous aids. (Page 110.)

Mr. Quimby never, to my knowledge, taught that matter was mind; and he never intimated to me that he healed mentally, or by the aid of mind. Did he believe matter and mind to be one, and then rub matter, in order to convince the mind of Truth? Which did he manipulate with his hands, matter or mind? Was Mr. Quimby's entire method of treating the sick intended to hoodwink his patients? (Page 111.)

If in 1875, nine years after Dr. Quimby's death and her alleged great discovery, Mrs. Eddy still used outward methods, why might Dr. Quimby not have done the same thing, without her condemnation in 1887?

In 1881, Mrs. Eddy moved from Lynn to Boston, living first at 569, and afterwards at 571, Columbus avenue, until, in 1887, she purchased a house in the fashionable Back Bay

district, 385 Commonwealth avenue, near the Leif Ericsson statue.

As soon as she was well settled in the city, she organized a Christian Science church, at first holding services in Hawthorn Hall, on Park street, overlooking the Common — the "Church of the Holy Elevator," as a newspaper critic profanely termed it; and later in Chickering Hall, 153 Tremont street. About the same time she established her Metaphysical College and her Students' associations, enlarged "Science and Health," published several smaller books, and set in motion the Christian Science Journal.

In 1882, her fourth husband, Dr. Eddy, died. The physician who conducted the autopsy says that the death was the result of distinctly developed heart-disease; but Mrs. Eddy declared that it was the effect of arsenical poisoning, mentally administered. At this time Mrs. Eddy even urged the present writer to represent to Wendell Phillips, an old family friend, that Dr. Eddy had been mentally killed by former students, now antagonistic rivals, whom he had not seen for months and years.

This is only one instance of the large and constant place in Mrs. Eddy's mind occupied by the power to poison people through thought vibration. The quality of mind which discovers and invents is not necessarily accompanied by the capacity for commercial organization. This is exemplified in the case of Dr. Quimby, whose humility seems to have been equalled only by his native purity of heart.

In her church, journal, and school Mrs. Eddy sought the aid of sundry helpers, in various capacities — as book agents, preachers, editors, professors, literary critics, Sunday-school teachers. With most of these she eventually quarreled, when they refused to do the work, while she took all the credit, allowing them small right of private judgment. Among these helpers may be named Isabel Beecher, Dr. E. J. Arens, Richard Kennedy, Frank G. Mason, Rev. Joseph Adams, Rev. William I. Gill, William G. Nixon, Mrs. Sarah H. Crosse, Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld. Three of her more recent

leading assistants, however, Rev. L. P. Norcross, Rev. D. A. Easton, and General Erastus N. Bates, died while serving in Christian Science pulpits. Dr. E. J. Foster, aged forty-two, was legally adopted as a son and took the name of Eddy in 1887, but is no longer in the Christian Science camp, having turned his back on Mrs. Eddy and all her works to engage in an honest mercantile business in Kansas, resuming his proper name.

Some of these aides-de-camp were brought from different points, as far off as California, only to find themselves leaning on a broken reed, in the person of their superior, the moment her jealousy was aroused by their increasing usefulness or popularity.

In order to keep her power, Mrs. Eddy was forced to grasp boldly at authority divine. Interwoven with "Science and Health" is indicated her theory of divine inspiration. In taking counsel with helpers, she would say, "When God speaks, I listen; and sometimes he speaks to me through you."

She soon had herself privately ordained to the ministry, by her own students. When she preached, the hall was crowded, and contribution-boxes much better filled than usual; though this did not often happen, for generally Mrs. Eddy preached only three or four times a year; and, even then, her sermons were as like each other as dried peas, though the admiring Dorcases, Priscillas, Sapphiras, Johns, Peters, Melchisedeks, and Keturahs whispered their rapt adoration to each other, "Wasn't she splendid today?" ecstatically unconscious that they had heard substantially the same address six weeks before.

When others preached, she occasionally attended the church whereof she was nominally a pastor, and took some part in the service. Once she held a baptismal service without water, though her memory failed her in repeating the formula prepared by herself; and sometimes there was a communion service, without wafer or wine. Most Sundays, however, she worshiped God in the privacy of her own home. If wonder was expressed at her absence, the adoring

disciples replied, "How could she, the divinely inspired, bear to hear ordinary preaching?"

Her invisibility increased her repute; and, whoever the speaker, the congregation joined in her extraordinary version of the Lord's Prayer, replete with turgid polysyllables from the Latin, and a bewildering admixture of pronouns and tenses. If she could not be present, her brief telegram was received with adulation by hundreds who had never met her. Soon she forbade students calling their Christian Science teachers by the name of "Mother," as had been their wont. Herself she styled "Mother Mary"; and the behavior of the raptured throngs rivaled the enthusiasm of the populace over a returned hero.

In 1889, Mrs. Eddy ostensibly gave up her college, and, retired to Concord, N. H., at the very period when a Massachusetts district attorney was looking for evidence of that institution's illegally conferred degrees, of which there were thousands, punishable with a fine of five hundred dollars for each offense. Is this the reason that for ten years Mrs. Eddy has not visited Boston on a week day, when she would be subject to arrest?

From Concord she issues her edicts and manifestos. Multitudes go thither to worship at her shrine; and are satisfied if they do not even touch the hem of her garment, but only see her from afar, as a beatific vision, while she speaks a few commonplace words, or repeats the Ninety-first Psalm, ere she turns her back on her visitors, and is accompanied by her liveried secretary on her daily drive in a close carriage, keeping off every draught that might cause her to catch a New England cold.

The Mother Church grew valiant, despite one or two dissolutions, till, in 1895, the granite building on Falmouth street was erected, at a cost of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; in it a "Mother's Room" was elegantly fitted for Mrs. Eddy's special occupancy; though it is not always open to ordinary mortal eyes. Occasionally the "pastor emeritus" comes from her rural retreat to bless the gazing

adorers, who rise when she emerges from her sanctuary, and only resume their seats when she is enthroned in the pulpit.

Again they remain standing after the benediction, till she re-enters her Holy of Holies, where she may hold sacred communion with the life-like picture of the old chair in which she claims to have been sitting when writing her inspired volume, until time for the carriage to take her to a special train.

With the opening of the new church came a new commandment, that thereafter the Bible and "Science and Health" should be its only pastors; no original discourses being allowed, only readings, by a man and woman alternately, of presumably corresponding passages from the two sacred volumes. Until a recent date this was the only Christian Science church allowed within some twenty miles of Boston; and this rule ensured two great congregations every Sunday, the second service duplicating the first; just as on the dedication day, January 6, 1895, the exercises were repeated four times during the day.

Much has been heard about a "Bible Commentary," on which Mrs. Eddy was said to be at work as far back as 1887, requiring time and attention she would otherwise devote to church and journal. As yet this commentary has not seen the light.

No sect prospers without a devil, rational religion being ever for the hopeless minority. Dr. Quimby knew no devil, since to him all things were divinely planned and planted. Christian Science started without a devil; but Mrs. Eddy could not control the multitude, and so fashioned a Mefisto in a new dress, and christened him "Malicious Animal Magnetism."

Demonophobia — the fear of demons, the fear of witchcraft — is the better name for the Christian Science disease; for its advocates are crazy with the fear of a Satan of their own making; and this fear is stimulated by Mrs. Eddy's constant allusions to the subject. "If you cannot take up Malicious Animal Magnetism," she said to one of her editors, "you can't handle my magazine." Nowhere does

demonophobia thrive with such virulence as in this sect of people, who cross themselves in the name of Mary Eddy.

"Divide and rule," was the motto of an astute statesman. So long as the barons fought each other, King John was safe on the throne; but when they united, Magna Charta was obtained. There was no Revolution till our thirteen colonies united; and afterwards the idea of state sovereignty nearly cost us the Union. Richelieu united the French provinces on the ruins of feudalism; but united France speedily cast aside the Bourbons; as United Germany will some day disown Prussian dominance. When a scoundrel would wreck a corporation for his own interests, he first sets his partners at loggerheads.

When Mrs. Eddy bids her followers abjure books, papers, magazines, or anything literary except the Bible and her own book, one feels that she would fain exclude the older inspiration in favor of the new. "Prove all things; hold fast the good!" is the scripture exhortation; but Mrs. Eddy says: "Hear me, and rest content; for this is God speaking through Mary!"

This "Mother Church" of Boston, has a roll of twelve thousand members from all over the country; but its affairs are lodged in the hands of the forty "First Members," and its control is practically lodged in a Star Chamber Sanhedrim of Seven, unless its manual has been recently changed, as oft happens.

How is the Christian Science organization maintained? Partly through the conviction that deeds are right because the leader does them, rather than that she acts thus and so because it is right; that ideas are true because she utters them, not that she utters them, as Jesus did, because they are true. Buff and blue rebels are denounced as enemies to God,—that is, to his chosen "Wonder in Heaven;" and untoward events are attributed to the hypnotic malice of somebody who has had wit and courage to leave the ranks.

With this motto, "The King can do no wrong," the Stuarts lost the English throne. Said one of Mrs. Eddy's pastoral colleagues: "If I saw Mrs. Eddy doing something I thought

wrong, I should know it was my blunder, not her error, for she can do no wrong." Faith in a leader being absolutely implicit, whether the leader be Joseph Smith, Mohammed, John Noyes, El Mahdi, or Mary Eddy, any departure from the dictator's demands engenders a contagious fear, difficult to analyze. Reason loses its hold on the mind, logic and common sense go to flinders; and their prerogatives are usurped by a semi-hypnotic subconsciousness easily influenced by an evil hint, which stultifies the intellect, and leads into baleful subservience. Mary Eddy has no use for people who think. Each grim suggestion in her interest, must infect her crowd of believers, among whom it spreads like wildfire. Those who differ from their teacher, through greater light as to her motives and history, are pronounced devil-possessed, and capable of producing contagious horrors, till the very thought terrifies the devout, and they think restraint, or even injury, to such a one, is service to God; especially if the error can be dealt with mentally, although the treatment involve gross bodily injury.

In her latest pronunciamento, Mrs. Eddy decrees that one special gentleman shall be her successor in the dictatorship, if she changes not her mind. Why choose any successor, if Christian Science heals death? Many followers believe that Mrs. Eddy has declared that she will never see death, but tarry till the Lord come to his own — in Principle, not in Personality.

Note Mrs. Eddy's remarkable deductions from the discoveries of Professor Agassiz:

"The propagation of their species without the male element, by butterfly, bee, and moth, is a discovery corroborative of the Science of Mind, because it shows that the origin and continuance of these insects rest on Principle, apart from material conditions."* An egg never was the origin of a man, and no seed ever produced a plant. . . . The belief that life can be in matter, or soul in body, and that man springs from

* "Science and Health," edition of 1886, p. 472.

dust or from an egg, is the brief record of mortal error. . . . The plant grows not because of seed or soil." *

To what diabolical conclusions do such deductions lead? One may well hesitate to touch this delicate topic in print, yet only thus can the immoral possibilities and the utter lack of divine inspiration in "Christian Science" be shown.

In "Science and Health," edition of 1885, we read the following :

"Should mortal mind adopt the appearing of a star for its formula of creation, the advent of mortal man would be signaled by a star."

The substance of certain instruction given by Mrs. Eddy in private is as follows :

If Jesus was divinely conceived by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit, without a human father, Mary, not having known her husband,—then women may become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, or through the influence upon them of an Unholy Ghost, a malign spirit. Women of unquestioned integrity, who have been Mrs. Eddy's students, testify that she has so taught, and that by this teaching families have been broken up ; that thus maidens have been terrified out of their wits, and stimulated into a frenzy resembling that of deluded French nuns, who believed themselves brought into marital relations with the glorified Jesus, as veritably the bridegroom of his church. Whatever her denials may be, such was Mrs. Eddy's teaching while in her college ; to which she added the oracular declaration that it lay within her power to dissolve such motherhood by a wave of her celestial rod.

The selfish celibacy of nuns and clergy, Christian or heathen, with consequent ecclesiastical interference in family life, have been, and are, mischief-breeding blunders, fatal alike to morals and health. One result of this interference on the part of Mrs. Eddy is that Christian Science families are notably childless.

In the preface to "Science and Health," issued in 1886,

* Ibid., pp. 417, 446, 447.

page 10, is this note: "The authoress takes no patients, and has no time for medical consultation." If students failed to cure, that was because of their weakness. Their leader "never failed." Yet why should not the inspired teacher herself heal, since the process is spiritual, and surely easy to one so close to "Infinite Mind and Principle"? Example is stronger than precept. There are those living who affirm that the stupendous miracles she related to her first Lynn pupils, as having been wrought by herself, — such as raising a dead child, — were borrowed from Dr. Quimby's own cases. It is even said that Mrs. Eddy never herself healed a single case; though her students may have healed many, and to them she has always referred applicants for help. If Mrs. Eddy, as she claimed, healed the Prince of Wales in 1882, through his royal mother, — his Royal Highness' alleged immoral character not allowing Mrs. Eddy to help him directly, — and if she could have healed the assassinated Garfield, but for the malicious interference of the recreant Kennedy and Arens, as she has also asserted, why then should she not heal, if not all mankind, at least her loyal students and the great and good leaders dying all around us?

Very tenacious is she of the paradoxical title carved on her Boston church, "THE DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE." Surely a "Discoverer" cannot be the "Founder" of that which she has been under the necessity of discovering; while a Founder would have no need of "discovering" her own foundation. What she has really "discovered" are ways and means of perverting and prostituting the science of healing to her own ecclesiastical aggrandizement, and to the moral and physical depravity of her dupes. As she received this science from Dr. Quimby, it meant simply the healing of bodily ills through a lively reliance on the wholeness and order of the Infinite Mind as clearly perceived and practically demonstrated by a simple and modest love of one's kind. What she has "founded" is a commercial system monumental in its proportions, but already tottering to its fall.

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Boston.

ILLUSTRIOUS LUNATICS.

AT a moment when the grave sociological problem of the insane engages so much public attention and excites so much anxiety, and scientists and specialists are busy discussing the pros and cons on both sides, it may be interesting to bring to mind a few of the most remarkable personages who were either actually mad, or whose mental deformity and moral depravity were such as to qualify them for place amongst the abnormal classes. At any rate, notwithstanding the "divinity" that, it is said, hedges kings, some plain speaking on the subject may have its uses.

The verity of the aphorism expressed in the line, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," has many striking examples. Some of the greatest and most distinguished characters in the world's history had the taint of insanity in them. Acts of unutterable depravity, criminality, and cruelty, and fits of frenzy more or less frequent and protracted, evidenced the existence of mental disease; and woe to any one who offended or resisted the mighty madmen in their paroxysms of insane fury. The royal families of the ancients, like those of modern times, were nearly all tainted, in spite of the intellectual brilliancy and eminent abilities of their distinguished founders. Amongst the masses, mental unsoundness was then of rare occurrence, so far as we know from history; but frequent enough amongst the classes, and especially amongst the rulers, to prove the fact, well understood by psychologists, that the unrestrained exercise of despotic power, and the inordinate and illicit indulgence of sensual passion, destroys the dominion over self, and, especially when coupled with the habit of intoxication, inevitably leads to mental deterioration, general paralysis, or lunacy. According to many distinguished writers, the insane taint, once established, remains in the blood, is ineradicable, and is transmitted from generation to generation, until the race becomes ut-

terly degenerate or extinct. It does not follow, however, that every individual member of an infected family will show insanity, or that every generation of such family must necessarily produce insane persons, for there is abundant evidence that the germ of madness has lain dormant for generations, and when exciting causes have arisen has developed; just as the mummy wheat of Egyptian tombs retained its vitality for untold ages, to germinate and fructify when again surrounded by favorable environments.

One of the most remarkable instances of illustrious lunacy of a hereditary character, in ancient times, is that furnished by the family of the Cæsars. It would seem as if the insane taint originated with the great founder of the dynasty, who was afflicted with epilepsy, and, according to some writers, abandoned himself in his younger days to vice and intemperance. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, in his work "The Tragedy of the Cæsars," attributes this allegation to the malice of his enemies. It has to be borne in mind, however, that at this period depravity was fashionable with the patrician order in Rome. There was no limit to their excesses. Rich, luxurious, and lovers of pleasure, they devoted themselves to gross sensual indulgence without any restraint, and the inevitable followed. The youthful Cæsar would have been more than mortal if he had not yielded to the temptations by which he was surrounded on every side. He, moreover, when forced to fly from Rome, while yet in his teens, resided for a considerable time at the corrupt court of Nicodemus, King of Bythnia, where immorality was rampant, and riotous living the rule. It is on record that Cæsar's moral conduct while at this court was afterwards made a charge against him by Cicero and others, and became the talk of the town in Roman society. That he divorced his wife Pompeia is matter of history, which, of course, involves a charge against her, not him; but then it has to be remembered that he is stated to have entered into improper relations with many of the noblest ladies of Rome. From the history of the period it appears that Roman society had sunk to the

lowest depths, and that, with a few rare exceptions, the patricians were all tarred with the same brush.

Cæsar's daughter, Julia, is said to have been a woman of the worst character. She had a son who was idiotic, and several others of the immediate descendants and collateral branches of the family were hereditarily infected. It is unnecessary to go much further in this direction to show how moral brain-poisoning brought down the curse of insanity upon the Julian race, and how, even in the case of pagans, the sins of the parents were visited upon the children "to the third and fourth generation," and beyond. It will answer the purpose merely to recall a few memorable names in proof of how relentlessly Nemesis pursued the Cæsars to the end. Augustus, the nephew and successor of Julius Cæsar, whose nobility of character seems to be too readily taken for granted by many, was a ruthless despot. So far from being an upright and virtuous ruler of his people, he despoiled the citizens to enrich his soldiers, and spared neither man nor woman in pursuit of his ambitious designs and the gratification of his sensual desires. Casting his eyes upon the young and beautiful Livia, he compelled her husband to divorce her, and, in order to marry her, divorced his own wife, Scribonia, the mother of his daughter Julia, who was destined to transmit to posterity, with the lineage of the Cæsars, the hereditary taint of insanity — that maniacal fire which burned so fiercely in the veins of Caligula, and was eventually extinguished in the blood of Nero. The infamous life of this daughter of Augustus shocked even pagan Rome. He himself had her arraigned before the senate, and, as we read, "That terrible trial was the most revolting revelation that had yet taken place of the moral turpitude eating like a cancer into the heart of Roman society." One is lost in wonderment how Augustus, with his own antecedents, could bring himself to submit the evidence of his daughter's guilt to the public tribunals. The fact may be taken as proof that his own mind must have been altogether unhinged when he did so. The stream being poisoned at its source, the whole of

the Julian dynasty, from the founder onwards, had the curse of "the evil tree" upon them, for blood will tell. Is it too much to say that the mighty empire of Rome, like others before it, fell to pieces, shattered into fragments by the depravity and madness of its rulers, rather than by the default of its citizens? "*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat!*"* Christianity having been founded in the reign of Augustus, when the world was overspread with a moral leprosy that degraded human nature below the level of the brute creation, it is evident the Divine founder, in setting the lesson of poverty, humility, self-sacrifice, and personal purity of life, intended by precept and example to counteract the deadly evils which prevailed.

Alexander of Macedon furnishes another example of how the exercise of absolute power and the unrestrained indulgence of sensuality act upon the brain, destroy the faculty of self-control, harden the human heart, impair the understanding, and finally overthrow the reason. Numerous instances are recorded of Alexander's senseless savagery and bloodthirstiness. History credits him with sighing for more worlds to conquer, but his insanity was of the homicidal type, and his longing was not so much for extended dominion as for more people to massacre. It is related of him that after the capture of Tyre he caused an immense number of persons, including non-combatants, to be put to death in cold blood. Nearly twenty thousand inhabitants of Sangala were butchered by his orders after the city had surrendered; and his barbarities at the taking of Gaza were diabolical. The faithful friend and mentor, Clitus, to whom he was under so many obligations, fell a victim to his drunken ferocity; and when his intimates, Parmenius and Philotus, laughed at him because he claimed to be the son of Jupiter, he had them put to death. Another illustrious lunatic was Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. The inscriptions recording his victories give a terrible account of the massacres he committed. He was a lycanthrope, imagining himself to be a wild beast, and took a diabolical

* "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

pleasure in the sufferings of his victims, torturing them with every conceivable circumstance of cruelty, and causing multitudes to be flayed alive in his presence, that he might gloat over their agonies.

Saul, the first of the Jewish kings, was another illustrious lunatic. His madness, however, took the milder form of melancholia, and was soothed by the music of David's harp.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, presents another instance of insanity brought on by self-indulgence and the abuse of absolute power. He was guilty of horrible crimes and wholesale massacres, during which he caused multitudes of human beings to be burned alive. He ended his infamous career by committing suicide.

But enough of the insane royalties of ancient times. To come down to our own days, it is notorious that most of the imperial and royal families of the present day have "the mad drop" in them, notably the Russian, German, Austrian, Danish, English, Portuguese, and Bavarian. The conservation and hereditary transmission of the insane taint in all of these is assured by frequent consanguineous marriages. In fact, it may be said that all the royalties of Europe are so married and intermarried amongst each other that there is considerable difficulty about fixing the degrees of relationship between their numerous members. Uncles, aunts, and cousins are jumbled up in a tangle that only the Herald's College could be expected to unravel. Those who are responsible for the making of such matrimonial alliances seem to ignore the fact that consanguineous marriages, especially where mental disturbance has already manifested itself, on either side, are not only fraught with danger to posterity, but are certain to produce evil results psychical or somatical. The offspring of such marriages are rarely perfectly sound. If not mentally unbalanced, they are not mentally vigorous, or else they are afflicted with physical imperfections, malformation of the limbs, scrofula, defective organs of speech, hearing, and the like. A recent writer in an American magazine, writing on "The Lesson of Heredity," says truly :

"The best illustration is afforded by the uniform history of royal dynasties. Founded usually by some person who combined rare and desirable hereditary tendencies, they are perpetuated by tradition, under an enervating environment, to whose undermining influences are added the like influences of marriages of expediency, and often consanguinity, until in a few generations the inevitable result is reached, of ill-balanced offspring, often brilliant in certain directions, as often insane." *

The imperial house of Russia furnishes a good example of Dr. Williams's postulate. Ivan the Terrible was nothing less than a violent lunatic. Had he been an ordinary mortal he would undoubtedly have been shut up, and ended his days in an asylum for the insane. Peter the Great was an epileptic, a drunkard, and a bloodthirsty tyrant. He left a legacy of all his evil qualities to his daughter Elizabeth, who was so dissolute and corrupt that her actions could only be accounted for by mental aberration, of which moral depravity was the outcome. So, in the case of Catherine, generally known as the Great, who led a life so shockingly debased that, looking back on it from this distance, she also must be regarded as having been morally insane. Her son Paul, who succeeded her, became in the end a violent lunatic; and his subjects, wearied by his acts of cruelty and oppression, put him to death. His son and successor, Alexander, was, toward the end of his life, a victim of melancholia, and died in that state. Nicholas was of such an ungovernable temper that at times his frenzy amounted to temporary insanity. The mind of the late emperor was supposed to be quite unhinged from fear of the Nihilists, and it is said his death was caused by his fears.

The terrible tragedies in the Austrian and Bavarian royal houses are so recent as to be within the memory of all. With regard to Bavaria, what the responsible statesmen could have been about in allowing a madman like Louis II. to squander the substance of his people, to the extent of millions, upon licentious men and women, and in building palaces and castles in out-of-the-way places, is inconceivable.

* Dr. H. S. Williams, *North American Review*, September, 1893.

England, also, can supply many types and instances, not only of hereditary ruthlessness and moral depravity in her sovereigns, but of insanity. The life of Henry VIII. was an uninterrupted career of crime, cruelty, lust, and murder. A gross sensualist and voluptuary, his conduct toward his many queens, whom he did not hesitate to put to death one after another, when he grew tired of them, was such as to qualify him, if sane, for the hands of the executioner; and, if not, for a cell in a criminal lunatic asylum. His daughter, Elizabeth, despite her conspicuous abilities as a sovereign, showed clearly the hereditary taint. Her relations with men, and especially with Essex and his subsequent fate, proved her to be "her father's own daughter," while her savagery in beheading the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, after keeping her in prison for twenty years, can only be attributed to the ruthless and sanguinary disposition inherited from her vicious and depraved parents.

It is well known that the royal family of England is tainted on both sides. George I. and George II. drank to excess. There can be no doubt whatever, that their intemperance sowed the seeds which developed into positive insanity in George III. We have it on the authority of Moreau, that he received insane patients daily at the Bicêtre, of whom he says: "I can trace the origin of their malady to nothing else but the habitual intoxication of their parents."* Morel, another distinguished alienist, says: "My researches bearing upon this point coincide with those of authors who have remarked that the degeneration of the species is more frequent in countries where fathers and mothers are addicted to habitual sottishness."†

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1895, gives expression to the following strange idea: "There is some consolation in the thought that before the beginning of the twentieth century probably it will be a proud distinction to be sane." This utterance is, of course, hyperbolic; neverthe-

* "La psychologie morbide dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie de l'Histoire," etc., pp. 157, 120. Paris, 1860.

† "Traité des maladies mentales," pp. 579. Paris, 1860.

less, when it is seen, according to official returns, that the registered insane have increased from 14,680 in England and Wales to 96,446 in less than two generations, and that provision for lunatic asylum accommodation, great as it is, cannot keep pace with the annually increasing numbers, there is a certain significance in it.

If all persons who are spoken of as having "a slate off," "a bee in their bonnets," or as being "a wee bit daft" were to be included in the category of the insane, the result would be rather startling.

The mantle of the manslayers, to whom reference has been already made, seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of another Eastern potentate, the modern lycanthrope, or wolf-man, whose wholesale massacres of his own subjects have excited the horror and indignation of the whole world; but have only, so far, called forth feeble and ineffective remonstrances from persons in power, who may be supposed to know the science of ethics or the duty we owe to our fellow creatures, a duty which they not only too often neglect, but violate. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" seems, however, to have thrown its glamour round the bloodthirsty and fanatical scoundrel who rules over that delicious land,

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.

Where the maidens are fair as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.

To ordinary minds it seems inconceivable that the atrocious Turk has been permitted, near the close of the nineteenth century, when electricity, steam, and the newspapers keep the world informed day by day of what is taking place, to butcher thousands of Armenian Christians, men, women, and children without let or hindrance, in broad daylight. It goes without saying, that the army or fleet of any one of "the high contracting powers," as they are pompously called, could stop the imperial madman's career, and put him into a straight waistcoat at once. The only wonder is, why they do not.

The question may be asked, Is Abdul Hamid mad? Judged by his life, one of sensual excesses, and by his savage treatment of his Christian subjects, he is not only insane, but a criminal lunatic, qualified in every way to rank with the inhuman monsters of antiquity. Taking all things into account, he may be set down as the most illustrious lunatic that has appeared upon earth from the days of Nero to the present time.

Since the above pages were written, a pamphlet of a most extraordinary character, composed by one who signs himself "Dinshah Ardeshir Talearkan," has reached my hands. The writer hails from India, and his modest aim is to whitewash Abdul Hamid and all his works and pomps. He says: "It will be a lasting disgrace to Europe, if it ever thinks of destroying the Caliphate"; and goes on to suggest that Europe "must insert itself into the dominions of Turkey, merely to co-operate with Abdul Hamid in suppressing such ravages and outrages as Anatolia and Constantinople, for instance, recently witnessed." The answer is, that Europe has already lavished more than enough of blood and treasure in trying to buttress the crumbling ruins of the effete Turkish empire, with all the foul and loathsome environments by which the insane despot who governs it, is surrounded. "*Delenda est Carthago.*" The cup of iniquity is full to overflowing. Assyria, Greece, and Rome; Babylon, Carthage, and the kingdom of the Pharaohs fell to pieces because of their internal putrescence. The decrees of Providence cannot be evaded. The mother of Nemesis was appropriately named Necessitas—punishment is the necessary consequence of crime.

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Dublin.

THE DIVINE OPULENCE.*

ALL about us is the Divine Opulence. Nature is lavish. Nature never hoards, nor scrimps, nor pinches. Nature is never sordid. Nature, filled to overflowing with Life, overflows, and pours forth her treasures with an opulent carelessness worthy of the inexhaustible Energy of which she is the visible expression.

Animals rest in the Divine Opulence, unconsciously. They do not take anxious thought for the morrow. Instead, the divine spark within them, which men have named instinct, teaches them where to seek their food and shelter. The vegetable world "toils not, neither does it spin," yet we have but to lift our eyes to behold a wealth of living abundance all about us expressed in rock and cliff, in river and sea, in grass and trees and flowers, in clouds and stars and skies,—yes, in every spot of nature that man has not yet spoiled. Trees, plants, birds, animals, are happy. More or less consciously, all live in instant dependence upon the Divine Supply. It is only man who toils and struggles and painfully essays to "lay by for a rainy day."

To work is happiness. There is no greater misery than enforced idleness. And enforced idleness is what is filling the world with poverty and despair today. No idler is ever happy. No idler can be happy. And this is true whether the idler be rich or poor. The idle rich, in the effort to kill time, may perhaps plunge into all sorts of soul-deadening dissipation, while the idle poor "loafs" in the sunshine and tramps our broad land to beg his bread from door to door. Neither is happy.

To work is natural. People say: "Competition is the life of trade." If there were no competition, if each were required to work for the good of all, it is asserted no one would

* An address before the New Thought Conference at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 22, 1899.

be willing to do anything. There would be no incentive to a man to develop such powers or talents as he possesses. No one would take any trouble about anything.

Let us pass over the depth of selfishness revealed by this attitude of mind, and examine the assertion to see if it be true. Let us take the family as a starting point. Who, of any family, are the most tenderly cherished? Is it not the infant, the young child, the invalid, the aged, the cripple, the blind, the helpless? Is it not precisely that one who is, presumably and sometimes actually, a drag upon the wheels of industry? "Oh yes," is the reply: "but in such case it is love that does it."

Take the community. Who is it that is cared for? Again, is it not the abandoned infant, the orphaned children, the aged or disabled poor?

State-wise and Nation-wise, not now as a question of love, but as matter of self-protection, it is all these with the criminal class added.

No one of us would do anything! Would we not? Ask any mother of children, for what mother does not know that mournful or fretful cry of the child: "I haven't anything to do." And how many a wealthy woman's life is a burden to her, because there is nothing that she must do. More people than we dream of, are suffering for need of a healthy outlet to their energies.

The student, the scholar, the artist, the discoverer, the inventor, always has something to do; never finds the days long enough for all that he longs to do; never feels the need of an arbitrary incentive, and works incessantly, joyously, for very love of the work itself. Separate him from his work, and he is of all men the most miserable.

Work is noble and ennobling. Work refines and uplifts. Work is a continual joy. To work is natural. Indeed, it is impossible not to work, because of the Divine Energy, welling up within every living organism, which impels to activity, and when resisted compels. But toil is a curse which man has brought upon himself. The many toil that the few may

idle. Toil is slavery, absolute, uncompromising slavery. Toil is the selling of body and soul for hire. Toil is misery. Toil is degradation.

In the conditions under which we all live, it is claimed that the many must toil, that there is no help for it, that the lot of the toiler is helpless, well-nigh hopeless; and that if a man stop in his toil even for but one brief hour, there wait a hundred men to rush into his place and crowd him out, and push him down into line with beggars and tramps. It is toil, toil, toil on, for the scantiest wage, or starve.

But I tell you there is help for it. No man can work it out single-handed, but no man need try to do so. Thousands of noble brains and thousands of noble hearts all over the world are working out this problem, which is not one of class or country, of old world or new, but of the human race. Thousands today have closer at heart than all else the uplifting of the race, the leading out into light and freedom of the great army of toilers. It is not the toilers themselves who will lead in that glorious march, neither the idlers, the pessimists, nor the scoffers, but the quiet earnest workers of the world.

All about us is the Divine Opulence. Nature never stays her hand. "The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The Earth is ours for our sustenance and for our lifelong enjoyment. The Earth gives us our food, our shelter, our clothing, our fuel; gives to us freely, abundantly. All, all is ours for the taking. There is plenty and to spare for every child of God, every heir of the Infinite.

But what has been done? Simply this. Man in his greed, in his fear of want, in his self-love, in his ignorance, has locked up the treasures of the earth. A few capitalists control the coal supply, as though the vast forests of the carboniferous age had existed and been allowed to sink deep down into bosom of Mother Earth that a few only of earth's children might be warmed and fed. A few families, comparatively, own all the land, a few control all the great industries, the water-supply is preëmpted by a few, and a few only lock

up all the gold and silver in bank vaults. If it were possible to bottle the air, doubtless a trust would be instantly formed to do so, and to sell it to the people at so much per breath. When there chanced to be a "corner" on air, the people would suffocate and die.

Money is to the body politic exactly what blood is to the body corporeal. It is the circulating medium. When the free circulation of the blood is impeded, the body is sick. Let the free circulation of the medium of exchange be interfered with, and the great body of the people is sick—sick unto death.

Yet, remember, the Divine Opulence is all about us. There is no stint to the Father's bounty. God is Love. Love is God. And love is all things. When all men recognize this truth, the days of grab and greed will be over. When that time comes, and perhaps it is nearer than we dare to hope, we shall all work together, each for the good of all, and all for the great human brotherhood.

Meanwhile, how are we to bring into manifestation in our own lives this wealth of Divine Opulence?

First, by recognizing that it exists, that it forever and eternally is. The Divine Opulence is, and is for us.

Second, we are to rest in the Divine Opulence. Not to toil on hopelessly with shoulders stooped, and head bent, and eyes cast down to earth; but to work, heartily, gladly, with our lungs breathing in deep full breaths of the Divine Opulence expressed in pure air, with our eyes lifted to behold the glories of Divine Opulence expressed in sunshine, and, no less, in rain, and snow, and storm.

The wind that sweeps across country with terrific force, the wind that rattles our blinds and blows away our papers and sets us a-shivering if we have not yet learned how not to shiver; the wind that piles up the swift-falling snow in huge white drifts, the wind that drives the great ocean liners out of their course, the mighty wind that is on its own mission of cleansing and purifying the earth, is also an expression of Divine Opulence, the infinite, unquenchable Energy of which

we ourselves are a part. We are one with it, one with the storm and wind, one with the sunshine and gladdening heat, one with the broad blue fathomless sky, one with the stars and planets, one with the trees and rocks, one with the singing birds and the blossoming flowers, and—ah, let us not forget it—one with our fellowmen.

To know ourself one with the Divine Energy, to feel our kinship to all living things, to the passion of the storm, the surge of the wind, the power of the elements at work or at play, is to be renewed from head to foot, to feel the waves of life-force tingling down the spine; it is to be warmer, stronger, happier, straighter, nobler.

To know ourself one with the Divine Opulence, to rest in it, to eat and drink and sleep in it, is to fill our minds, and hearts, and souls with the consciousness of never-failing abundance, with a wealth of all good things. Now the mind is a magnet. In the heart of the soul lies our attracting power. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." To live and move and have our being in the continual momentary consciousness of the Divine Opulence, is the way to bring opulence into manifestation in our daily lives. For the Divine Opulence means opulence expressed in all ways, in all things: friends, opportunities, money, health, prosperity, happiness.

Remember that the more we think Divine Opulence, the more we rest in it and trust it, the more we work in it and believe in it, then the more of it we bring into expression. This is the law.

One word more. We are here to manifest the Divine Opulence. It is for this very purpose that the Divine Energy has pushed us out into visible expression. We dishonor the Father, the Infinite Divine, when we fail to manifest opulence in all ways. It is our first duty as well as our high privilege to manifest the Divine Opulence in health, wealth, prosperity, and happiness.

Now, how may we begin to manifest opulence? As for that, we are manifesting it all the time; we always have manifested it and we always will manifest it—the millionaire in

his degree of recognition, the poor tramp who begs at our door in his.

But how are we to manifest it to our own consciousness? We manifest the Divine Opulence both in giving and receiving. Ah, in giving! I should not expect to attract to myself largely while I give forth nothing. The first point then is to give. Now what have I to give? The question is absolutely an individual one, to be reckoned with faithfully in the silent chambers of each individual soul. What have I to give?

Possibly I have money hoarded away to which I am selfishly adding, and adding, and adding. Perhaps, now my attention is called to it, I find that I might give out work or more work to some fellow-creature who needs it and is suffering for lack of it. Perhaps I have such abundance in some one thing that I may vie with nature herself in the joy of lavishness. Each one, if he ask of himself in sincerity, will learn for himself what, and when, and to whom he can give.

But every one of us whether rich or poor, whether sick or well, whether bond or free, has a wealth of Divine Opulence to give out, of which perhaps we ourselves have never dreamed. We all possess untold wealth. We possess a never-ceasing in-flow and out-flow of thought force.

Thought is the most powerful as well as the most subtle force yet known. Our brains are continually generating thought. Of our thoughts we are continually giving forth. *We must be spendthrifts of thought.* In this we are bound to rival Nature's lavishness. Hoard as we will all our other possessions, we are compelled to give out abundantly, unstintedly, at every instant of our lives, waking or sleeping, the most powerful, the most far-reaching, the most influential force of the universe, the force of thought.

Primarily then, above all else that I have to give, I give thought. First, love-thought; love to God, the Infinite Father, Universal Spirit, who is the God and Father of us all; love to man, good-will to men, love to our brothers of every land, of every race, of every color, of every creed.

Then, to bring it closer, we send out a loving thought to

everybody we meet, to everybody and everything we see. Mentally we say: Health to you! Wealth to you! You are well, you are rich, you are happy. You are good, you are noble, you are free. Good luck rolls your way. Now, this instant, you manifest the Divine Opulence. Now, this instant, you begin to manifest it more and more abundantly.

Love is the one law of life. We are to overcome evil with good. There is but one evil—lack of love. There is but one good—Love itself. Therefore, we are to overcome all things by Love.

Love God first: the supreme God of the universe; the God within; the indwelling spirit of life. Then love everybody and everything. Love even our untoward conditions. This is not easy, but it becomes possible. Love our "rheumatism," our "hard work," our "disappointments," our "loneliness," our "failures,"—in a word, our enemies. Overcome them by loving them. They are all teaching us something, teaching us to love more, to love absolutely, God and our neighbor. Overcome them by loving them. Overcome by sending out loving good-will thought to everything and to everybody. And as we give out loving thought, give it out daily, hourly, momentarily, we shall insensibly give out loving words and loving deeds.

Remember that wherein we fail to love, we cut the connection between ourselves, our consciousness, and the ever-flowing fountain of Infinite Love, Infinite Opulence.

We are here to rest in the Divine Opulence, to attract to ourselves and to show forth to others in utmost fullness and abundance, in lavishness of love, and joy, and peace, the unspeakable riches of the Divine Opulence.

JEAN PORTER RUDD.

Norwich, Conn.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

HUMANLY speaking, Cuba involves most interesting problems. Some there are bound in the possible future of the new republic, that reach into the domain of largest statesmanship. The Cubans are a product, on one side, of four centuries of oppression and superstition, with deliberate suppression of intelligence ; of a chattelism viler in degree than our own ever became ; of the African slave trade projected into a generation which regarded it as a vulgar crime and a general piracy ; of the worst phases of tropical sugar plantation life, and lately made more revolting by coolie labor ; to be reinforced in its decline through a capitalism whose inhuman forces regard life as of less importance than a hogshead of molasses, or the well-gear'd machinery used in a Cuban "ingenio." On the other side, the Cubans are also the product of the "wonderful century" now passing, into one of whose great currents they have been so embedded that no deep defilements have come from the commercial diabolism wherein they have been plunged. They have been upheld by the ethnic influences, as by the ethical forces, which have flowed from racial conflicts and the growth of democratic life about them. The whites have grown in the struggles of their Latin-American neighbors. Haiti, Jamaica, and the United States, by their combination of strife and law, led the negroes into that restless action which makes slavery unprofitable. Climatic and other physical conditions also hold the Cubans in controlling environment. It is not one of a depressing or debilitating character, either for white or black.

It has been a matter of surprise to many friendly critics of the Cubans, that they remained so long the unrevolting subjects of a race and power unworthy of control, and which racial affiliations on the continent overthrew and drove back in the second decade of the passing century. There are sev-

eral reasons for this apparent loyalty to oppressive conditions. It will clear the arena to state them briefly.

In the first place, then, Cuba's geographical position has had much to do with this apparent delay, because it cut off avenues of retreat, as well as sources of supply and renewals of strength. Again, while the island was surrounded by slave-holding neighbors, the most powerful of all being ourselves, chattelism within was fed to commanding economic and political power. On the other hand, the early and utter destruction of the original islanders — the Caribs — was, without doubt, a considerable race factor toward maintaining what the Spaniards had won. On the Latin-held mainland, sixty per cent. of all the inhabitants were, and are still, of the indigenous stocks. One-half or more of the remainder are of mixed blood. If the Caribs of Cuba had not been destroyed, the island would have seen many fierce outbursts. There are less than one thousand left of that race, and their natural spirit is shown by the fact that all of the males able to bear arms have been in the field against Spain since Cespedes and his associates proclaimed the first Cuban Republic, in October, 1868. They have followed the leadership of their hereditary chief, General Jesu Rabi, who, next to Antonio Maceo, the mestizo leader, was the best cavalry commander in Cuba, and still is one of its safest and ablest of civil leaders. Further reason for the long period of loyalty in Cuba is found in these facts: The white farmers, "monteros," as the eastern men are termed, and the "pacificos" of the earlier days in the sugar sections, with the tobacco farmers of the west, were generally recruited from the early soldiery. Cuba was never afflicted with the huge land grants which have economically done so much to retard the growth of Mexico and other Spanish-American lands. The land of Cuba was given away to settlers and occupants, under direction of local and municipal authorities, instead of at the command of corrupt intriguers in vice-regal courts. A better class was thus obtained. They became sturdy and independent; affiliated with the

educated planter and wealthier class, who retreated to their country homes, when the money-making Catalans and foreign investors obtained control of colonial affairs. A fact of remarkable significance: there is no colorphobia in Cuba. The Latin master needed not to unlearn "contempt of race," as his Anglo-American neighbor still needs to do. This is a striking strain in Cuban affairs; it is a note of great significance in the gamut to be run by the coming republic. Perhaps Cuba may give to the world, through all these factors, a living proof of Benjamin Kidd's statement, that the progress to which we are reaching will be most surely evolved by "bringing all the people into the rivalry of life, not only on a footing of political equality, but on conditions of equal social opportunities."

In the middle of this century a notable change began in Cuban colonial life. A different type of Spaniard came into control. The immigrant peasants — Catalans, Arragonese, Basques; islanders from the Mediterranean and Canary groups — brought to Cuba as town laborers; slave-drivers, overseers, and lessees of "caballeros" (areas of thirty-three and one-third acres) of cane-growing lands, soon grew to be the agents of non-resident Spanish and foreign owners; the store-keepers also — small officials, little usurers, merchants, bankers. They have shown in their degree the acquisitive powers and pertinacity which have made the same type everywhere, in new lands, the main element within the powerful plutocracy that has arisen during the past half-century. But the Castilian withdrew, and revolt grew with the Catalan's rapid stride to power. Of course, the majority of the new Spaniards passed into the working body of the Cuban people. Their children have made the rank and file of the white divisions in the patriot army, and from their families have also come the greatest proportion of the sufferers in Weyler's reconcentration. From employment in the sugar-making hacienda, the working *emigrés* often became lessees or owners of small farms. In Pinar del Rio and Havana, the tobacco farmers are largely of the Canary Island stock.

The men who led and fought the ten-years' war were largely the product of the conditions thus indicated. That revolt was caused by taxation infamies and by the old school's social hostility to changes; it was republican in purpose, but not at the beginning essentially democratic in spirit or design. But it soon passed beyond that limit. Led by "gentlemen," it was fought by farmers, cattlemen, mechanics, clerks, laborers, and at the close was practically commanded by professional men and those who had come up from the ranks. And these were of all races, too — the mestizo and the negro, black and mulatto; the men of the cane-field and of the wharves; the mixed bloods as proud always as the Dons, and the bright, clean-brained young white fellows from the cities; even the Chinese coolie was there. No recognition of belligerency was obtainable from Washington. That was then due to the fear of its unfavorably affecting the Alabama controversy and our bond-refunding operations. The opposition to the same demand, from 1895 up to the breaking out of our war, was made on a lower plane, and simply represented the influence, pro and con, of the sugar trust at home, and the Americans who had invested in sugar plantations in Cuba. That opposition was a manifestation of the greed, and not of the adventuring side, of militant commercialism.

Out of the ten-years' war grew the Cuban democracy. That revolt began in the eastern part of the island, and was mainly conducted therein. The men of the western cities and towns went to the Mambi's camps. Able professional and business Cubans joined the *grandees*, *monteros*, the *mambis*, and *mestizos*. To them also came others from outside of Cuba. The most notable of these was Maximo Gomez, a native of Santo Domingo, of Spanish birth, whose family had lived long in that island. Planter and soldier, with varied experience, mature of years and judgment, having family relations in Cuba also, he brought to their cause an ability admirably related to the problems involved, and a moral force and keen sagacity which lifts his life and char-

acter, when his intellectual power is conceded, as it must be, with the greater leaders of struggling peoples that history remembers in admiring gratitude. To General Gomez's military insight, as shaped by earlier Cuban experience, is mainly due the trenchant vigor and sweep of the last three years' campaigning. He literally carried the war, with Maceo's aid, into the enemy's camp. And that enemy was the sugar planter, with the corrupt entourage which had grown about the revenue handling of his product, as about that of the tobacco farmers.

Many of the older leaders passed away. Palma, Cisneros, Maso, Sanchez — are names that represent them still. But a new set of men came to the front. The Maceo clan and type, especially Antonio, hero-leader of the mixed bloods, drew after them all of that element. Quinton Bandera, of native African race, black man, born a slave, and a revolver before he was twenty as fugitive in the "long grass"; captain of outlaws without a name; placed in charge of Cespedes's flag, hence the one Cuban history will know him by — "El Bandera," The Flag — became the chief rallying personality for the *emancipados*. He was captured in 1878, deported to Cueta, from whence he escaped. Uneducated at the time, he married in Gibraltar; and when, twelve years later, he arrived in Costa Rica, to join the new revolutionary movement, Bandera was a trained soldier, possessed of education, speaking three languages, and master of considerable means. After 1895 he organized and commanded the best body of infantry in the Cuban army.

The peace of 1879 brought emancipation to a swift conclusion. The planter turned to machinery, ignorant and isolated labor, and land-leasing, with debt bondage for the pacifico, as a way of maintaining control. The colonial administration grew more corrupt yearly. The Cubans were robbed more systematically than ever. The young people demanded education. Those with means enough have generally been trained in this country. With scarcely an exception, all these entered the secret organization of clubs which

José Martí got under way. In 1894 there were over two hundred of these bodies in the United States, Cuba, and wherever its workmen and exiles had congregated. In our country there were one hundred thousand Cuban cigarmakers, tobacco-growers, etc.; and for the past five years it has been the habit of these people ungrudgingly to give to "Cuba Libre" one day's wage per week. Thousands of them gave their lives, in the field and the running in of supplies. During the late war period, our blockade was practically as harmful to friendly Cubans as it was to Spanish enemies. It stopped food supplies and starved the people; it prevented the landing of arms and ammunition. All through it the Cuban clubs gave one day's wage or income per month, for each of their members, and took care, in large degree, of their own helpless and dependent ones. If sacrifice is the sign of service, and that is the evidence of fitness for freedom, then the Cuban *demos* has won all rights by knightly devotion to all duties. The organizing brain and genius of this last movement was that of José Martí, a Cuban born of Spanish father and island mother. At sixteen he was a political prisoner, and, even then, a scholar, poet, vigorous writer, and fervid orator, with a genius for conspiracy. Next year he was sent to Spain. There he became a power, and continued a suspect. At the Madrid University, he was leader of the republican students. Before he fled to France, he had been graduated in jurisprudence and letters. After this his young life became one of serious work. To those he met, who had also met Joseph Mazzini, as the writer had, the leader of the Italian struggle for unity was always recalled by the Cuban. A brilliant journalist, he was also made the representative of South American countries. Returning to Cuba in 1880, he was obliged to escape therefrom, going to Costa Rica and Mexico, and thence coming to New York, where, for several years, he organized the revolution, of which he was the first and, with Antonio Maceo at a later day, the most distinguished victim. He was but forty-four when slain, leading a cavalry charge in Santiago de Cuba.

These personal types have been outlined, with the forces about them, so that the contention of this paper as to the good character, probity, courage, and devotion of the Cuban fighters might, in a distinct way, be made evident. The qualities of steadiness and discipline thus shown will be paralleled in civil life. The Cubanos are naturally light-hearted, kindly, industrious, but not driving; simple of habits, temperate also, light eaters, and of fair morals. The Cuban has gotten away from the priest, and yet is not a scoffer. The women are not priest-led either. All are a-hungering for work and homes of their own. They will get their living from the land. The Spaniard in Cuba is too often a gross drinker, and loose liver; but the workers among them have capacity for good citizenship. The Cubans are self-respecting, and, left to forces such as have been pointed out, they will make a good community.

The Spanish-American war was compelled by commercial losses quite as much as by public sympathy. The reconcentration has cost Cuba at least 600,000 lives, but few of the victims having raised an arm in combat. The vigorous policy pursued by Gomez, Maceo, Betancort, Rodriguez, and Diaz, followed by Spanish retaliation, cost \$100,000,000 in destroyed plantations, works, farms, and villages. About thirty per cent. may be charged to the Cubans, and the remainder to the Spaniard. This produced a complete stagnation of commerce. The trade with Spain itself was reduced to a paltry minimum. Our commerce—and we are the largest dealers—was, in 1893, a total of \$102,804,204. The next year it was seven millions less. In 1895, it fell \$30,000,000; in 1896, \$18,000,000, and in 1897, \$28,000,000. With the decrease in 1898, the entire commercial loss within four years was over \$100,000,000. We have, as reported, a total investment of \$50,000,000 in island enterprises. Our commerce with Puerto Rico fell off \$5,000,000 in two years. Some increase came as an offset by more activity in the remaining West Indian trade. Our financial losses had a direct effect on business interests, otherwise hostile to

interference with public crimes which butchered non-combatants at the rate of 300,000 persons a year. The fact remains that the moneyed interest is more responsible, though less reprehensible, for the wholesale butchery of the Cuban people than General Weyler himself, for, since slavery was abolished, it is the American investors that have seared party judgment and political conscience on Cuban affairs at Washington.

The island is clear of the Spaniard at last. Public and civic freedom awaits the Cubans; self-government is poised about them and within grasp; thanks, also, to the sincere determination of the American people. There are avaricious wills among us that would have it otherwise, if they dared; and there are some who, like a prominent American editor and ex-diplomat, while boasting of desire for Cuba as a territorial possession, are emphatically vigorous in declaring that no Cuban must ever be permitted to represent his people in an American Congress.

We are, for the time being, in honest control of Cuba. But there are things we may not honestly do. We do not need an army in Cuba, for a small garrison is sufficient. We should let the Cubans do their own police work. We must not allow them to be despoiled of their franchises; utilization of which must be to enrich the island and not our speculators and investors. We must for our own health's sake, as well as the safety of the Cubans, set them planning and working for sanitary improvement. The island of Cuba is naturally healthy. That of Puerto Rico is remarkably so for a tropical area. Both have the great ocean waves of water and air as purifiers, and Cuba has also her high lands,—savannas and rugged montanos. Among the things we certainly must not do, will be one that appeals strongly to commercial greed at present; we must not compel Cuban labor to do that which its best desire will be to avoid, and that is to go to work again under old conditions, at the sugar "ingenios." The financial and fiscal conditions of the island are already being molded for the better, and

Cuba itself will ere long be able to reimburse us for all expenditures made for the Cuban's benefit.

One economic problem desires attention, for it is of wide importance. Reference is made to the future of sugar planting and making. In great part all of this product is run in all of the West Indies, as has been and still is in Cuba, so far as now operative, upon the worst reminders of the old chattelism, minus only the power to sell life in open markets. Capital must face the issues of decency and equity in the future employment of plantation labor, or British "Quashee" and Cuban "Mambi" alike will not work thereon. Indeed, it is to their credit that laborers desire a home and land foothold, and not a bunk in a shed and rations and plank for bed and board. In Hawaii, as in Cuba and Puerto Rico, American sugar makers must deal differently than at present with the problem of plantation labor. So, also, must English investors and employers in the West Indies and on the equatorial mainland. There is too much land and it is also too fertile for even the negro to be kept at the furnace and the boiler, so that a limited number of families elsewhere may continue to grow rich and live in luxury. The negroes of Jamaica have pointed out the way by squatting on vacant crown lands, raising enough to live upon, and to obtain the means to buy what they do not raise. The solution, if sugar cane must be planted and sugar made for export, will probably be found in public coöperative, or corporate mills, to which the small farmer may bring his cane to be ground and reduced. It is by no means certain that cane sugar will continue to be made in these regions, if people do not want to work thereat, even though the Kipling philanthropists may deem it the "White Man's Burden" to compel the dark man to do so in order that, according to the Benjamin Kidd idea, "social efficiency" may be duly promoted by personal comfort and economic security for dwellers in the temperate zone. It is, indeed, a very English idea that altruism itself can grow only by obtaining the security of English life and control. The great advocate of

"social efficiency" has found a new rôle for the berseker tendencies of the race.

What is in the near future of other islands within the Caribbean and Gulf waters, is a question which must be faced, and which the installation of a Cuban republic may soon make a living issue. That issue will involve, ere it is solved, the departure of the four non-American flags that now float above the islands thereof. This result is one that impinges close upon the unleaded kibes of time. The Cuban leaders, or some of them, have long held the dream of a West Indian federation of republican states. One of their ablest men—and he was a Castilian of purest type—pointed to the writer the possibility of a new life and large future in these islands alone, for the existing twenty odd millions of Afro-Americans now under Latin and Anglo-Saxon direction. The idea of such a republic has been formed. Does it still dwell in the minds of Cuban leaders? That cannot be answered; for they are reticent, but ideas are said to be indestructible.

There are only 5,000,000 West Indian islanders, and there are 70,000,000 acres in fertile island areas. There are only 3,500,000 acres under cultivation, or about one and one-half acres per capita, so that there is room for at least 40,000,000 more. Our commerce with that five millions now amounts to \$170,000,000 per annum in normal years, and is increasing rapidly. With the continental areas facing inwards to these waters, the total trade at present increases the value to \$250,000,000, a much greater sum than all our commerce with the 900,000,000 of Asiatic, Oceanic, and West Coast American peoples, who are grouped on and around that Pacific Ocean which Mr. Whitelaw Reid informs us is commercially "all our own." Great Britain controls and carries a little less than fifty per cent. of the American inter-island commerce, but holds in the Pacific and Indian oceans seven-tenths more than we do, or a total of about \$1,800,000,000. These are vast prizes before a wise spirit of commercial expansion. The single-starred flag of Cuba

may yet be as rapidly spangled as our meteor-banner has been, and the breadth and grandeur of a genuine political democratic policy will not be lowered or stained by the result. Under such conditions we shall gain greatly as well as more wisely, and wisdom does not exist without honor.

Our construction of the Nicaragua Canal will surely come, and soon too. A public cable along the north Pacific coast and another to the central point of the vast defensive arc that will be swung from the canal's debouching port on the Pacific north to Sitka, are also among the certainties. The Hawaiian Islands are the necessary center — forming as they do the only possible naval depot and maritime calling station in a trans-oceanic voyage of seven thousand miles.

With the acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands and the possession of Puerto Rico, neither of which needed to be "forced" thereto, would it not have been more sagacious, and, as passing events show, more honorable also, to have permanently closed the land expansion ledger, at least in oceanic directions? The ruddy cloud above the Indian equator does not incite confidence in such a future. Militant commercialism is in the saddle, we know, but may it not be riding for a fall? "Few greater calamities," writes that clear-brained historical critic, W. E. H. Lecky,— in "The Political Value of History,"—"can befall a nation than to cut herself off . . . from all vital connections with her past." We are certainly presenting such a possibility when we are gravely invited to resist "the crazy extension" of the principle of self-government, and when senators declare that there is no guarantee or advantage in its defense or existence. The American, however, who stands against imperial commercialism, militant in spirit and purpose, has small reason to regard the sneers of those who belittle themselves with puerilities. The helpful democratic position needs no defense from even executive criticism. The use of strange terms, unknown heretofore in our history, demands explanation. What is meant by "colonies" and what is understood by "protectorates" and

"dependencies"? These terms have a very distinct sound when studied from a European, and especially a British, point of view.

The right to inquire is ours, and it is our duty to compel an understanding, before we are "embalmed" with the corpse of "John Company" or entangled in associations that make Warren Hastings's name the symbol of inhuman statesmanship. If trade follows the flag, let us comprehend clearly before we embark on the voyage whether we carry also our own traditions for cargo, or bear those that Europe has made for our avoidance.

Our continental expansion has fully vindicated itself. It is justified in the world's betterment and at the bar of history. And this can be claimed without present regard of any limitative criticism as to time, motives, and methods when movements were inaugurated. Self-protection, present and future, was an absolute demand. Cosmic geography and its great physical features were also overwhelming requirements. Our large occupation of this continent has been a world-need, and as such it has been flouted openly or secretly by old world rulers and policies. As a matter of public unity, just physical continuity, national peace, and regional safety, it is a serious fact, which may yet bring disastrous collision, that British Columbia and Vancouver's Island break our coast-line between Puget Sound and the deep sea inlets, south of Sitka. An alliance with England, Japan, and ourselves would not be sought by Lord Charles Beresford, as non-official agent of Downing Street, if it were not that Britain's open road to India crosses this continent. Neither would the adumbrations of our friendship be asked as a potential means of dispelling the chill shadow of the Russian advance along the northern skirts of the Indian empire achieved and the China to be controlled. Why should we beat drums and sound cymbals for the English "white man" in tropical Asia, if we may not also do so for the Slavonian-Tartar who has always been our diplomatic friend? Should we not steadily proceed upon the grand lines which have so gigantically

marked our progress? Are we to diverge therefrom in order to prove true the English commercial falsehood,—that a country is the most prosperous when it sells abroad more than it consumes at home,—especially when such paradox is held to human scorn by the tragedy of human hunger through poverty wrought by legislation and penury made institutional through a bastard civilization?

Expansion then upon the lines of democracy and freedom? Yes! For national security and public growth? Yes! Expansion upon lines alone of militant commercialism and territorial empire? No! a thousand times, no! This, the writer believes to be the judgment of the "plain people"—Abraham Lincoln's "American," and of all who hold the "self-evident truths" that Thomas Jefferson proclaimed—this will finally be the verdict, even if a Paris peace commissioner publicly apologized for that body's having "loyally obeyed the will of Congress," while he mournfully regretted that in the West Indies we have to be satisfied with a return "so inadequate," as the island of Puerto Rico. Words are "half-battles," said Jean Paul Richter of Martin Luther's prose. His words shook to their nethermost depths the foundations of a vast ecclesiasticism. They were as army corps victoriously fighting for the enfranchisement of the human conscience. Thomas Jefferson's immortal utterance spanned civilization with the radiant bow of promise. Lo! a hundred million have stepped into a sunrise that betokens a larger day! But "Empire" and "Imperialism" are terrible avatars that shout across the wastes of oppression, and sound as the hideous chorus of vengeful Furies chanting the terrible story of "man's inhumanity to man." There are words that live and we rejoice in the living. There are words that fester as they slay. Are we to look to the past for the first and hear only the second in the present? Said Abraham Lincoln, "What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." The orator of 1858 and the statesman of 1865 voiced, living and dying, the will of that people whom Lowell had in mind when he declared "that nations live in their ideals." Are we to illustrate again the

remorseless truth of destiny, that nations die in making their ideals worthy?

Shall we proceed to achieve by contradictions? The independence of Cuba and the subjugation of the Philippines involve a paradox of terrible import. Why Maximo Gomez a victor in Havana, and Aguinaldo an enemy or prisoner in Luzon?

Militant commercialism has no public conscience, and its honor is bounded by the payment of debts and the making of a profitable balance sheet. So too, it may be found that ears that wait for grounded echoes may well catch the concussion of gold-crossed palms. The pride of conquering and the lust of power moves ambitiously after the luring lights of vanity rather than by the steady beacons of public restraint and ethical sagacity. Words may be as wind, and silence become brazen, not golden, when by reasonable utterance, and beneficent promise, bloodshed could be avoided. Strength is majestic when generosity lights its path.

In the roar of slaughtering guns, however, the commentator may be silenced. The critic will at least take risks, when he dares review. Nevertheless, though "you may fool all the people some of the time," it is quite certain that "you cannot fool all the people all the time," for however success is first attained, it is also as certain, that in

spite of change
Gutenberg's gun hath the longer range.

The missile may seem to miss the mark. Its flight through an obscured trajectory may seem slow indeed, but it will yet hit the target, even though bleeding feet crimson the path of flight. Righteousness remains the inexorable demand. Still the weird sisters pursue. Still the Fates move on forever.

Spin, spin, Clothos spin,
Lachesis twist and Atrophos sever,
In the shadow, year in, year out,
The silent headsman stands forever.

RICHARD J. HINTON.

IS BELLAMY'S IDEA FEASIBLE?

EVERY proposal of conduct, giving a promise of improvement over existing conditions, contains its own vindication, subject only to one proviso—that it be practicable. This is axiomatic. Without, perhaps, a realization of, or even much of an effort to realize, its relative possibility, as compared with previously accomplished achievements of civil government, and certainly without due regard to its inherent practicability, the people of the United States have received a momentous impression of the *desirability* of such an improvement in their economic polity as is expounded in the great work of Edward Bellamy, "Equality." That it has not been studied by still greater numbers, and that those who have studied it have largely failed to practically espouse it, is unquestionably due to the single circumstance of a doubt of its feasibility. Mr. Bellamy, with the exquisite skill of a surgeon, has laid bare the pulsing anatomy of our body politic, and has proved, past all demands of captious criticism, the existence and the nature of that disease whose end is death. So complete is his work in this regard, that the readiest conclusion to many has been, not that an improvement should be made, but that no amendment of such a deadly ill can be made, and so they benignly await the grave of the nation with Christian resignation. Truly a remarkable state of mind. To those who have read the beautiful story of the Garden of Eden it is a not unusual cause of wonderment, that even the excellencies of that abode could not suffice for the contentment, the energies, and the achievements of a satisfied existence. And so, in this great present-day Garden of Eden,—for our country is nothing less in its manifold potentiality,—the nation consents to go, *prona terra*, upon a weary march to its exit, when it has but to look up and about to see all about it the means of an exalted life. There can never be given a more acceptable reason for the

practicability of a proposition, than the fact of the accomplishment of as great or greater difficulties already achieved. The people are willing to accept the proposition that that which has been done, can be done again, and, indeed, the proposition would seem to demand as little strain of credulity as could be addressed to a reasonable intelligence. There is no manner of doubt, that the people of the United States could draw a constitution upon the lines of the Bellamy economy with less than five per cent. of the actual difficulty that was overcome by the Fathers when they performed their work in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, in the convention assembled May 14, 1787. This convention worked four months. The hall and the room are still standing, and a convention met there today would not have to sit four weeks, in order to draft a working constitution upon the Bellamy polity, nor would it have to overcome more than a small fraction of the difficulty which was formerly surmounted. The history of this country is direfully neglected in every way, in so much that it would appear that the present animus is, that the Fathers opened the gates of the Garden of Eden to us, thrust us in, largely against our will, and then left us free to roam and pillage to the full extent of natural selfishness and the basest competitive greed. It is respectfully submitted that the Fathers did nothing of the kind, and I shall make an effort to prove it.

Consider for a moment what must have been the constructive requirements of a situation representing the extremes of a northern climate and a manufacturing economy on the one hand, and a southern climate and an agricultural economy on the other hand. Between these sections rose up the insuperable mountain of human slavery, a subject considered scarcely compatible with debate, but accepted or opposed rather arbitrarily and absolutely. The people of the states were strangers; they were little better than enemies; their strength, their patience, and their considerate morality were exhausted and for the time in abeyance. There could scarcely be said to have been two men in the constitutional conven-

tion who in a representative capacity thought alike on any single subject. It was a confessed conglomeration of differences. Moreover, the task before it was a radical departure in the entire framework of government, something entirely new, not only to those who were to construct it, and to those who were to use it, but practically new to history. And yet out of that convention came a complete constitution which is the hope of the world. Was this a miracle? It was not. Were the members of the convention, or those whom they represented, angels? They were not. What superinducing, overwhelming motive, then, reconciled irreconcilable interests, suppressed paramount desires, and compelled allegiance to an obnoxious compact? The most commonplace consideration in the world — necessity. Each proposal of a selfish nature might be espoused as vehemently as its advocates desired; every local or class interest might be insisted upon as a *sine qua non* (and these things were the daily food of the convention and of the country); but, turn the subject up and down and over as they might, the people saw clearly that the one absolute, unquestionable necessity was, constitutional confederation — then constitutional confederation was adopted; and the effort ceased to be to find fault with it, but to build it up, improve it, and make it strong. The people of those days thought a Garden of Eden worth having, and they made a decent effort to live in it.

By a parity of reasoning turn now to the argument *ex necessitate rei* which Bellamy discloses, with every scintilla of illumination, until one cries "Hold! Enough!" and it will appear that relief from the present polity is the only alternative of starvation and death for all the people. Bellamy's work in this regard is quite too perfect for paraphrase, and the necessity for amendment is not now seriously questioned in any quarter. The people have their eyes half-opened — they see half of the truth, the necessity for amendment. When they shall come, as they are rapidly and more rapidly coming, to see the remaining half — that freedom from private capitalism and the waste of profit is the remedy, and that this is

feasible — then economic equality will exist, and will continue to exist to the end of the world.

The great worth and merit of the Bellamy economy is, that it is not only founded upon truth, but that it is founded upon the whole truth and upon nothing but the truth. This may make it ideal — but there is really no objection to ideals merely in the fact that they are ideals. Some wiseacres think it sufficient to condemn any theory of government, to call it Utopian. This is a near approach to the infallibility of judgment claimed by Captain Bunsby, whom Dickens wrote about in "Dombey and Son," and which consisted of silently looking wise. But Dickens was a master of irony. Many there are who will even pass this judgment upon the mighty philosophy of Bellamy; they are those who have not read his work, but have only heard about it. Such a thing of course would not be worthy of notice, were it not true that the practice has extended to some who ought to know better. The bright men who write the editorials for the newspapers, and who intellectually are some of the most attractive men in the civilized world, are too prone to condemn the Bellamy economy against their better reason, because their employers are private capitalists and employ them to do so. This is tersely called prostitution. The editors do not like it — prostitution is not pleasant — but the editors must eat. And yet consider what it means, to envelop a subject of universal interest with the universal condemnation of the press, or anything approaching that. Suppose for a moment that the entire press of the country should earnestly strive for a year or more to expound the feasibility of the Bellamy economy. The thought is enough to cause a multimillionaire to turn pale with fright, for there is no doubt that in six months, or less time, a constitutional convention would be convoked, to draft a modification of our present polity which should give economic equality to all the people. And it would not be a convention of bitterness and jealousy, as was our first great constitutional convention. The bitterness and jealousy would all be left with the inconsiderable minority who constitute

the very rich, a minority which, relatively to the whole number of people and relatively to the whole amount of wealth, must so long as private capitalism lasts, grow smaller and smaller. This, Bellamy has demonstrated with the exactness of mathematical precision. It throws a flood of light, therefore, upon the subject, to recognize at the outset that the feasibility of the Bellamy plan of relief is vastly impeded by being talked against generally by the press of the country. And it throws another flood of light, to understand that the editors who do this skilful talking are the employees of wealthy private capitalists. As much may be said of the pulpit, speaking generally.

That the Bellamy economy is founded upon the whole truth means that it covers the entire need of the case, both in respect to its freedom from essential error and by reason of its capacity to serve all the people, instead of serving only a small and ever smaller portion of the people, as does the present system. In many countries, our own in small measure among the number, attempts have been successfully made to alleviate the fatal disparity between human beings. New Zealand appears to be the most successful in applying what Bellamy calls the "poultice" plan, of adjusting a separate cure to each sore, but it has not yet attacked the disease. It is to be constantly remembered, that in any and every department of learning and of conduct the first essential of inerrancy is theoretical correctness. This is the scientific, as distinguished from the empirical method; and no enterprise, of whatever nature, can ultimately and wholly succeed unless it be theoretically sound. Bellamy's economy is theoretically correct; the profit system of the present economy is theoretically fallacious — and the case is one in which the proofs of experience are immeasurably beyond the just demands of anyone.

Even the objections to the feasibility of the Bellamy system are calculated to inspire a certain confidence in it in the minds of honest inquirers. The objections are wholly incidental. No one, we believe, has ever ventured the objection

that the system is radically, or theoretically, wrong; the objections raised against it are merely the individual preferences of superficial judgment. Thus men say that it would be a levelling process, reducing the moral and spiritual life to a plane of existence as common as the economic life of the people would then be. Not to refer to the forceful manner in which Bellamy has demonstrated that the result would be just the reverse, and that men and women for the first time would be capable of true individuality, is it not somewhat strange that so trivial an objection should be raised against a plan of redemption of the world, as that it would produce moral and spiritual equality? Exactly the same objection could be made to entering heaven, and we believe that it is made by some, with an apparently needless solicitude as to their own discomfort. Consult the most competent objectors to the Bellamy economy, and ninety-nine per cent. of them will raise the superficial objections which are absolutely refuted in the chapter of "Equality" entitled "The Book of the Blind." This is no idle guess; let any one try it, in the most painstaking and intelligent manner, and the result will justify the assertion here made. The essential principle of the Bellamy economy is in the fact that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," which means that the human usufruct of this paradise is for the whole race and not for a patented few. What else, in the name of human reason, could it mean? Anything else — any other distortion of results — is murder and larceny. It involves what the logicians term a mental suicide, to spell out with propriety any economic polity which supplies the strong at the expense of the weak in a division of the world's material resources. We contradict the thought in our voluntary charities, and do not permit men to starve where we can see them.

The demonstration of the truth of the Bellamy economy is merely an amplification of existing methods. Who but a private capitalist would desire to have the postal functions of government given over to private hands, and who would claim that it would be an advantage to the whole people?

We grow so accustomed to governmental wrongs that we forget the purpose of government—the greatest good for the greatest number. And there are several other things in this connection which are simply forgotten, for they are well enough known. There can be no possible doubt that theoretically the people are the best masters of their own affairs. This is as true collectively as it is individually. We object to increasing the powers of government because the politicians misgovern. But politicians would quit their trade hurriedly *as soon as there should cease to be a profit in it*. The whole people striving for the success of the administration, therefore, and no one striving against it (which would be in accordance with the selfish interest of every one) would simply insure success. Persons would be incomparably freer to choose their own avocations than they are now, and the best adapted would be engaged in all the various pursuits of business. As it is now, the greatest problem of life is “selecting” (that is getting in anywhere) a walk in life. A young man who has a taste for architecture, finds himself in a fire insurance office—which he secretly would like to see burn down. A person who through years of youth has aspired to a financial life cannot find an opening there and becomes a salesman. He has as much heart for it as a boy has for a whipping—he hates it. And yet people say that, with an immeasurably freer means of choice, with the whole country interested in securing “the right man for the right place,” the right man would never get into the right place. What would keep him out? The Bellamy economy is incalculably more feasible in this particular than is the present economy. Imagine this country in the full enjoyment of the Bellamy economy, and that it should be proposed to adopt the plan which is now in vogue. Would the proposal appear sane?

The objection is raised, that the new plan would interfere with vested rights. Bellamy has shown that vested rights would be left severely alone. The plan is to set up something different from the system of paresis which we now have and to invite all comers; but the acceptance would be optional

with the guests. But a word upon this question of vested rights. The divine right of kings is the largest vested interest now on the calendar, and it is treated with derision in this country, because the people call themselves free. The right to acquire property is called vested. By what power is it vested, since it is not automatic and cannot vest itself? By the will of the people. And if the people should change their judgment as to the expediency of private property and should will not to vest this right in individuals, wherewith should it then be vested? Without taking any one's property away from him, is it still not entirely feasible to enact that henceforth the produce of the land shall belong to the people and that "if any shall not work neither shall he eat?"

That is the Bellamy economy in a nutshell, and what is wrong about it? We make laws galore, and have been doing it for many centuries in many lands, prescribing all manner of restraints upon the "lawful rights" to steal and kill, but allow them both to go on in a lawful manner, until four-fifths of the wealth of this country is already in the hands of one-fifth of the population, and the rest of the people are in various stages of starvation and decrepitude. We tell men not to charge more than six per cent. interest on their money, when the necessity to borrow at all may mean death to the borrower. Any one, in a word, who has studied the laws of the land knows that their denial of the right to rob and kill is only a polite euphemism. This may appear blunt and radical, but it is scientifically exact, and no one who knows anything of the subject will undertake to prove the contrary; certainly no one will do so who has read the statistical facts and the lucid deductions of Bellamy.

While, therefore, from this cursory glance, which any one may amplify, it is seen that the experiment of democracy, upon a basis of political equality, has been made successful in our own land, under untoward circumstances, and that the necessity for amendment of our present economic polity is now imperative, and that the criticisms of the Bellamy economy are not fundamental, but are "special pleading" from

interested motives, or from ignorance, let us consider for a moment the needs and benefits of coöperation toward the proposed amendment, and the dangers which attend a failure to heed the signs of the times.

The people of the United States are now united in the homogeneous establishment of all their interests, material and moral — they are susceptible of the highest civilization. The national *esprit de corps* has never been so uniform and general in all sections of the country, and the people live, as does the rest of the civilized world, in an atmosphere of intelligent recognition of the needs of others. The Bellamy economy is no longer possible to be considered as an outrage upon preconceptions, but on the contrary it is the legitimate conclusion of the argument of events. The influence of attendant circumstances is now very generally favorable, whereas, in former stages of the world's development it has been largely unfavorable. The difference between these two generic facts is like the difference between floating against the stream or with it ; in the one case you must work to gain the goal, and in the other case the labor is one of steering rather than of propulsion. And shall these things be heeded? Since history began, those in power have rejected the warnings of current events, and throughout the course of history they have suffered defeat. History is so replete with instances, of momentous result, of the overthrow of peoples who have failed to accept the inevitable trend of events, that it appears almost a work of supererogation to recall them. Nevertheless, events do not become less important by being familiar, and, indeed, the danger is not of unduly increasing, but of unduly belittling the lessons of the world's experience. The Roman patricians stand out unique as the exponents of privileged caste ; theirs was an impudence gone mad. And today the direct lineal descendants of those high-steppers are the recognized ditch-diggers of the world. The ancestors of the men we are accustomed to see in the trenches, living on "Italian bread" and oil, were so nice that even their baths and belongings had to be scented for them, and all the world was kicked at their

feet. Now the state of affairs at home is desperate, and truly the most fortunate of the sons of Italy are those who do menial toil in a free country.

There probably has never been a more genuine and picturesque aristocracy than that of our southern states before the war. Where is that beautiful entity now? In its shirt-sleeves, and glad to have them whole.

Spanish grandeeism was once a world-power — the greatest then existing — and today this same pretension is a thing from which the world considerably turns aside in order to conceal its commiseration.

These powers, and many more, have been supreme among great peoples, and even throughout the world; some of them have come into our own land, and into the present time; the living exponents of some of them stand in our presence; and yet so great is the infatuation of self-interest on the one hand, and of blind habit on the other, that many find it possible to ignore the most potent and palpable truths. So sure and manifest was the destiny of Charles I. of England, that the story of his career reads like the tale of a premeditated suicide; that monarch was a man, and life was sweet to him, yet with his eyes open he went to the block. To ignore the causes at work in society now, or to deny their effects, is fatuity equal to that of Charles. You caution a child against a danger, he ignores your warning as the plaint of a croaker (his elders call it the plaint of a "calamity howler"), and he suffers the penalty. You call him a fool. And yet the world of adults today, in large part, is looking straight at the writing on the wall and denying that there is any writing. Perhaps this is the most favorable circumstance of the situation, for while Belshazzar's guests grow drunk, the masses of the people shall the more surely and safely advance to their overthrow. It probably would not be an extravagant statement, that in no single instance of the overthrow of governments would it not have been possible to prevent, deter, or modify the results, if timely and sufficient heed had been given to the popular demands. But it is well that it has been otherwise,

for the march of the race from savagery has been immeasurably assisted by the completeness of these overthrows, and these could not have occurred as they did, except for the succession of the feasts of Belshazzar, which those possessed of a temporary power have insisted upon enjoying. It is no time now for raillery or vituperation; the people are serious, and mean to secure final and complete success by serious methods, which shall not be stopped by mouthings. The importance of securing immunity from death by starvation is worthy the experiment; the Bellamy economy hopefully promises this, as nothing else really promises it, and a constitutional majority is the adequate weapon in hand. A little more propagandism among a ready and appreciative audience, and the work is done. And, as there were those at the feast of Belshazzar who saw the writing, and who no doubt were prone to adjourn, so there are not wanting now many of the luxurious classes who dread and fully recognize the truth of the situation. The day of the people is at hand.

ALFRED C. COURSEN.

New York.

THE UNSEEN FACE.

Come, lose thyself in Nature's deep, serene,
 And brooding heart, whose pulses throb and thrill
 In sweet, responsive measure to the will
 Of the veiled Power, whose face no man hath seen.
 Forget thyself, renounce thyself, and lean
 Upon a Bosom whence thou mayest distil
 The balm of peace, and lying close and still,
 Learn what life's strange and mystic symbols mean.

Not in the greed and grasp of mortal gain,
 Not in the rush and scramble of the race,
 Is the clear message of the Spirit heard:
 Cease, cease from striving, O thou world-worn brain,
 And in the silence of the Unseen Face,
 Bend low, and listening, thou shalt catch the Word.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

Joliet, Ill.

THE HARMONY OF LIFE.

PROBABLY the strongest demand of our intellectual nature, as well as of our spiritual faith, is that the universe shall prove to be ultimately harmonious. The mind is not content to describe the fundamental basis of life in terms of finally distinct parts. The heart refuses to believe that even the most hostile members of society shall remain eternally unreconciled. If life as we find it is a society of finite wills, a field of strife, a complexity of disorders and systems, chance and mechanism, freedom and law, where nature and ethics seem pitted against each other, selfish greed and altruism mutually at war, and evil apparently more powerful than good, we ask, How is the universe constituted so as to own this wealth of incongruities? How is it all to end? We may find the universe beset with unsolved problems, and conclude to await the solution which further experience shall bring. The possibility that evil may triumph is such that we must be continually on the alert, and for all practical purposes the only sound philosophy of the harmony of life is that which throws the responsibility on man *to make it harmonious*. But even as empiricists, believing in freedom, recognizing the necessity of action, and accepting ultimate facts that apparently do not harmonize, we demand unity as the ultimate ideal, and believe we have as good a right to deem life ultimately congruous as to believe it fundamentally moral. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the universe can be moral without being congruous. And as difficult as it may be to harmonize the strangely diverse data of sense experience, spiritual aspiration, and philosophic thought, the question persistently presents itself, How can things cohere yet appear incoherent?

Taking a brief glance over the field strewn with hypotheses once offered in solution of this problem of problems, the unity

of the one and the many,* we find that the theory of universal or absolute flux, that nothing is constant except change, is open to the objection that it offers no ultimately harmonious self, no systematic permanent amidst the transient or impermanent, as the ultimate ground of life; it does not account for immutable law, design, purpose, or ethics; it does not explain consciousness of change, which Green†, among others, conclusively shows to be different from the change itself. John Stuart Mill's doctrine of ultimate sensations, like and unlike existing side by side, brings us no nearer the solution of our problem; since it furnishes no principle of unity. Materialism has utterly failed to meet the demands put upon it, for it has proved itself unable to account for consciousness. The doctrine that my ego alone exists is equally inadequate, for it leaves me with a wealth of experience, laws, and objectivities which I did not create. Clearly, the true philosophy must be as broad and rich as physical science, as high and beautiful as ethics and religion, as practical as the philanthropy of the great-hearted men and women of our day who are solving the social problem.

In the April Arena I have considered a theory which tries to attain this unity by an assertion of it: "all is good"; "whatever is, is right"; but have rejected this doctrine because it subordinates the moral law, and offers no real explanation of the ultimate constitution of things. Pessimism has proved equally arbitrary through its dogmatic affirmation of the worthlessness of this life, and its inability to show the relation of an existence that is as bad as it can be to a universe that is in some way good enough to hold together as a consecutive system. All purely logical theories, all universes of mere thought, are likewise inadequate, owing to their neglect of the factor of activity and the realities of spiritual insight. Bradley's theory of the Absolute and its Appearances,‡ although a decided advance in fundamental metaphysical

* See an able discussion of this subject by Prof. D. G. Ritchie, *Mind*, New Series, No. 28, Oct. 1898, London, England.

† "Prolegomena to Ethics," Book I.

‡ "Appearance and Reality," New York, Macmillan & Co.

thought, is, nevertheless, unsatisfactory in the form in which he presents it, because of its negatively paradoxical, ultimately contradictory conclusions.

If reality be unknowable, as Spencer and his followers maintain, it is utterly futile to philosophize about the harmony of life. Mysticism or spiritual pantheism is yet farther from the desideratum; for it assumes that all is simply God. According to this view, there are no finite selves, consequently there is no moral order, no field of individual action. Of what use then to speculate about ultimate harmony, or inquire about the place and meaning of discord, when, in truth, there is naught but harmony, and all seeming discord is an "illusion," erroneously contemplated by an illusory individual? If this were true, if God were without qualities, without parts, simply an immensity of perfection, with no beings to manifest him, further intellectual inquiry would be futile. Such a conception is irreconcilable with the world of actual fact. A pure undifferentiated "Absolute" or "ocean of bliss" is not an intelligible basis of our complex universe.*

If we agree with Hegel that "whatever is real, is rational," there must be a rational ground for this complexity. The existence of the universe cannot be a delusion. Even if its real nature is partly veiled in illusion, there must be a reality to produce the illusion, since there is no presentation without something presented, no finite life of suffering unless God knows it, no evolving world unless he lives and moves in it. The universe cannot be a succession of shadows cast by shadows; something real exists, whose nature perfectly accounts for the character of the shadow. This concrete world is the real world, not the world of a hypothetical Absolute.

Ultimate Being is not divorced from the trials, errors, and trivialities of finite life. Differences are not "lost," or "absorbed in the Absolute"; our struggles are known to God, otherwise they could not exist, otherwise intelligibility is surrendered. Reality is not a mere sea in which every drop is

* I shall, however, consider the claims of this philosophy more in detail in the next article in this series.

like the next drop ; it is infinitely, minutely diverse. Hegel shows that there is nothing which is a mere one, an eternal self-sameness. Reality is essentially a many in one ; identity exists only through difference. "There will neither be selves nor things," says Bradley,* "nor, in brief, *any intelligible act*, unless on the assumption that sameness in diversity is real." Our deepest experience or consciousness every moment reveals this unity amidst multiplicity as the fundamental fact, a concrete unity behind which we cannot go. "Thought involves analysis and synthesis," says Bradley, "and if the law of contradiction forbade diversity it would forbid thinking altogether. . . . Thought cannot do without differences, but on the other hand it cannot make them."

Our consciousness reveals both feeling and thought, spirit and form, life and intellect, force and the law which directs it. Therefore we expect to find somewhat in Ultimate Being corresponding to spirit and intellect. We do not actually observe uniformity, but the mind discovers it by comparison of experiences, and formulates the law. Hence arises the conception of principles conceivably valid for the entire universe, for example, uniformity, conservation, and evolution. These principles and the forces governed by them, must be grounded in the activity of Ultimate Being.

Out of the foregoing facts and conclusions of our consciousness, I will now try to state the case for the harmony or unity of life, without, however, making my account in the least technical, and without assuming to have solved any part of the great problem ; my object is simply to restate the question in the light of the tendencies of living, present-day thought.

That thought is essentially practical, human. In the long run nothing is so interesting as human life, with its struggles, joys, and vicissitudes. Here, where the wayward heart throbs, where men and women are struggling and evolving, is the place where the truth is to be made known. He who lives and moves and thinks with this great social organism has

* "Appearance and Reality," p. 351.

no need of speculative abstractions. Indeed the thought of the time is becoming more and more concrete. The thinker is coming out of his subjective shell of egoism and *a priori* conservatism, and becoming more receptive, progressive. The tendency, in a word, is toward an altruistic solution, the belief that only by attaining a high degree of social virtue can one know the deep realities of philosophic truth. Thus the idea of an abstract Absolute, monotonously perfect and solitary, is fading out just as the creator who made the world out of nothing, then retreated to the throne of grace, has been effaced from the minds of men. The old order was absolutism, changeless perfection, selfishness ; the appeal to logic ; icy separateness. The new order is coöperation, brotherhood, progress, a concrete God evolving with us, steadily perfecting the social organism ; it is an appeal to fact, to feeling, incomplete experience, and common sense. And the present day thinker looks upon the world with hope just because of this intimately close relationship of God and man, of evolution and that which causes it.

If we look back of this great movement, then, and ask, In what sense may it be deemed ultimately harmonious ? the least we can say is, that at the foundation of the total universe there is a balance of harmony over discord. Whether or not this ultimate harmony be essentially immutable as a unit I do not venture to say. I hazard the statement only that its sum-total of energy is ever the same, it always and universally functions according to law, it is eternally alive ; and if it does not change in essence, at any rate its activity is continuously manifested in gradually changed or varied forms. Its unity consists in the fact that it is one Power, its variety in the fact that it is a differentiated life, not an "absolute block," but forever passing forward to a new moment of being.

The existence of ultimate Being as one Power, manifesting itself in a uniform manner, implies beauty of character, a coherence, which omnipotence regulated by wisdom, alone could give. Such a Being need not at any given moment possess all knowledge, for this may be the gift of eternity, the con-

tribution of universal experience through all the ages in all worlds, and through the intellectual, moral, and spiritual growth of all men. But if perfection is to characterize the total eternal life, the ultimate nature of such a Being must be at all times sufficiently harmonious to render this objective or manifested perfection possible, so that ultimate chaos can never come. Life at any moment and in minutest detail is founded upon harmony; not absolute harmony, because the next moment may reveal the entire infiniverse in a new light, but the advancing harmony, the eternal experience of the progressing God. Certain aspects are potential only, some are active, and some are quiescent memories. The Power remains, harmony abides, law endures, forms come and go. Ideality is anterior to actuality, and actuality leaves its impress upon the face of time. Thus the multiverse of God is always growing richer, while fresh possibilities ever come forward to contribute their share.

The fact that the harmony of the universe is ever going forward to accomplishment, implies that there is constant adjustment of means to ends, continuous endeavor to realize types or ideals. The method which ultimate Being chooses to attain this end I take to be precisely the method of evolution which we observe in our human world today.

Everywhere

The lower doth ascend from law to law,
In growths that brook no hindrance and no haste,
Vast-organized, unstaying.

Since these contrasted conditions of failure and success exist, it is clear that they are recognized and deemed purposive by ultimate Being. In this sense, the entire world-system may be called good, the effort of harmony to achieve its full self. But the fact that man as a part of this system is allowed to experiment and act on his own responsibility, implies that discord also reigns. For he alone achieves harmony who is wise. Man is born in ignorance, and in-harmony is the inevitable accompaniment of his evolution. Belief in ultimate harmony, in system and purpose does

not, therefore, contradict the moral law, nor does it compel the classification of all deeds and circumstances as good—a confused doctrine which we have discarded in the foregoing discussion. From the present point of view, it is the divine tendency, the purpose only that is unqualifiedly good. The divine power achieves the greatest good through us only when man freely chooses and expresses it. The doctrine which starts with abstract perfection or harmony as the only reality, then concludes that, because goodness is omnipresent, there is no sin, no sickness, no evil, but all these are illusory has no place in rational thought, nor does rational thought inculcate *laissez faire* economics or invertebrate optimism.

What people need is not to be made contented with the present social conditions, but made to *think*, to become ethical, to coöperate with the higher order which is seeking to achieve harmony. The golden age is yet to be. Man has not fallen, he is rising. Misery and evil are not illusory, they are actualities, and must first be understood before they can be eliminated. The harmony of the universe still has an incalculable amount of work to achieve. And never will the ideal be made real by lazily sitting back in the chair of pseudo-metaphysics, with the belief that all is bound to end well. The universe needs action. It demands thought. It calls for persistent effort. It requires us to study the principles of harmony, health, happiness, freedom, and social equality, and calls upon us to do our utmost to secure the realization of these ideals.

My argument, therefore, is a revolt against all abstract systems of thought, a contention for the living, striving Power which makes for righteousness, whose presence each soul may discover, both within and without. It is an affirmation, not that things are now harmonious, that justice is done, that man is free, but that there is an eternal equity, an encompassing beauty which wills that justice shall reign, and calls upon you and me to hasten the day by displaying justice to our neighbor. The harmony of life is, therefore, very far from life as we find it today; filled as it is with inequalities, strife,

and selfishness. This is but the raw material out of which the Achiever purposes to evolve harmony, and we are to look not to the present social order to discover what shall be, but to the higher order yet to come ; for the present social order is already condemned by the presence of the higher order, the ethical ideal, the spirit of love, of justice, and beauty, which calls upon all men to turn from the god of selfishness and hate and adore the God of righteousness, the omnipresent Wisdom, the omniscient Harmony.

Out of the deeps of ultimate Being, then, proceeds the outgoing or achieving life, the energy behind all evolution, the progressing consciousness of God. It touches the tiny atom and makes it psychic, it breathes upon the air and sets it in rhythmic movement, it draws force to force, and gives birth to heat, moves upon the formless and lifts it aloft in form, quickens inorganic matter, and causes it to pulse with life, calls the animal cell forth from the vegetal, and the human from the animal. Beginning with the lowest, upward through every phase of activity or life which the universe knows, all things exist in order and degree, all things are to be understood by us in order and degree, as lower and higher.

All change, all growth, is primarily due to the quickening of this achieving harmony ; the result is due to the reaction of the individual moved upon. Man, who possesses the greatest power of reaction, can cause the greatest discord. If God alone were here, we could classify all results as harmonious. But God does not live alone. Man acts, man is ignorant, hence the need of distinctions. Whatever comes from God tends to be right. Whatever comes from man reveals his imperfections of development. The world, as we know it, is a mixed quantity, and our only hope of understanding it lies in full knowledge of discord as well as of harmony.

Here, then, is the meaning of our belief in harmony. Each moment of life a Power is present with us which faith and reason assure us is good,

The immanent and all-pervading Presence,
The one vast, throbbing pulse which moves the sphere.

How are we to know this upwelling harmony from our own discordant selves? By experience. No criterion has been proposed which shall infallibly tell us of its presence; no such criterion is possible. Nor have many arisen who have obeyed its inspirations in every detail, nor many who could tell another what it means to obey; for it has an individual message to each soul.

The first essential is recognition of its presence. When the musician elaborates and perfects his theme, until every note voices its harmony, he is applying this principle. His inner sense is not pleased until unity pervades his composition. The careful writer is equally attentive to harmony; his sentences must possess a certain rhythm, not one word too many, not one too few. The poet, opening his soul to the universal melodies, embodies the same rhythm in his verse, and we say of an unhappy figure or misplaced word, that it is a "false touch."

These are familiar illustrations, but they prepare the way for the application of the principle to obscurer themes. Seek those friends, those opportunities for service which rhyme with your state of development at the time. Ask concerning all mooted questions, when you are hesitating how to act, Is this in harmony with my better self, with the moral law? Is it a loving, righteous act? Or, if you cannot immediately decide, start out in some direction tentatively, then examine the result. Does it bring satisfaction? Do you conclude that you have acted wisely? If you are still perplexed, make several trials, each time pausing to test your action in the light of the highest standard you know at the time. The universe can ask no more of you than this.

Again, seek harmony of physical surroundings. Each article of food, for example, has its specific quality. If you crave a simple diet, such as fruits, grains, and vegetables, follow this moving as far as possible. Seek a higher range of harmonies, as you would seek a new circle of friends. All progress is composed of similar readjustments, and what is one's meat is sure to be another's poison, to the end of time.

If it be advisable to live where the climate is not what you would prefer, seek the beauties of weather, learn to enjoy a rainy day, find delight in a snow-storm, discover the soft lights and shades of cloud-land, the relaxing tendency of summer's heat. This sounds like a mere platitude, but it is a possibility worth considering.

He is happiest who has the widest range of likes. That one may greatly enlarge one's sphere of interests becomes evident from close observation of those who are always complaining,—they do not like and do not try to like, they decide that they can never endure, even before they have made the attempt, and their very attitude invites annoyance.

It is asking much of those who are ill at sea to enter into harmony with the rhythm of the waves, to rise and fall in thought and motion with the pitching and rolling of a steamer. But the victory has been won, and it is a delightful sensation to those who can enter into this swaying and heaving. A storm at sea inspires fear or the sense of grandeur, according to the sentiment of the voyager. One readily understands why the sea possesses such fascination for the sailor, why he is happiest in a storm; for he is in adjustment to the ocean's vibration, the harp of consciousness responds to the vigorous music of the wind. Such men, as well as great lovers of nature, woodsmen and hunters, impress the beholder as souls who have communed with God, and borne away a life, a spirit of beauty, which most of us miss who live in cities.

There is a corresponding rhythm in every machine, every vehicle, and the motion of animals. Many have learned to observe this rhythm in walking, thus practising economy of motion, and deriving more benefit from the exercise. If our voices were better trained we might attain, by careful modulation and intonation, a harmony of utterance now seldom heard.

The same symmetry of inner and outer man is realized in a measure by those who dress artistically, those whose attire expresses individuality. One's entire environment may, in

fact, not only find harmony within, but be so adapted as to express harmony without.

We may some time learn to rear our houses and construct bridges, monuments, and other buildings, so that they will not yield to the ravages of weather. We may learn how to live so as to be ever young, so as to weather all calamity. There is no detail too small to deserve notice. Freedom from worryment and nervousness, the cultivation of serenity or poise, is, perhaps, the most effectual means ; for it tends to lift the entire life to its high level.

In the beautiful economy of nature no energy is lost. Every detail of your life and mine is provided for with a care, a foresight, unutterably wise ; that is, the moving is here—the tendency. It is a chance whether or not one accepts the opportunity, but nature does not fail.

In order to test the presence of this prompting, pause again and again and await its coming. Begin the day in this spirit, and do not rise or take up any work, until you feel that the right time has come. When you do not know what to undertake, wait until you do. If you are at a loss to know how to settle an important question tomorrow, ask yourself if you have something right and wise to do today. If so, do it well. When tomorrow comes, some one will come to your assistance, you will meet the right person at the right time, guidance will come. For, if you are doing a work which is necessary to the universe, the universe will see that you are clothed and fed. When you are moving in harmony with Ultimate Power, know that the regular march of events will swiftly bring what you require, when you require it — never before. Impatience is discord ; trust is harmony. The law is as exact as mathematics.

But remember the conditions, the integrity of the moral law, the necessity of careful discrimination, the standards of lower and higher. One is likely to be deceived again and again. There is one persistent remedy : Begin again, experiment, watch and pray. After a time one shall feel the inner harmony distinctly enough to say, This is a part of the

cosmos, I will obey. I have nothing to do with that. This is the dictate of the Highest. That, I will not waste energy upon.

For all things that are harmoniously a part of the cosmos there is a fitting time, a proper occasion, not a time which fate has decreed, for no one can foretell the hour of its coming, but an opportunity which shall reveal itself unexpectedly — when the conditions are ripe. “There’s a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.” While we are living and thinking, out of the apparently fruitless present the occasion shall arise and one will say, This is my opportunity. As one looks back upon life, one sees how everything tended toward the climax of that hour. But no one by reading the tendencies could have exactly calculated the coming of the occasion. It was not truly your opportunity until you seized it. That it would come, knowledge of evolutionary law led you to believe highly probable. Yet you could only await its coming.

When the seeds were ready, one by one,
Through the earth they broke ;
When the bud was ready, lo ! the sun
Touched it, and it awoke.

When the heart was ready, half a breath
Rent the veil it wore ;
When the soul was ready, loving death
Oped a wider door.

One may apply this principle in every phase of life. Some one gives me a book which I am urged immediately to read. No, my friend cannot tell when that book will do me the greatest good. I lay it away upon the shelf. A year hence I am writing an essay and need enlightenment upon a certain point. I recollect the book. Behold ! it was written for me.

Or, suppose I try to write a letter that ought not to be written. I misspell a word. I drop ink. I omit a sentence. By and by, when I have ruined two or three sheets in a vain attempt, I bethink myself and conclude that I am off the

road to harmony. Again, I begin to write to a friend simply because I have always written to him, and think I must. But I discover that I have nothing to say. Then I will not write. Perhaps we are no longer to play a part in each other's lives. The hour is too precious to waste it upon a negative occupation.

At another time, a desire arises to travel. Accordingly, if I am not yet fully convinced of the comprehensiveness of this great law, I map out my course, engage my passage, and go. I have a fairly profitable trip, but I have to contend with obstacles from beginning to end. Somehow I seem to have gone away to please myself, and I am conscious of having gone contrary to the ultimate harmony.

Suppose that when the desire came I had said to myself, Very well, I will go when the time comes, be it next year or five years hence. When the time comes, everything opens before me. Nature is giving me a vacation because she needs my services when I am rested.

Does not this running of all things together to a common end explain what is called "good luck"? The lucky man is one who by instinct, temperament, genius, or understanding has fallen into line with the harmony of the cosmos. He is not fated to be lucky. Each time he must choose, must adjust himself or take the current when it serves, follow the line of least resistance, strike while the iron is hot. His less fortunate neighbor, complainingly looks on and cries aloud in ignorance, misery, or idleness, that the universe is unjust, that fortune falls in the lap of the lucky man. But this lucky man is an indefatigable worker. While the idle complainer thinks the lucky man is also idly awaiting fortune, the latter is incessantly studying, laboring, achieving. All that comes to him is the exact result of his persistent, unsparing toil. He moves along the line of least resistance because careful observation has taught him its law. He is rewarded because he is faithful. All things work together for good because he is doing work essential to the evolution of the cosmos.

The understanding of this law also explains the place and meaning of prayer. One man prays for manifold things which do not come. He prays in a loud voice and uses the formulas of others. Another's prayer is the spontaneous welling of desire, clothed in words of his own. All that he prays for comes, because he seeks that which is in line with his development. He does not want things for himself, but for the cosmos. He prays, formulates an ideal, aspires, then immediately does that which shall prepare the way for what he desires. He answers his own prayer, for answer to prayer, the realization of ideals, work and coöperation with evolution, mean the same.

Since the harmony of the universe is poise, balance, fitness, beauty, there must be moderation, equanimity, poise, in all our endeavors to answer prayer. There must be a balance between spirit and form. Do not be either too precise, intellectually exact, on the one hand, or vaguely, indiscriminately spiritual or loving, on the other. Law is the intellect, the precision, the form of God. The energy of evolution is the spirit, which gives life to the form. Intellect, law, renders the spirit definite, wisdom gives balance to love. Never shall either the beauty or precision, the spirit or meaning of the universe be adequately interpreted until man shall attain poise of intellect and spirit in his own life, in his thought. Man must both feel the spirit of life, and think its law, must both enjoy and study, appreciate and understand. Neither beauty nor law is adequate alone, neither spirit nor form, love nor wisdom, receptivity nor activity. Life's prose is the mate of its poetry, utility is the other half of beauty.

In this practical age of ours we are in danger of becoming sordidly practical, to the exclusion of the imagination, the sense of the beautiful, the music of life. But beauty, rightly understood, is the clue to utility. The universe does not exist for utility alone, but for beauty. It was wrought in beauty or order. Without beauty it could not endure, yet law alone would be barren without morals, the spirit, love, service. The exclusion of the one for the other is a prime cause of

inharmonious in life. The time will come when the one will be as much sought after as the other. With the dawning of that day the age shall witness the waning of the power of materialism, and a fresh revelation of the spirit.

Whenever you hear man or woman decrying intellect, you may at once know that there is one-sidedness somewhere, since intellect, that which discriminates, individuates; the definite type, genus, or species is one-half the glory of creation—that which lies at the basis of all differentiation through evolution—and is founded in the ultimately differentiated character of God himself.

Or, if on the other hand, intellect be exalted and spirit degraded, you may know that the life, the love element has been deprived of its true place. Therefore the more acutely intellectual one can be without sacrificing the spirit, the nearer the approach to the heart of life; and the more spiritually receptive, without permitting that receptivity to become indiscriminate, the better will be the general result. Each time we find ourselves becoming too intellectual, we must give ear to the spirit. When we observe ourselves becoming vague, we must reverse the machinery and cultivate precision of thought. Thus by continual interaction shall harmony be finally attained.

Is the spirit the higher? It would seem more accurate to say that it is the more comprehensive. The spirit perceives, feels, the intellect formulates what it can. But what the intellect cannot define today, it may tomorrow, because the spirit has moved forward. It is therefore unfair to the intellect to affirm that its limitations are such as to preclude rational definition. Await the fuller vision, and when the spirit sees farther, the definitions of the intellect shall be improved.

One shall, therefore, attain full adjustment to the achieving harmony of the universe only by making this adjustment not only spiritual, but by developing the intellect as far as it demands, by being true to the moral sense, by neglecting no call of physical nature. Life is a poem whose beauty we seek

to interpret, whose meaning we try to formulate in terms of beauty. There is harmony among the atoms, as truly as among the stars, a wealth of musical interplay amid infinitesimal motion. But the fact that it is a moving harmony requires our consciousness to be progressive. Found your desire to know this harmony, therefore, upon the law of evolution. Much energy has been wasted in the past, on account of the mistaken idea that harmony is a motionless mosaic. It is a beauty that pauses not nor fades. It ever vanishes upon one horizon, to appear upon another.

There is a wise, ethical, best way to do everything. That way is made known, the guidance discovers itself when the need arises. Await the fitness of time and you shall know this wisest way and have power given you to pursue it. There are times when the universe has less for us to do, when we may rest, knowing that God will call us when the next need arises. There are times, too, when we are puzzled, troubled. Then, happy thought! I have forgotten God. What has the universe in store? What ought I to do? Straightway comes the guidance, and I am happy again.

Is this not the entire secret, namely, on all doubtful occasions, on all subjects whatsoever, to pause, observe, listen, then move forward again, coöperating with the prompting that has come, following the guiding wisdom? If so, spend all your energy here. Quicken your moral sense that you may be alive to the right, in minutest detail. Try to feel the harmonious tendency in every emotion, in every sensation coming from the physical world. Sharpen your intellect that it may discover the finest structure of ideas. Repose in watchful reverie until your consciousness reveals the next step in personal evolution. If the train of thought breaks and you lose touch with its beauty, wait for the word you lost, the idea that escaped, that which joins with the last word you wrote, the last deed you performed. Only through this exquisite touch of thought shall the vast world of beauty about us be known. Each must be poet, musician, philosopher, artisan, in his special sphere. Vicarious oneness with

God is utterly impossible. The harmonious soul shall be made so only at home. It is futile to lean upon others. It is of little avail to speculate. For the harmony of the universe is divine, and is truly known through divine revelation. All that God asks of us is that we shall cultivate all our senses, neglecting neither mind nor heart, body nor soul. Then forth through our instruments shall stream the poetic strains of his eternally progressing beauty, the heart shall know it as love, the mind as truth, the conscience as goodness, and through this perfect trinity from out life's darkest mystery the meaning shall be called.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Boston.

COMMONPLACE.

HE was an ordinary boy of the ordinary American sort. There was nothing about him to distinguish him from any other of ten million American boys. He had lived all his life in an American town which was always promising to grow into an American city, but never doing it. He had attended the public school which never grew quite big enough to be graded after the fashion of the city schools. He had made his way through the arithmetic, the grammar, and the geography; had mastered the algebra, and had even taken one term in geometry. He had studied Latin for a time, and could read his Cæsar, slowly and painfully, with many references to the grammar and the lexicon.

Now, he was twenty-two, strong, hopeful, ignorant of nearly everything he should have known, and a clerk in the most prosperous grocery store in town. His mother was proud of the way her boy was getting along in the world, and dreamed forward to the time when he might himself own the store and be, perhaps, the mayor or a member of the legislature. He was the embryo of a "substantial citizen." His feet were set on a fairly easy path to a stupid,

useless, soul-dwarfing life of petty successes and failures in struggles for things which are striven for only because they are a part of our common stock of ideals. There was nothing extraordinary about him in any way. He had the ordinary American laziness in religious belief, coupled with the American instinct to abstain from swearing in the presence of the preacher, and with the American expectation to join the church, "after a while," and thus make sure of safety in the hereafter. This bit of prudence was, as usual, put into the "after a while," because he did not propose, even for bliss in the hereafter, to lose his chance of a taste of the world and all its possible delights. The pulse of youth was in him, and the American business instinct, and like most American boys he half-consciously planned to enjoy himself in both worlds. This leads directly to the confession for him that, like most American boys, he was, in his thoughts and imaginings, as frankly responsive to the demands of life and passion as any Greek god or Norse hero, or any other self-indulgent and masterful being who has no intention of being limited by the opinions of others, and no strong conviction that he ought to be.

His mother had screened him as carefully from evil influences as she herself had been screened by her mother. She thought of him as a good boy, growing up to be a strictly moral man. The latter part of her judgment was true, perhaps, but like the typical American mother, she never even dreamed of the moral state of the embryo of the model citizen. Her plans did not miscarry. Her boy was not exposed to "bad influences," but, nevertheless, the life within him utterly disregarded the rules of morality which to her were imperative. He gazed unconcernedly past her teachings to the activities which he wanted.

He grew up with other boys like himself, and talked his heart out to them without restraint. They confided to him in turn, and so, for himself and for them, he came to think of disregard of his mother's moral code as quite the proper and manly thing. This growth of opinion was very curious.

He believed that the rules were true and right ; he believed with equal sincerity that it was manly and admirable for boys and men to disregard them ; he rather despised any man too weak to refuse to be bound by them ; and he laughed, with the others, at this inconsistent position as the greatest imaginable joke. It made the point of most of his stories, its contradiction being stated over and over in many forms, and always provoking mirth and interest.

In one regard his mother's rules were binding upon even his lawless imagination. Just as he expected some day to join the church and make sure of going to heaven, so he expected some day to marry a "good girl," and have a "happy home." His ideals in this respect were thoroughly and characteristically masculine and American, and have been fully expressed by the fast young man in the popular play, who says : "When I want a girl for 'keeps,' I want her good." It will be seen that he, like most American boys, was a devout believer in a double standard of morals. It is difficult to see how he could have been otherwise. His mother's years of training could not be reasonably expected to have no effect at all upon his ideas of life and conduct, and his complete acceptance of her teachings as the rules of conduct for her sex was a full half of what she had been seeking. His own mental emancipation from them was also not so very surprising. Life was his in full measure, in a body with a completer and more sensitive nervous system than was ever known in the world until American men commenced to be born. That is saying that temptation appealed to him in full measure and with every possible allurements. Of course, he had no impulse to put a bridle on himself. The American blood is all Western and young, and not Eastern and decadent. We have not the instinct of asceticism, however devoutly we may sometimes intellectually accept its teachings. In spite of what we may sometimes believe, the will to live and to enjoy every agreeable sensation is too strong to promise that the American man will soon consent to take less of life than all he can get. This confused state of

morals is unreasonable ; it affronts the American instinct for consistency, but the opposing forces are so strong and so persistent that it is difficult to see how our ideals of life are to be made reasonable and harmonious, and at the same time both moral and generally acceptable.

To be sure, our hero — let us call him Sam, for the name is as commonplace as the character we are considering — did get a glimpse of another ideal, but it was only a glimpse, and there is little ground for hope that he untangled the knot which the antagonistic forces of morality and of life seemed to be drawing ever tighter and tighter.

One day Sam looked into a girl's face, and saw something he had never dreamed of before. He had known the girl as long as he could remember, and yet he had never seen anything like this. He had in the past, indeed, occasionally thought of her as one who, if she continued true to his mother's rules, might some day be desirable as a wife. Oftener, because his mind was usually employed with more alluring consideration, he thought of her as one whom he would mightily like to persuade to cast aside his mother's rules and to accept life as frankly and unquestioningly as a boy.

Now, she appealed to him in neither way. She was so wonderfully sweet and pure that it seemed that no act could sully her in the slightest. She seemed so strong, so friendly, so immeasurably wise, that he felt that whatever she might say must be true, and that he would follow unquestioningly wherever she might lead. She was as ordinary an American girl as can be imagined ; good, sweet, bright, true, with—like Sam—unfathomable depths of ignorance of all that she should have known, and, like him again, with infinite possibilities of development and growth. But Sam was in love, and she seemed to him to be, not what she really was, but all that she had possibility of becoming. He saw her as she might some time be, and did not know that the poet's imagination and the religious instinct in him — also so characteristically American — were deceiving him into such happiness as he

would not have been honestly entitled to until they both had developed for half a life-time, at least.

And Annie — for so let us name her — was having an experience very like Sam's. She saw him, as he had seen her, developed far past the stage in which they were really living, and he seemed all strength, and wisdom, and manly invincibility.

She believed devoutly all that his mother believed. He seemed to her so good and strong that she assumed unquestioningly that he was the embodiment of her ideals. He took her assumption as the authoritative teaching of ineffable goodness and perfect wisdom, and promptly, by a moral transfiguration, became, so far as his ideals went, all that she was expecting. When one is first in love, the poet-soul is uppermost, and a new religion or a new ideal finds it as easy to take possession of one's being as the sun finds it to throw light into a house where the doors and windows have all been widely opened.

They married and settled down, as the fairy stories always say, "to be happy ever after." Of course, I cannot attest whether they were or not, for I have not the gift of seeing through walls and drawn curtains, or closed breasts and discreet countenances. Two things, however, have caused me misgivings. Annie's mother, after the ceremony, went away by herself and wept convulsively; and Sam's father, as I walked down town with him next day, said that he was glad to see Sam married and settled down, even though marriage was not "all that it was cracked up to be," and then told me a "rattling good story," with an unprintable climax, which I recognized as one that Sam had been fond of telling — before he saw strange things in Annie's face.

JOHN H. MARBLE.

San Francisco.

WAS JEFFERSON A DEMOCRAT?

WAS Jefferson a democrat? The Democracy of to-day says, "Yes, he was the founder of the party."

Samuel J. Tilden spoke of him as "the Father of Democracy." No democratic orator regards a speech as having the proper climax without a reference to the third president of the United States and "Jeffersonian principles." No democratic editor thinks his political leader a clincher or a crusher unless it contains allusions to "the Sage of Monticello." No history of the democratic party follows other than the tradition that has been forced to do duty on innumerable partisan occasions "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

In April 1896 a democratic excursion went to the home of Thomas Jefferson, and there, in sight of his tomb, "reconsecrated" the tradition that he was, and is the founder of the democratic party.

During the last presidential campaign, the "Jeffersonian Democracy" references and claims were many times multiplied. With swiftly recurring iteration one heard the refrain of the sentence with which Ex-Senator Thurman at Port Huron, Mich., in 1888 closed his speech, "I hope what I have said may give you occasion for reflection, and lead you to support that grand old party which was founded by Jefferson."

How far this Jeffersonian pretension is well-grounded, deserves the compliment of at least a brief investigation.

"What's in a name?" is often asked, if not so frequently answered. That a name means much, nay, is almost indispensable to the prosperity of any party, admits of no question. To call a political organization by some name characterizing only some one of its attributes is a hindrance certain in time to frustrate the purpose of the founders. The old federal party suffered from such a misfortune, from which its rival the (first) republican party was happily free. The term

"Democracy" at the close of the last century was burdened too heavily with odium to make it profitable for a party designation. It came too near being a synonym for anarchy, as the generation of Washington had reason to view the word in the light of French revolutionary excesses. The incendiary radicalism of democratic clubs in the United States was sufficient warning to any sensible organization aspiring to control national politics to avoid so prejudicial a title. In the circumstances, the first "republican" party, of which Thomas Jefferson was the priest and prophet, chose its name wisely. This name was generic, and constantly reminded the American people of the monarchical tyranny from which they had escaped and of the peoples' rule in which they had found refuge. In the uprising of the masses against classes, party names played an intense part, of which this generation has little conception. Still, now, as in all the past, a fitting political name is at once a rallying cry and an enunciation of principles, more effective than any platform. "What other name would help this temperance political movement so much as to call the new party 'The Anti-Dram-Shop Party?'" This proclaims exactly what we are and what we mean to do." In that view Gerrit Smith was right.

A significant note in political barrel-organ music is the democratic party's unremitting insistence on the claim that the old republican party was simply the childhood and youth of its own stalwart maturity. The exhibition calls to mind the anxiety and labor expended by ambitious Hellenic families in the palmy days of Greece to trace their ancestral origin to the heroes who fought on the Trojan plains; or the equally vain Englishmen who would have it understood that their progenitors landed with William the Conqueror. To accomplish a similar feat, the democracy has wasted more ingenuity than was ever spent to prove that the jack-knife which had been wholly renewed, a part at a time, was no other than the original instrument. The party's mouthpieces in substance assert that not only was Jefferson its founder, but that it has had an uninterrupted history of one hundred years.

But the fact cannot be read out of print, that all the great histories of the United States speak of the opponents of the federal organization as the "Republican" party. The World Almanac for 1898 (certainly a democratic authority) gives a list of the country's presidents, and the designation "Democratic" does not appear until the name of Andrew Jackson is reached. According to that handbook, Jefferson was a Republican; so was Madison, likewise Monroe, not to mention John Quincy Adams. On one occasion, Jefferson, in an outburst of admiration, wrote, "It is fortunate that our first executive magistrate is purely and zealously republican." That is, of the writer's own political class, because of political views and policies. It is almost superfluous to say that the genealogists of democracy find these circumstances a fountain of unhappiness. In a speech at Kansas City in 1888, Senator Vest of Missouri declared that the present republican party had stolen not only the name of the first republican party, but the principles of the democracy. Even this partisan claim reveals how little foot room the democratic party has for its pretension to a century-old history. The federal party soon disappeared from history. Its last notable appearance was in the notorious Hartford Convention in 1814. This was representative enough to complete the destruction which federalist indiscretions had amply begun. Republicans in the administration of Monroe had the country to themselves, and during the presidency of John Quincy Adams factional zeal, combination, and discipline were unequal to the task of buoying up distinctive names and antagonistic policies. Truthfully could Adams say in his inaugural address:

"Ten years of peace at home and abroad have assuaged the animosities of political contention, and blended into harmony the most discordant elements of public opinion."

Politics then consisted more in loyalty to a leader than in devotion to a creed. Adams' rivals for presidential honors, Crawford, Clay, and Jackson, were likewise republicans.

The latter, like the son of Massachusetts, believed in high tariff, and a system of internal improvements. For convenience, the supporters of the administration were known as the "ins," and its opponents as the "outs." When Jackson reached the White House, his determined will and aggressive personality aided circumstances in dividing the people into distinct and confronting parties. Soon the public became as familiar with the names of whig and democrat as it was with those of Webster and Benton. It was not until 1832 that the word "democrat" began its duties as the appellation of a party. In that year the first democratic *national* convention nominated Martin Van Buren for Vice-President to run with Andrew Jackson, who was serving his first term. In his letter of acceptance, Mr. Van Buren said :

"I cannot but regard this spontaneous expression of confidence and friendship from the delegated *Democracy* of the Union as laying me under renewed obligations of gratitude to them, and of fidelity to the great interests for whose advancement they were assembled. It is to be hoped, however, that nothing will occur to impair the harmony and affection which have hitherto bound together in one political brotherhood the *Republicans* of the North and the South, the East and the West."

In that communication the nominee used the word "Democracy" as synonymous with "Republicans." The designation captured the fancy of his political sympathizers, and then, and not before, did the new party, founded by Jackson and Van Buren, have an appropriate title, superscription, and the beginning of a history.

At the custom house the two great parties line up in opposition, and no prophet can predict the end of the antagonism. The doctrine of protection is fundamental with the republican party of today. This organization believes that a protective tariff is not only constitutional, but necessary both for the raising of sufficient revenue and the industrial welfare of the American people. It contends that without such a system capital would lack in prosperity, and labor in bread. The

democracy, on the contrary, looks upon protection as without constitutional sanction and without the logic of necessity ; as a trammel on the country's foreign commerce, a bounty to favored classes, a tax on the many, and even a menace to free institutions. Individuals in the democratic party may favor protective ideas, but the face of the organization is resolutely set toward free trade. Forty years ago the democracy declared in its platform : "The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free trade throughout the world." It has since repeatedly veiled the demand then so unreservedly expressed, in "tariff for revenue only" phraseology. But in the messages of its presidents, in the leaders of its newspaper organs, and in the speeches of its orators, the relentless hostility of the party to the system of protection is emphatically avowed.

The question is as old as the national government, so that the early presidents had ample opportunity to reveal their views and record their preferences. One merit of Thomas Jefferson was, that he took the world into his confidence upon every public question of his time. His opinions people who ran might easily read. Fortunately, circumstances were such as to evoke clear expressions from Mr. Jefferson, defining his views on the subject of protection. By no quirk of sophistry can they be made to coincide with the recognized canons of "democratic" free trade.

In his message to Congress, December 15, 1802, Jefferson stated these to be the rightful objects of public care :

"To cultivate peace and maintain commerce and navigation in all their lawful enterprises ; to foster our fisheries as nurseries of navigation and for the nurture of men, and protect the manufactures adapted to our circumstances, etc."

"Shall we," asked Jefferson in his message of December 2, 1806, "suppress the impost and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures ?"

Considering in his message of November 8, 1808, the effects of the suspension of foreign commerce, he observed : "The

situation into which we have thus been forced, has impelled us to apply a portion of our industry and capital to internal manufactures and improvements. The extent of this conversion is daily increasing, and little doubt remains that the establishments formed and forming will, under the auspices of cheaper materials and subsistence, the freedom of labor from taxation with us, and of protecting duties and prohibitions become permanent."

"My idea is that we should encourage home manufactures to the extent of our home consumption of everything of which we raise the raw material," was Jefferson's view expressed in a letter to Colonel Humphreys, January 20, 1809.

January 9, 1816, Jefferson wrote to Benjamin Austin: "You tell me I am quoted by those who wish to continue our dependence on England for manufactures." But he adds: "Experience has taught me that manufactures are now as necessary to our independence, as to our comfort. . . . We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist."

Jefferson even believed in a retaliatory policy, for he said in his report on commerce and navigation, made in 1793: "But should any nation contrary to our wishes suppose it may better find its advantage by continuing its system of prohibitions, duties, and regulations, it behooves us to protect our citizens, their commerce and navigation, by counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations also."

Are these the utterances of a free-trade democrat? Can the reader, even with a microscope, see in them any excuse why democratic clubs and democratic leaders should travel on an excursion to Monticello?

Can reason explain why democrats, who champion free-trade and flout protection from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same—should meet in banquets on the thirteenth of April, year after year, to honor Jefferson as the "father" of their party? In fact, on such occasions, there are exhibited the shamelessness of historical embezzlement, the brazenness of political hypocrisy, a play mask that really

conceals no feature and imposes upon no observer. Imagine Thomas Jefferson sitting at one of these banquets and listening with assent to the condemnation of protection,—which he advocated,—and the advocacy of free trade,—in which he profoundly disbelieved. Such an incongruity would find a parallel in a tory toast to Washington.

For two generations the question of slavery was perhaps the chief touchstone of teaching and practice in American politics. The angle at which statesmen and parties viewed the iniquity helped determine the tone of national character.

Toward the last, the standpoint of examination and sympathy assumed a tragic importance, involving the existence of the republic. Superfluous indeed would it be to trace the relationship of the democracy to the creed of property in man. Slavery found in that party its faithful champion. When the slave power wanted Texas, the democratic party hastened to place the new territory at its feet. When it called for a war with Mexico, that more territory might be gained for slavery, hostilities were quickly begun. When it intimated that the restrictive line of the Missouri Compromise was an impertinence, the democracy set to work to erase the famous 36° 30'. If it thought the entire north could be made to suspend legitimate business and help hunt fugitive slaves, jugglery in swiftness never surpassed the activity of the compliant democracy in its creation of the necessary legal enactments. If it felt the need of a judicial decision to strengthen its clutch on black property and the country's subserviency, democracy, with the alacrity of a page, hurried with the Dred-Scott decision of Taney to the feet of the southern oligarchy. If it gave the nod, the walls of nationality divided, and the high priest of democracy, James Buchanan, accommodately declared that there was no national authority to prevent the departure of the states.

The slave-holding south in Jefferson's day had much the character of a body of patriarchal householders, in which the master was merely the chief personage. The human property enjoyed many social privileges that helped dull the conscious-

ness of chatteldom. Could one doubt this fact after having read the account of the affectionate greeting that Jefferson received from his slaves at Monticello, on his return from France?

The Legrees belonged to a later day of the south. The pictures that Mrs. Stowe gives in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" rather fitted the era when Virginia greed was breeding negroes for the Gulf States' market, and the first-class field hands brought one thousand dollars apiece. Jefferson was no advocate of slavery, and his record on this question, the circumstances considered, did him conspicuous honor. No apologist for the infernal system could quote in its favor the author of the Declaration of Independence. On the contrary, his utterances on the subject furnished for decades a convenient arsenal for the abolitionists. One almost fancies he is reading a stirring philippic in one of Wendell Philips's anti-slavery lectures, or a climax of denunciation in William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*, as he follows to its close Jefferson's famous outburst ending: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." Imagine, if you can, the oracles of the democratic party—the Calhouns, Douglasses, Stephenses, Masons, Yanceys, and Palmers—flaring aloft such a torch in illumination of the question of chatteldom—of the right of a Caucasian to own the body and soul of an African.

When this subject is considered, it is easy to see how wide was the gulf between Jefferson, the republican, and that "democracy," which took slavery into its especial keeping. Jefferson predicted emancipation, and wrote in favor of colonizing the liberated race. "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate," he declared, "than that these people are to be free." One of his efforts, upon entering the Virginia house of burgesses, was to secure a modification of a statute, so that a slaveholder could free his slaves without having to send them out of the state. He planned, without success however, in the work of revising Virginia's laws, to ensure gradual emancipation. His was a measure proposed in 1778 to stop the importation of slaves into the commonwealth.

When Virginia ceded the great northwest to the general government, he had inserted in the famous Ordinance a prohibition of slavery in the territory after the year 1800. In fact, in numerous legislative efforts, as well as in his writings, Thomas Jefferson stood on the same plane with Lincoln and Wilson, Chase and Sumner, Hale and Seward — the founders and leaders of the second "republican" party of the country. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was the consummation of Jefferson's hope as well as expectation. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." These immortal words came from the pen of Jefferson. Their spirit was the inspiration of the second republican party, when it rose in opposition to slavery. In this contest, can any one question which party, so far as slavery was concerned, would have had Jefferson's sympathy had he been alive? In this respect, at least, he would have been a republican in 1861 as he was a republican in 1801.

American history has run in many picturesque channels toward the great sea of the present, but the most interesting one of all is that of nationality. Two centuries ago a few settlements on this Atlantic coast were conspicuous for isolation and helplessness. They knew but little of one another, and cared less. A century later, thirteen colonies had come to value the advantages of coöperation; and so they together fought out the Revolution and won independence. But in spirit they were still separate communities. The adoption of the Constitution and the inauguration of the federal government were not accomplished without a fierce struggle that virtually imperiled the fruit gained by victory over British control. Many a zealous leader of the patriots of '76 looked upon the Instrument of 1787 as a monstrosity, and the national experiment as a menace to nearly everything for which the colonies had fought. The most ardent friends of the new government must have been amazed to see how tenaciously local spirit and local views dominated individuals

and obstructed the highway of national ideas. Several times in the first forty years of the nation, threats of disunion blanched the cheeks of patriotism and tasked the resources of statesmanship.

Where in the line of march from the isolation of communities to the unity of nationality was Jefferson? He was absent in France when the Constitution was framed, but what he thought of it he most freely expressed. At first, he shared all of Patrick Henry's fears, so elaborately set forth in his memorable speech in the Virginia ratification convention. Jefferson would not accept the new system without the most radical amendments. In fact, he rang the fire-alarm bell whenever he could find an ear to listen to his warning. Subsequent amendments and observation of the Constitution in practice reconciled him to its main features. But there is no evidence that he ever came to regard the Constitution with entire favor. Curiously enough, the chief blunder of the federal party furnished Jefferson his great opportunity for revealing how far he had traveled on the road of nationality. The administration of John Adams made the serious mistake of passing the Alien and Sedition laws. They were products of legislation born of great provocation, but time has not set the seal of approval upon those drastic measures. Inspired by the wrath of the hour, Jefferson drafted the famous Kentucky resolutions, which now occupy an almost infamous place in American history. These the legislature of the state of Kentucky passed, an error far more lamentable than the one at which they were aimed. For they proved to be the fountain head of the state sovereignty ideas, that continued to disturb our peace until the surrender at Appomattox. The first of these resolutions reads :

“That the several states composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government, but that by compact under the style and title of a constitution for the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving, each state to itself, the residuary

mass of right to their own self-government; and that, whensoever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force; that to this compact each state acceded as a state, and is an integral party; that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; since that would have made its discretion, and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but, that as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress."

Time has proved that Jefferson in this resolution launched a doctrine second in importance only to the central idea of independence. Both came from the same pen; and, consequences considered, no other public utterance in American history can be said to rank with them. The amazing fact is that there came from the same brain so much wisdom in the one case, and such consummate folly in the other.

Logically enough one finds in Jefferson Davis's "History of the Confederacy," this tribute to the author of the disintegrating doctrine, on which the south acted:

"The great truth announced in her [Kentucky's] series of resolutions was the sign under which the democracy conquered in 1800, and which constituted the corner stone of the political edifice of which Jefferson was the architect, and which stood unbroken for sixty years from the time its foundation was made."

Such a compliment from such a source might well give a "Jeffersonian democrat" pause. With unerring instinct did Washington divine the trend of Jefferson's teachings. To Lafayette the "Father of his country" wrote: "The Constitution, according to their [the Anti-federalists'] interpretation of it, would be a mere cipher." Again he said: "We are today a nation, tomorrow thirteen," a shot that Webster might have envied after his reply to Hayne.

To the credit of the nation, be it said, only one other state followed in the path of disunion blazed by Jefferson through the Kentucky forests, and that was Virginia. For its legisla-

ture, to endorse Madison, who was then little more than an echo of Jefferson, drew resolutions differing only in language from their model, and there for the time the heresy halted. Delaware denounced the new dogma as "dangerous." New York looked upon it as "no less repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of this union than destructive to the federal government and unjust to those whom the people have elected to administer it." Connecticut viewed "with deep regret" and explicitly disavowed, "the principles contained in the aforesaid [Virginia] resolutions." Massachusetts concluded that in practise the theory of the Virginia school of politics would reduce the Constitution "to a mere cipher," "to the form and pageantry of authority, without the energy of power." Outside of Kentucky and Virginia the predominant sense of the people was hostile to the states' rights proclamation; and they did not purpose to permit the country to drift back to the shallows and quicksands of the Confederation. To them the Union involved obligation, not mere expediency.

A striking commentary on the Kentucky resolutions as they appeared, was afterwards found among Jefferson's papers. It was another draft of the paragraph already quoted, and ran :

"Resolved, that when the general government assumes powers which have not been delegated, a nullification of the act is the rightful remedy; that every State has the natural right in cases not within the compact to *nullify*, of their own authority, all assumptions of power by others within their limit."

Jefferson, not Calhoun, was the father of nullification, and the grandfather of secession.

On this side of his politics, Jefferson unmistakably belonged to the democratic party. He never developed into the full stature of nationality in his ideas; neither has the democracy in its theories and sympathies. Hence it has always insisted on individual rights, and state rights, and opposed national centralization; President James Buchanan took the position

that the general government had no authority to coerce a State, if it decided to withdraw from the Union; and the party of Seymour, Tilden, and Hendricks all through the war criticized, opposed, and obstructed the measures taken by a republican administration for the preservation of the Union. During these four awful years, the hearts of the southerners beat high with hope, or sunk in discouragement, as the democracy of the north was victorious, or suffered defeat at the polls.

It remains in conclusion to say that in only one important aspect was Jefferson a democrat, and as to his views in that connection, his most worshipful admirers do well to draw the veil of forgetfulness. To recall what he did in behalf of the doctrine that has caused the republic so much woe, is the reverse of kind. So the citizen looks in vain in the panegyrics of Senator Daniel, and the late William E. Russell at Monticello, for a single recognition of Jefferson's services to nullification and secession. But in the other and truly honorable departments of his political principles and public efforts, in relation to protection and anti-slavery, he was the herald of the republicans of today. His principles in these two respects are theirs; and on the basis of substantial claims, he was far more the father of the second republican party than of the democracy. Even in his chief act as president—the Louisiana purchase—an act to which the country owed incalculable good, and for which he will ever be most gratefully remembered—he patriotically veered from his theory of strict constitutional adherence, and set the example followed by Lincoln's administration, to employ, if necessary, the inferential powers of the government for the obvious benefit of the people. Compared with Jefferson's ultra-constitutional stroke, how paltry seem his declarations touching minimized central control and maximum local autonomy! Republicans have really more reason than the democrats, for political pilgrimages to Monticello and Jeffersonian birthday banquets.

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THE ITALIAN REVOLT.

A PLEA for the political prisoners in Italy is really a plea for republican government. For even those condemned to the longest terms of imprisonment were guilty of nothing except the belief, which we all hold in America, that a republican form of government is better than the monarchical form—which is not considered a crime, even by enlightened monarchical nations. These prisoners could not have been guilty of criticizing the monarchy, for that is impossible. It could not be done in the press because of the press censorship. All newspapers must pass under the eyes of the censor before they are given to the public. If there is anything that he does not like, he cuts it out. It could not be done in public meetings, for they are presided over by an officer of the king, who, at the first word against the institution, stops the speaker. Three blasts of the trumpet are given as a signal for the audience to disperse. If all do not leave immediately, the soldiers are ordered to drive them out at the point of the bayonet.

This is the usual outcome of all republican meetings. The government, to expedite matters, often has an agent, acting as an anarchist, who says something objectionable, thus giving an excuse for breaking up the meeting. An opinion of serious opposition could only be expressed in private, and might be reported by a spy; for spies are everywhere, in all public places. Or, in the case of suspected people, an accusation might be made by the officer who makes the arrest.

Up to last May, it was possible to criticize the policy of the government, though not so freely, of course, as we do in America. The outbreak of last May was to suppress even this opposition; for it is easy to understand how the government, by exciting a revolt, could declare a state of siege, and with martial law imprison or banish all those who criticized the government of Italy. That the outbreak was not a pre-

meditated one, is proved by the fact that the people were unarmed, without leaders, and without a plan of action. The victims, too, were all on the side of the people, not in the ranks of the soldiers. The troops were turned against the unarmed citizens to terrorize them. Peaceable people going about their own affairs through the streets were ordered to disperse; groups of more than three were fired upon; cannon swept the streets, and before the Milanese realized what was happening, more people were killed than were killed on the American side during the whole of the war with Spain. As many of the victims were women and children, it might perhaps better have been called a massacre.

The government had not intended it to be so serious. The intention had been merely to find a pretext to declare a state of siege, and by court-martial to imprison all who dared to oppose the misgovernment of the country. This same procedure was adopted by the government in other parts of Italy, until nearly the whole of the peninsula was in a state of siege. The prisons are overflowing with men condemned to from one to fifteen years of solitary confinement, and these men are the best and bravest of the land.

There was an opposition in Italy made up of enlightened men of all classes, rich and poor, nobles and commoners, business men, professional men, students, journalists, men of character, speaking for the people in the name of justice. As I was intimately associated with the leaders of this party for reform, I can testify that they are honorable men, who speak the truth openly. They were not plotting; they were informing the country of the true condition. Their work was not destructive—it was constructive. They were not preparing an insurrection; they were preparing for the revolution which is sure to follow the misgovernment of the monarchy. There was but one man who was a revolutionist as our forefathers were revolutionists—ready to take up arms for the people. The others believed in a peaceable change, an orderly revolution brought about legally by parliamentary means. Events have shown that they were

optimistic, but they were brave men standing for the truth at the risk of their liberty and their lives.

A practical man may ask, Why does anybody express an opinion when it is so dangerous to do so? Why do a few stand for the masses against such odds? There was a very strong reason why men of conscience should speak for the people. First of all, the people of Italy are starving. Each year a hundred thousand go mad of hunger. This may be verified in the reports of the government statistician, Signor Bodio, of the Roman bureau of statistics. This is a symptom of the disease, and it is general, for thousands and thousands are in a half-demented state from lack of nourishment. Their numbers are increasing so rapidly that the work of gathering statistics has been abandoned.

We say hunger-mad! It means nothing to us here where hunger-madness is unknown, but to live in Italy among the poor makes it have a meaning. Think of those who do not die, but barely exist, the breath of life just fluttering in and out, the light of reason wavering. They are too weak to work, so they wander about like lost souls. Once you had seen that, you could never forget it. You would not wonder that men of heart risk their lives protesting against a government which could lay one unnecessary burden on such afflicted creatures.

The misery of the world is a great problem, one which advanced nations will soon be called upon to solve. For those interested in the comparative poverty of nations, it may be said that while in India the poor live entirely on rice, in Italy they live on cornmeal, which is much less nourishing. If they could have enough of it to quiet hunger even once a day, or if they were not obliged to eat spoiled and mouldy meal, they would, perhaps, not go mad, but it is difficult for the poor in Italy to get both quantity and quality. In Ireland the poorest have potatoes and salt, while in Italy the poor cannot afford to put enough salt in their food to make it digestible. The government has a salt monopoly which makes the cost of salt forty times what it should be. The

Italian government, always in need of money, finds its largest revenue in this tax, for both rich and poor must use salt. The price of salt has been increased until it is almost beyond the reach of the poor. Lack of salt is, therefore, reckoned as one of the chief causes of the hunger-madness. Bread is a luxury in Italy. Polenta, cornmeal porridge, is used in northern Italy, and in southern Italy there are many substitutes for bread, among others a mixture of clay and acorns in Sardinia. This bread is plentiful except in years when acorns are scarce; then, as the pigs must be fed, and will not eat clay, they are given the acorns, and the people suffer. It is no exaggeration to say that Italy is at the point of starvation. That it is in a more critical condition than even the poorest of the other nations, is shown by the fact that though other nations have famines of short duration, no other nation is afflicted with the scourge of hunger-madness.

Is anything being done to better this condition? Nothing. Quite the contrary. Italy is very much occupied with being a great power. In the triple alliance she seems to be triply blessed with those who insist upon having the divine right to rule. So she must have a great army and navy. Then there is Africa to civilize, and this is a great drain upon the country, for millions go in that way which are never accounted for. The standing army is eating the bread which rightfully belongs to the starving. Worse than all, there is the standing army of the bureaucracy, those idly filling fat positions, draining the life-blood of the country, supported by the monarchy, and supporting it; they desire no change, so they seek to paralyze every effort toward reform.

Is the king doing anything to relieve the suffering of his people? Humbert has the reputation of being very good and generous to his subjects. This fame was built up at the time of his visit to Naples during the cholera. It was necessary to make that demonstration to his subjects, and he did it. He was protected in such a way that there was little danger to himself, when compared to those who nursed the sick and buried the dead. He was entitled to little of the

unbounded praise and adulation which he received ; yet nobody begrudged it. But whenever it has been a question of his own prestige, he has shown himself indifferent to the sufferings of the people. Although the Italian monarchy is called constitutional, it could not well be more absolute. Parliament is dismissed, convened, or dissolved arbitrarily ; exceptional laws are passed ; the will of the people is disregarded ; but the Italians in general take it as a matter of course. They do not look to the king. The principal means of taxation is the cost on food ; every mouthful is taxed. The national debt with its high rate of interest is one of the heaviest burdens borne by any European nation, yet according to statistics, Italy is one of the poorest of the states. She spends the least for the people in the way of education and public benefices, while she spends the most for strictly needless expenses. Is it strange that there should be republicans in Italy advocating a more economical government ?

L'Italia del Popolo, the republican newspaper, was the standard around which the republicans rallied. When the paper was started there was not a single declared republican in parliament at Rome. The Italia del Popolo required all candidates that it supported to declare themselves republicans. At the end of five years there were twenty-six declared republicans in parliament. This progress alarmed the government. The pope was accused of being the center of a conspiracy to overthrow the monarchy. In the late court-martial trials, the accusation of being connected with Italia del Popolo was evidence of treason. In the trial of Signor Filippo Turatti there was presented as evidence against him a letter written to him by someone asking him to come to the office of the paper. He was sentenced to twelve years solitary confinement, and is already going mad. De Andreis, a republican member of parliament, wrote for the paper, and he is also sentenced to twelve years imprisonment. There was no evidence of any kind proving anything against either of them, and they could not have been convicted by a court of justice.

For seven years my house was connected with the direction of this paper, my husband being the proprietor and chief editor. If there had been a plot I should have known of it. We knew that we were accused of conspiracy, and that we were surrounded by spies and informers, but there was nothing to conceal.

When the bread-riots came last May, mothers took their starving babes in their arms and went to the town hall, crying for bread. They were met by soldiers and shot down. Many men throughout the country protested against this violation of civilized laws of order. One of the first measures in Milan was to seize the newspapers and arrest the editors. After that, as all papers were favorable to the government, and on account of the censorship of the telegraph, correct accounts could not be had.

The government only intended to kill half a dozen and intimidate the rest. But the Milanese made serious resistance. Though they were unarmed, they stood their ground for four days. It was of course a hopeless struggle; they had only cobble-stones in the streets with which to defend themselves. When they were driven to the house-tops, they threw down the tiles, as they did in their struggle for freedom against the Austrians.

During the dreadful days last spring when no news could be had from Italy, every suspected person was arrested until the prisons were full, and old monasteries and castles were turned into prisons. The mediæval castle of Milan had even its unrestored cells full of prisoners. These cells were damp and mouldy and had no outlet except by the door. A thousand men and women were put into one of these dungeons together, and kept there without food for four days. There was not room to lie down, so they took turns by sleeping two hours each. The odors became so foul that the guards in the corridors outside were changed every two hours, because they sickened with the stench. The prisoners remained in the castle until they were tried by court-martial. A court-martial trial in Italy is a mere farce. The accused have no witnesses,

for people are afraid to testify for them. They are condemned on the evidence of spies, or of the carabinieri who arrest them. The prisoners from the castle were tried in lots. One group of sixty had a trial lasting only about an hour and a half. Eight of them were condemned to fifteen years, six of them to ten years and so on down.

Any citizen may receive word that he must go to some town or place at a distance and stay there a few years. Those condemned to this *domicilio coatto* are now sent to the convict colony of Assob in Africa, where the rules are of a desperately rigid sort, scarcely suited to the lowest criminals, but are enforced for men of enlightened political opinions. The death penalty is prohibited in Italy, but the penalty of slow torture is substituted.

When I say that the bravest and best of the Italian land are prisoners now, I say what is literally true. They are people of all classes. In one group sent to the prison of Finalborgo were these friends: Gustavo Chiesi, editor of the *Italia del Popolo*; Carlo Romussi, editor of the *Secolo*; Paolo Valera, a member of the Fabian Society of London; Bartolo Federici, a wealthy nobleman. The condemned men were conducted in chains from the castle at midnight to the station. Their friends were not allowed to salute them. They were so heavily chained hand and foot, that they had to be hoisted, a dead weight, up to the platform of the prison car in which they were sent. Being condemned to solitary confinement, the prisoners did not see each other for several days after a journey of ten hours of terrible hardship. The solitude depressed them so seriously that they were taken out and permitted to meet in the company of other prisoners, convicts of all sorts, and probably spies also. In the relief of this meeting, one writes to his mother, "From the window of this room, we have a beautiful panorama of the mountains."

Poor friends! Must they drag out years in that horrible prison of Finalborgo? Yet I do not speak for my friends especially. Their fate is no worse than that of thousands of others. There are those who will be forgotten in prison, the

poor, ignorant, helpless — who will speak for them? They must suffer doubly, knowing the chain of misfortunes following — families left without support, the anxiety of wives, children disgraced, for who is there to tell them that it is no disgrace to suffer in such a cause?

Is it not the duty of every free man to stand by his brother men in such a struggle? It is a struggle for human dignity and for the progress of humanity which benefits the world. What those men need, is the moral support of men of the advanced nations. In England they have found that support among the most intelligent and most reliable people of the country. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, George Meredith, P. W. Clayton, of the Daily News, Mrs. Bertrand, Sir Edward Russell, Mrs. William Morris, Mrs. Alice Meynell, Arthur Jones, George Bernard Shaw, are names which are a guaranty of the character of the appeal. A committee has been formed in America, consisting of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, William Lloyd Garrison, Edwin D. Mead, Henry D. Lloyd, Leo R. Lewis, Katherine Coman; D. C. Heath, secretary.

Women should sympathize with the imprisoned women, for there are good women, too, in prison in Italy. One woman whom I know has been a messenger of goodness and mercy in Italy. She will probably not survive her imprisonment. She is in the last stages of consumption, but she writes heroically to a friend: "I do not think I shall die in prison, but if my health grows worse I beg that no petition be made for my pardon in consideration of my ill-health. I would not have such a petition made on special or personal grounds through the affection of any one, even of my daughter. Prevent my receiving such a moral offence. This is my only request before the tomb closes over me." Such a woman is one of the world's treasures, and the starving revolutionary mothers are our sisters.

The question is not whether the Italians are justified in making a revolution, it is whether people of advanced nations should not protest against the killing and imprisoning by the Italian government of thousands of innocent people.

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, in a letter to the editor of the Boston Transcript says:

"The answer which the average American citizen is likely to make to a plea for sympathy and other help to the political prisoners of Italy will be controlled largely, first, by his information as to whether the present government of Italy is a good government; and, second, whether the people of Italy are fit for any better one.

"When I was in Italy, a few years ago, I found the common people in Venice cooking their polenta in the sewage-saturated waters of the canals because, although it was filthy, it was salt, and they could not afford to buy salt. A government which imposes a tax of four thousand per cent. *ad valorem*, can not be a good government. One needs to know no fact but that.

"A government cannot be a good government whose people by tens of thousands are compelled to scatter to all quarters of the globe for employment, while hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land, under the most encouraging sky on earth, remain idle at home. That it is the laws, the government, and not the people that are at fault, is plain from this fact, that they are willing to leave their home and go thousands of miles for the work they cannot find in Italy. But there are those among us who attack these people because 'they take away work from Americans,' and at the same time accuse them of an unwillingness to work.

"If the American who is debating whether or not he shall let his sympathies answer to the call of his outraged Italian brethren, feels that he cannot give the problem the study and investigation it deserves, he will make no mistake in accepting the results of the investigation of such a man as Mazzini. Mazzini knew Italy, and he knew the House of Savoy. He gave his whole life to studying the problem of Italian freedom. He was one of the greatest minds of modern times. His eye was single; his heart pure and truthful. Mazzini knew all the facts. The history of the present dynasty of Italy is largely written on the pages of his works. Mazzini did not believe in any kingship in the abstract, and he believed still less in the House of Savoy in the concrete. He did believe in the people of Italy. He planted and watered the tree of Italian unity, and God gave the increase; but the House of Savoy has stolen the fruit.

Mazzini believed in Italy for the Italians. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, and Humbert believed in Italy for the House of Savoy.

"Mazzini, who knew the Italian people so well, called upon them to establish the republic, and as long ago as 1849 founded this republic at Rome. The Italian republic did not die because the Italians were not fit for their freedom. It died under the assassinating bayonets of Louis Napoleon and his French republic. Any one who has studied the history of Italy knows that the perfidy of princes has never crawled so tortuous and bloody a path as that by which the House of Savoy made itself the ruler of Italy.

"People say the Italians are not fit for a republic. The true American doctrine is, that no people are fit for any government but a republic. No better answer to the charge, that the Italian people are unfit for a republic, could be made than that given by Mrs. F. D. Papa, when she says that they never can be fit until they have one. Mazzini has said a word on this question of fitness for republican freedom: 'It is not true,' he says, 'that a republic cannot be founded without the existence in the people of all the severest republican virtues. This is an ancient error which has contributed to falsify the theory of government in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the educating elements of the state, and republics are founded precisely in order that these republican virtues, which monarchy cannot produce, may germinate in the hearts of the citizens.'"

Yet, despite the terrible state of affairs in Italy, and the obvious need of the moral support of all Americans, there are not wanting those who make light of the whole matter, and assign a wrong cause to the recent revolt. In a letter to the Boston Transcript, Mr. W. J. Stillman maintains:

"The insurrection of last year was a republican movement directed from Paris for the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a federal republic, in the interest of the papacy and the French republic. That bread and poverty had nothing to do with it is shown by the fact that those parts of the peninsula where the want and bread-discontent are greatest did not participate in the rising, which was limited to the provinces where wages are highest and the workmen most independent. The sections in which destitution is

greatest, i. e., the sulphur-mining districts of Sicily and the rice-fields about Ravenna, were perfectly quiet while the fighting was going on in Milan.

"The rising was no more justified than our secession movement. Italy is a country of the most widely prevalent democratic sentiment; but the republicans are an insignificant minority, even with their alliances in the elections with socialists, anarchists, etc. The suffrage is extended even too widely for the degree of intelligence, and, if the majority of the nation wanted a republic enough to agitate for it, they could have it. There were probably twenty thousand insurgents in Milan, and the fighting lasted four days, involving the lives of more than one thousand people, many of them innocent passers-by, or those looking on from their windows. If any men ever merited being shot or imprisoned, these insurgents did; for they rebelled against a constitutional government in which the majority could effect any reform requisite. About two thousand were arrested, of whom many were released at once; and the military tribunals by which they were tried are the fairest tribunals in Italy, for there is no antagonism between the people and the army, and the officers are, as a class, the most humane and kind-hearted men I ever met with. If I were to be tried tomorrow in Italy, I would ask for a military tribunal. It is absolutely untrue that people were punished for their opinions. Unless they took some part in planning or carrying out the insurrection, they were not held. I was in Italy all the time of the troubles, and in constant receipt of information, having been correspondent of the London Times in Rome for twelve years.

"Mrs. Papa's statistics as to the 'mad from hunger in Italy,' are ridiculous and fictitious, and her statements in general so wild as to be unworthy discussion. They are the stock in trade of the Italian anarchist and socialist agitator, and prepared for an ignorant audience. There is less starvation in any of the great cities of Italy than in corresponding cities of England. But the bread tax, which is the only one which presses on the lowest classes, is not a tax of the Italian government, but of the communal and municipal councils, which are elected by the people at large. Except in the large cities the general government has no control over these taxes, which go to pay the expenses of the communal and municipal governments."

In a more recent communication to the Transcript, Mr. Stillman endeavors to show that Italy is really better off than the United States. He says:

"There is more nonsense talked about the bad government in Italy in the papers of the United States and England than on all other subjects combined. Americans take a run through Italy and hear the grumbling of discontented Italian anarchists, and come away thinking they have learned all about Italy. The fact is that there is no tax whatever on salt in Italy. As in France and several other countries of Europe, salt and tobacco are government monopolies in Italy, and salt is sold at forty centimes the kilogramme, or about four cents a pound. There was no complaint of the price of salt when the price was raised three centimes the kilogramme in 1893, because it did not affect the poor, who had always paid for fractions of a kilogramme at the rate of forty centimes, and the only persons who found a difference were the great stock breeders, who used it in quantities. No Italian goes without his tobacco, and nineteen-twentieths are devoted to the lottery, and the expense of the tobacco is many times as great as that of salt, and what the poorest put into lottery tickets in a week would pay for all the salt they use in a month. . . .

"The present form of government in Italy is sufficiently corrupt, but after living under it for twenty years I can honestly say that there is less corruption, less dishonesty, and less demagoguery in Italy than in the United States west of the Hudson River. And as to taxation, Italy is better off beyond any comparison. The Italian who comes to this country comes, not to stay, but to accumulate a little fortune which shall allow him to live without work at home, and he has no opportunity at home because the competition for the work to be done is too severe. We are told of the vacant lands in Italy waiting for home colonization. I have visited these lands and know them. With slight exception, they are utterly unfit for culture, hardly fit for grazing; and when good land is abandoned, it is because the malaria decimates the cultivators. The healthy and fertile parts of the peninsula are more densely inhabited than Belgium or France, and the northern provinces are increasing in wealth faster than either of those countries."

Nothing could be more emphatic and dogmatic than these statements by Mr. Stillman. Let us now examine them in detail, in order to discover the true state of affairs.

Mr. Stillman states that the insurrection was organized at and directed from Paris. But the outbreak of May, 1898, was not an insurrection. First, the papacy is waiting patiently until the monarchy falls through its own misgovernment, and hopes that the old opponents of the church, the Garibaldian republicans, will be crushed before the downfall. The great majority of the republicans and clericals are bitter enemies, and an understanding between the two parties is impossible. Second, is it possible that a republican movement organized at and directed from Paris should have neglected providing its insurgents with arms? The "Speaker," of London says: "Even the more authoritative conservative papers, such as the *Tribuna* of Rome, have admitted that the disorder, notwithstanding its extent and persistency, was neither prepared nor organized. No trace was to be found of a pre-established plan, nor does it appear that the crowd was anywhere directed by ringleaders."

Mr. Stillman is right in saying: "Those parts of the peninsula where want and bread-discontent are greatest did not participate in the rising." But the people there were too weak to resist. Only a few women found courage to go to the town halls with their starving babes in their arms crying for bread. They were shot down and that was all of it. The men "in the provinces where wages are highest and the workmen most independent" protested against such a violation of civilized law, and it was to silence these protests that the government turned the troops against the people. True, the miners in the sulphur districts and the workers in the rice fields were quiet while the unarmed citizens of Milan contended against an armed foe. They had nothing to defend themselves with but the cobblestones in the streets. Arms were not found on one of those killed, nor on any taken prisoners. No discarded arms were found on the field when the struggle was over. All the victims were "innocent passers by," for as the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Footing the bill of the alleged 'street revolution,' we find one soldier killed and a few others wounded. The govern-

ment in Milan alone has made some hundreds of arrests — journalists, deputies, priests, children, and street roughs, with fine impartiality. Then, spurred by a justified distrust in popular juries and even in its own appointed judges, the government has given the administrators of justice a summer holiday and has filled the bench with military tribunes. To make this amazing violation of the rights of the citizen possible, the government has declared a state of siege. But a state of siege cannot legally be declared without consent of parliament, which, as everyone knows, would never have been granted. Therefore the opening of parliament was delayed beyond the limit prescribed by law. When parliament did meet, its mind was so plain that the government shrank from hearing that mind declared, and resigned without taking a vote. The king has avoided the course customary in such a situation. No member of the chamber of deputies has been asked to advise on the crisis; only senators and generals have been called, the result desired being apparently a non-parliamentary solution of the difficulty. The whole is a succession of unlawful acts, each for its support needing the sequence of an act more unlawful than itself."

Does Mr. Stillman call that constitutional government?

Mr. Stillman might, as he says, "ask to be tried by a military tribunal," but surely no other American citizen would ask for such a trial. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "One looks in vain for the single personal fact which should prove that any one of the accused had strayed beyond the pale of the law." Speaking of one of the prisoners, a well-known writer, the indictment, after reproaching him with the vivid picturesqueness of his style, concludes with the indignant appeal, "Is it possible that a person of this man's opinions should not have taken a most important part in the recent disorders?" And the public prosecutor, winding up his speech, breathless for want of the oxygen of fact, says: "If there is no precise evidence against these prisoners it is only because they are too clever to allow it to appear." The writer referred to is Gustavo Chiesi, whom I have already mentioned, and he was condemned to six years of solitary confinement. Perhaps Mr. Stillman does not call that imprisoning a man for his opinions.

I am not an anarchist nor a socialist. I am a republican as my New England forefathers were republicans. I first quoted the statistics concerning the *pellagra* (hunger-madness), before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. Mr. Stillman says that he wishes to "expose" these statements. He may help to push down the stone that is now entombing innocent men and women. Dare he deny that there is in Italy the scourge of the *pellagra* (the hunger-madness)? Probably he did not have time to go to the Bureau of Statistics in Rome to look up the number of those suffering from the *pellagra* in the 5721 districts afflicted with that madness, but any truthful Italian would have told him that there are one hundred thousand of the *pellagrosi* (the hunger-mad) in Italy.

It is painful to tell the poverty of Italy, and I am stating only what is necessary to show why men of conscience should plead for the Italian people, in the name of justice protesting against the misgovernment of the country. I leave the worst untold about the sulphur mines and the rice fields, which I hope that it will never be a duty to tell.

I should be sorry to be so impolite as to say of Mr. Stillman's statement that taxation in Italy is much less burdensome than in this country; that it is "ridiculous and fictitious," "wild" and "unworthy of discussion." However, Americans can, by comparing the cost of sugar, salt, flour, and other necessities of life there and here, see how heavy the government tax on food is. Taxes are applied so ingeniously that a man pays about forty-five per cent. of his income in taxes.

Mr. Stillman frankly confesses himself to be against republics, and I am informed that there are others who think as he does. But I do not fear such criticism. I am sure of having the support of the majority of my fellow Americans. And Mr. Stillman need not fear. I am not trying to provoke a revolution in Italy. I am speaking for a few thousand helpless and wronged people. Until Mr. Stillman can prove that the political prisoners are guilty, he cannot protest against my defence of them nor my plea for them. The Italian government has not been able to prove the guilt of the political

prisoners, but has simply condemned them to years of solitary confinement. Mr. Stillman is an American ; he knows that this is atrocious.

As for the statistics which Mr. Stillman disputes, I have already stated that they are taken from the government report. Mr. Griffin, consul at Limoges, France, who made the report before the American immigration committee which decided upon restricting our immigration, stated many startling facts about Italy drawn from this report. He had a letter to Sig. Bodio, from whom he obtained the information. If Mr. Griffin had remained in Italy long enough to verify the facts by personal observation, he might perhaps have made a report that would have excited compassion, and moved Americans to receive the suffering Italians, instead of alarming our government so greatly at the poverty of Italy that it closed our doors against the poor.

Americans think that Italian immigration is sufficient proof of Italy's condition, but the poorest Italian emigrants do not come here; they go to South America, because the South American governments offer facilities in the way of free passage; consequently North Americans see only the comparatively rich Italian emigrants.

The Italians are the most industrious, intelligent, and lovable people on earth, and see to what a plight the cruel Italian government has reduced them, driving them from home by thousands, so hungry that they will work for a pittance. The workmen of other countries have consequently felt compelled to wage war against them,—not only economical war, but civil strife. Sanguinary outbreaks have occurred in America, France, Switzerland, and many other countries. The blame should not be put upon the unfortunate Italian people, but on the Italian government. As the economical condition of Italy thus affects our labor market, it is a question that decidedly concerns us. Would it not be desirable to have a government in Italy somewhat comparable to our own, so that the Italians would be fair competitors? This seems to be an international question; we must finally interest ourselves in it whether we wish to do so or not.

The question of the papacy should also be made clear. American and English people have been favorable to the monarchy simply to oppose the papacy — anything rather than the Pope. It is difficult for the people outside of Italy to understand the true situation. In order that it may not appear that I am prejudiced in explaining it, I must state that my family have been Presbyterians for generations, and though I am not a member of the Presbyterian church, I am certainly not a Roman Catholic.

The Catholics are accused of plotting with the republicans to overthrow the monarchy. It must be remembered that Humbert and Margherita are strong Roman Catholics. The proposed removal of the court from Rome to Turin is out of consideration for the Pope. The government itself is Catholic. The only question is that of the temporal power, and most Italians, even those devoted to the church, do not wish the temporal power to be restored. It is to be doubted whether the Pope himself considers its restoration possible. His messages to the people speak of a republic in which the church shall be free, as in America.

We complain that the Catholic church keeps its people ignorant,— so does the Italian government. The fact is, that liberals send their children to Catholic schools, because they are considered better than government schools. The catechism is taught in the public schools, as it is in the clerical schools. Church processions go through the streets freely, though a republican procession or demonstration of any kind would not be permitted. In short, Italy is ruled by Catholics now, without the guidance and restraint of the more intelligent Catholics at the head of the church. The Italians are Catholics, and whether under a monarchy or a republic, this question remains to be dealt with separately; but the party in which there are the fewest followers of the church is the republican party.

The only serious opposition that the monarchy has made to the power of the church has been in confiscating its property. The way in which this was done is denounced even by

the liberals as being unjust and dishonest. The reaction against this and the failures of the monarchy in ruling Italy is driving people into the arms of the church. In the last twenty years the church has gained ground rapidly.

The old Garibaldian republics fought against the Pope, and though they temporarily gave way in the matter of uniting Italy under the House of Savoy, they have never given up the hope of finally having a government of the people. Up to this time it has been impossible for the old republicans and the clericals to agree or to become reconciled; if it had been, the republic would have been established long ago. The Pope has been so anxious that the House of Savoy should govern Italy in its own way without his aid, that he forbids his followers to vote in the general elections. Many disregard this injunction, but, if he should give his consent and all should vote, the result would be astonishing. The Pope knows perfectly what the result of the present government of Italy will be. It must end in disaster; then Italy will fall prostrate into the lap of the church. He does not hurry events. In the struggle of the people against the monarchy, many opponents of the church will be crushed by the government or converted by the church. It has always been the policy of the church to wait patiently its opportunity, and it must be confessed that those surrounding the Pope are far superior intellectually to those surrounding the king.

It is true that Don Davide Albertario, a priest and editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, has been sentenced to several years of solitary confinement as a common convict, but it was not for advocating the temporal power, nor for plotting with the republicans. He was imprisoned mainly to give the Masons and the Protestants of the world to understand that the church is plotting against the monarchy. The charge made against the papacy of plotting with republicans to overthrow the monarchy, is so weak that now the French republicans are accused of being the republicans of the lot. Alas, France has as much as she can attend to at present. Such a plot has never been discovered, and we must deal with facts.

The articles which have been written to rouse sympathy for the House of Savoy, accusing everybody of anarchy and plotting with the papacy, are not complimentary to the reader. Surely people are not so ignorant as to accept statements and opinions without a single fact to support them. It would be possible in England to form an alliance between the socialists and the church people who are called Christian socialists; but in Italy it would be impossible; though there are socialists corresponding to the Christian socialists. The classes are so distinct in Italy that the parties are not even acquainted. An alliance between clericals and anarchists is, of course, as impossible as it would be here.

Theoretic socialism has given a lease of life to European monarchies. As long as the socialists confined themselves to theories, the government was delighted to encourage them. Socialistic theories distracted the attention of the people. While dreaming of Utopia, they left the present conditions undisturbed. As soon as the socialist says that in order to bring about social reforms, a free form of government is necessary, the monarchy pounces upon him. There is not a single socialist in prison in Italy today who is not there for having declared himself a republican, or for being considered a republican at heart. The socialists who have been tried, have been condemned on the same charge. The word that the Italian monarchy dreads most is the word "republic."

None of my friends have been even accused by the government of being socialists or anarchists; they were tried by court-martial as republicans attempting to subvert the present order of things — the same accusation that was made against Mazzini thirty years ago. Mazzini is now not only commemorated in all the evangelical churches in Italy, but the king attends the dedication of monuments to Mazzini to make it appear that, after all, Mazzini was not as republican as he said he was. This is the method of the House of Savoy; it corrupts and perverts the most sacred sentiments and aspirations.

The Italian government is driving the Italian people to desperation and anarchy, but the dangerous anarchists are

not in Italy. They are men who have been driven out of Italy by poverty or persecution and have suffered even in other lands. Poor, friendless, and almost necessarily unfortunate, they come to the conclusion that all governments are bad, like that of Italy, and that nothing but extermination can rid the world of its oppressors. The anarchists of whose crimes we read are ignorant people, maddened and in distress; the numbers of such wretched Italians are increasing so rapidly that they are becoming a danger to the world. Taking advantage of this, the Italian government is trying to bring about an international understanding against anarchists. By this means even those falsely accused of anarchy may be pursued to the ends of the earth. The accusation of anarchy is the favorite one of the Italian government to make it appear that there are no republicans in Italy. The young men banished without trial to the lonely islands of the Mediterranean and to the convict colony of Assob are most of them victims to this dreadful charge, and are not allowed to defend themselves. It is iniquitous!

Finally, in the *Secolo* of Milan, Sept. 22, appears a leading editorial, by D. Napoleone Colajanni, one of the oldest members of the Italian parliament, on Mr. Edwin D. Mead's pamphlet entitled "Italy in 1851-1898," The *Secolo* has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Italy. Signor Colajanni reviews Mr. Mead's pamphlet at length, quoting strong paragraphs and denying nothing in it. After referring to the protest sent by the English journalists to the Italian government against the imprisonment of the Italian journalists, Signor Colajanni concludes by saying in regard to Mr. Mead's suggestion of American protest (describing the conditions existing in 1898 as being similar to those in 1851):

"They will say 'exaggeration' and 'calumny,' at such a comparison; the fact remains, however, to our mortification, that there should be the possibility of making such a comparison. To our shame it remains that public opinion in England and America is rising in the name of humanity against that which is happening in Italy as it rose up against the methods of government of Turkey in Bulgaria."

This is a great deal to say in an Italian newspaper subject to government seizure. It is a frank confession of the truth of the statements of Mr. Mead and myself, which Mr. Stillman has declared to be of "so wild and absurd a character that in the interest of common sense and historical truth" he thought it his duty to expose them.

Is it not time that the friends of liberty and justice in all lands should give hearty support to their oppressed and suffering brothers in Italy?

FIDELLA DINSMORE PAPA.

Boston.

HEREDITY.

WE speak a word, a volume grows
 Beyond control;
 We do a deed and warp or bless
 An unborn soul.

WE breathe a breath, it turns to storm
 Or balmy air;
 We shed a tear, a river flows
 Muddy or fair.

The small things of today, tomorrow grow
 Mighty and strong;
 The thoughtless present brings a harvest in,
 Of right or wrong.

The far-off future hangs upon our wills,
 To mar or make;
 The planting time is now, and now
 For others' sake

Let only perfect seed be sown,
 That perfect grain
 Shall wait the Lord of harvests when
 He comes again.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

UNDER THE ROSE.

THE NATIONAL DISGRACE IN LUZON

The current pictorial papers are filled with grewsome pictures of the results of our "glorious victory," in which fifteen hundred naked Filipinos, armed only with bows and arrows, were mowed down by Maxim guns fired by American soldiers. How can we, as a nation, be insensible to the shame and cowardice of this slaughter? If to attack an unarmed man with a gun is the act of a cowardly assassin, how can the wholesale killing of these brave Filipinos be otherwise characterized? What makes the matter all the worse is, that the soldiers of the Great Republic brought this vastly superior force to bear not against an invading or aggressive foe, but against men fighting on their own soil, and fighting for freedom. In these engagements with the United States forces, as in their operations against the Spanish, previous to the capture of Manila, the Filipinos have proved themselves dauntless and devoted fighters. They have shown what we are fond of referring to as "the spirit of '76," and so are more truly Americans than those who would sully the American name by turning aside from the expansion of genuine Americanism to wage a war of conquest and subjugation. From knights-errant of justice, we have changed to brigands. Yet it is well, perhaps, that the real enemies of the republic should show their hands. Militant commercialism, brutalized by the power accorded to piled-up accumulations of material wealth, can hardly be expected to show any squeamishness about the slaughter of a few thousands of brown men in the Philippines, when it is not deterred by the sacrifice of tens of thousands of white men — aye, and white women and children — condemned to the slower and more painful death of starvation at home. While President McKinley's commissioners were proclaiming his readiness to accord the Filipinos certain "measures" of liberty based on their

complete and unquestioning "submission to the authority of the United States," an audience that packed Tremont Temple in Boston, and that represented all that is best in New England manhood, loudly applauded the name of Aguinaldo. As an "expansionist" in the true sense—a believer in the expansion of American liberty, equality, fair-play, and true democracy over every land from which the cry of the oppressed for succor is going up—I have not been much in sympathy with many of my Massachusetts friends who seem to think that charity should begin at home—and end there; but I join heartily in the protest of Massachusetts against the cruelly wicked and un-American methods resorted to in the attempt to *prevent* the expansion of the American spirit and the American system by the present military opposition to the struggle for freedom in the Philippines.

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TALKING OF CONVENTIONS

Eltweed Pomeroy, the indefatigable apostle of Direct Legislation, tells me that all the indications point to a remarkably interesting and important conference at Buffalo, July 3-5. About four hundred delegates, representing all phases of social reform, and various sections of the country, have already promised to be present, and these will include nearly all the leaders of national reputation. Mayor S. M. Jones's triumphal re-election in Toledo has given cheer and encouragement to the reform cause everywhere, and is welcomed as especially significant of a waking up of "the common people," whom Lincoln loved, to the commanding importance of municipal reform and advance. Herbert N. Casson, who lent an able hand in the good work, will tell what the victory means, in next month's Arena. In this connection, Mr. Coursen's suggestion in his article on the feasibility of the Bellamy economy is worth considering. A gathering of patriots in old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to adopt the Bellamy system as a working program would present an inspiring spectacle. It may seem visionary to some people, but Mr. Coursen is evidently a

hard-headed, practical man. His logic is clear-cut and invincible. If such a revision of our social system is plainly necessary and plainly practicable, he asks, why not get together and adopt it? The question deserves an answer; sooner or later it must be faced.

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**WHAT
CHRISTIAN
SCIENCE
MEANS**

Readers of The Arena will not fail to keep in mind that, in admitting to the pages of this review articles considering matters of public interest from various viewpoints, the editor necessarily disavows responsibility for the statements of his contributors. I want further to emphasize the fact that no motive, save that of desiring to bring before the public facts of immense public interest hitherto hidden and suppressed, need be sought for the publication of the exposé of what appears to be the deception and charlatanry permeating this particular organization. As a practitioner of metaphysical healing, and an ardent advocate of the New Thought movement and its mission, I can only regret the necessity for revealing deceptions and delusions practiced by the leaders of a sect even distantly connected with the New Thought in the public mind. Reluctance on this account must give way, however, before the duty of proclaiming truth and exposing wrong. This matter, too, has a close connection with the large question of "The People *versus* the Money Power," in which The Arena's readers are vitally interested. The rise of the "Christian Scientists" into prominence exhibits a new and not the least dangerous development of the rampant materialism of the age. The same spirit and tendency that has enthroned the trust, and which is chiefly responsible for the debauchery of our politics at the polls, in legislatures, and in the administration of the department that fed sick soldiers on "embalmed beef," may be found in the upbuilding of the "Christian Science" scheme. Mammon-worship, spreading from the marketplace, has usurped the outer courts of the Temple and is at last organized into a sect masquerading under the name of

Christ. To be sure, the new sect enjoys no monopoly of "Commercial Christianity." If it is singled out for notice, it is only because its rise emphasizes plainly the result of the influences now at work in nearly all the churches, and which aim to drive Christ out of the Temple to make way for the money-changers. It is the danger and the disgrace of this commercializing of Christianity that make the efforts of a few noble souls here and there to turn the tide, and Christianize commerce and life, so important to the future of our civilization. And this is *our* opportunity,—yours and mine, dear reader.

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**THE HIGHER
THOUGHT AND
SOCIAL
REFORM**

An esteemed reader of *The Arena* expresses disappointment on finding in its pages what she terms expressions of sympathy with "Expansion" and "Free Silver." To have "the higher thought" associated with these views "seems a great mistake," and makes it impossible for this reader "to endorse the magazine." If the higher thought does not mean so firm a belief in truth and the right as to desire those holding various conceptions of truth and the right to have opportunity for fullest and fairest discussion, then the higher thought means nothing. If expansion or anti-expansion, free silver or gold monometalism, are questions of any importance to the welfare of the people of America, and so of the race, they have to do with the higher thought. Those who are "taking up" the higher thought to cuddle themselves into content with things as they are, to stifle the promptings of justice and reason, to stamp out sympathy with the suffering of the disinherited, to shut away the great human struggle for freedom and a higher life for all, cannot too soon wake up to their mistake. The higher thought comes to bring not peace, but a sword. If it be really higher thought, and not lower, then it demands fair play for all, without fear or favor. Such expressions of opinion as that above quoted indicate very clearly the crying need for such a vehicle of the higher thought, and the relation of the higher thought to

higher conduct, as The Arena aims to furnish. It seeks the endorsement and approval of people of every section of the country, without distinction of party, creed, or class. Its motto is, "Forward March!" What is important in an independent review is, that it shall really be an arena, open to all, unprejudiced, impartial, caring only for truth, regardless whither it may lead, or what form it may take.

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**SOCIALISM
IN SOUTH
DAKOTA**

The recent adoption of the referendum in South Dakota must draw attention afresh to the possibilities of a state in which public sentiment has been sufficiently educated to make possible this important step. Walter Price, who is a farmer at Milford, Sully County, South Dakota, writes to me, pointing out the advantages for colonists presented by his state—his attention having been drawn to the plan for a settlement in America of the persecuted Russian Quakers, or Doukhobors, in whom Count Tolstoy has so deeply interested himself. "The climate," says my correspondent, "is probably similar to that of the western frontier of Russia, from which these Russians come; and a great many Russians are already settled here, although all are not of so desirable a class as the sect mentioned. Land is cheap; a quarter section, for instance (one hundred and sixty acres), can be bought for from one hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars. The native grass is exceedingly nutritious, and live stock graze on it the year round. My horses are hardly ever in the stable; although the thermometer has registered from twenty to thirty degrees below zero during the last twelve days, they have remained on the open prairie, and even resist attempts to stable them. Cattle are willing to be stabled, and are more in demand as a source of profit. We also raise wheat and grain, although the yield is sometimes light on account of drought. The country is yet thinly settled, there being only about a dozen or twenty families in each township. We have good schools, however, and people are prospering, at least as well as people

of any other country under the competitive system. In fact, we find we are doing better than the average, as there are few of the very poor or the very rich here. Native fruits do well, and potatoes are usually a good yield and of excellent quality." My correspondent adds that he has no land for sale, nor is he a land agent, his only object being to encourage immigrants who are socialists at heart. "With an increasing number of voters who believe in socialism," he adds, "we may here soon realize our fondest hopes." He will be very glad to answer questions from intending settlers.

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SOUND MONEY IN AUSTRALIA An institution which seems to correspond in some measure to the Labor Exchange as operated in Kansas and several other of our western states, seems to be making remarkable headway in Australia. The leader of the movement is Michael Flurschein, author of "Rent, Interest, and Wages," "Money Island," and other advanced economic works. He has succeeded in putting into actual practice his ideas about sound money. Having failed to convert English coöperative societies to the plan of issuing paper money redeemable in the great variety of goods they supply, Flurschein left England for New Zealand last December, and immediately on arrival in Maoriland, he set to work propagating his views on money through the local newspapers. In his new fortnightly paper, "The Commercial Exchange Gazette," he announces the formation of the New Zealand Commercial Exchange. Over five hundred of the leading tradesmen of Wellington and Christ church, N. Z., embracing nearly every variety of trade, have enrolled themselves in this association for the purpose of exchanging their goods by means of paper money redeemable in the various commodities they supply. The enormous advantages arising from such a sound, sensible, and scientific system of finance will quickly become apparent, and the present five hundred members will soon add largely to their numbers, and may finally embrace the whole commercial system of the island colony.

**THE BLACK-
LIST PROVES
EXPENSIVE.**

Since the appearance of Mr. Strong's article on "Black-listing: the New Slavery," in the March Arena, the black list has received a second blow in the decision recently handed down in the circuit court at Norwalk, O., affirming a verdict for five thousand dollars damages obtained by Frank Schaffen against the Nickel Plate Railroad Co. Upon the vital point in this case the court ruled plainly that when railroads agree not to hire men discharged for striking, and when a man who did not engage in the strike was discharged, it was the duty of his late employers to furnish him with evidence of the fact, and a refusal to do so is actionable, as it amounted to placing the employee in the proscribed class. This decision establishes what might be considered the negative side of the workers' rights. The case described in Mr. Strong's article not merely called the corporation to account for placing a non-striker on the black list, but for having a black list at all. It would seem that the plaintiff in the Ohio case was practically black-listed and made to suffer under the agreement to refuse employment to strikers although discharged for a cause other than striking. The railroads are finding the weapon a boomerang, and an expensive one. Mr. Strong's article has been more widely quoted and commented on in the labor and reform press of the country than has any other article ever before published in The Arena. Thousands of people have been set thinking by his recital of facts and the conclusions they point to. In fact, it is already evident that this blow at the black list will prove a most material factor in the elimination of this particular barbarity from our industrial warfare. An interesting statement of the employers' side of the question, in the shape of a reply to Mr. Strong's article, has been furnished to the Arena by a prominent railway official and will appear in an early issue.

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE JAPANESE SOUL

He who has once tasted the flavor of Lafcadio Hearn's studies of Japanese life and thought, knows a new sensation and craves it anew, looking eagerly for every fresh word from this man who, more than any other in our generation, has penetrated the very heart of this subtle Eastern life. Like many another who has fallen under the spell, he has elected to dwell among the people of this country where art is at its highest,—in many phases is a part of the national life, with the natural result in a gentleness, a courtesy, a refinement, that mark even the commonest worker. A profound student of their literature and philosophy, his years of professorship in the Imperial University at Tokio, have given him minutest knowledge of the workings of the Eastern mind. This means time and labor, for Eastern mental processes are by no means those of the West, nor can the Oriental be judged by the hard and fast lines of Western thought. An equally reverent student of their religion and its real bearing on the life of the people, this fact has opened to him all doors from those of the priesthood down, thus giving him a knowledge no mere proselyter could ever obtain. In short, his singularly delicate and comprehensive sympathies have made him, for the time being, one with the thought he would interpret, and in each successive volume, one comes into closer and closer touch with the life of this marvelous people, whose idealism is the hope of the regeneration of China.

The papers composing this volume ("Exotics and Retrospectives," by Lafcadio Hearn, 12mo, pp. 299, \$1.50, Little, Brown & Co., Boston) appear, save one, for the first time, and the author speaks of them as merely intimations of the truth they seek partially to define; "the curious analogy existing between certain teachings of evolutionary psychology and

certain teachings of Eastern faith, particularly the Buddhist doctrine that all sense life is karma, and all substance only the phenomenal result of acts and thoughts." This modern and, as it were, compulsory search for the soul of the atom, brings the scientific man into strange and unexpected company,—that of the mystics and seers of all ages, but most of all into that dim antiquity in which Buddhism saw the light, and testified then as now that all things are convertible, and all born of thought.

The sacred mountain Fuji-no-Yama is the subject of an exquisite piece of descriptive writing introducing the volume. The mountain itself and its wondrous beauty have been one of the mainsprings of Japanese art. To ascend it at least once is the duty of every religious pilgrim, and thus remotest Japan knows it no less than the cities at its base. It is climbed by any and all methods the pilgrim can devise, often on all fours, and here and there by long ladders; for this twelve thousand, five hundred feet, the upper part as shifting and uncertain as Vesuvius, means courage and endurance to even the most experienced climber. The author records every phase of the adventure in notes made as he climbed, and ends the record with a protest against the hideous ugliness of the cone when close at hand. From a hundred miles away, it appears in the soft haze of spring weather, as the opening snowy petals of the bud of the sacred lotus, and he adds "No spot in the world can be more atrociously dismal than the cindered tip of the lotus as you stand upon it."

"But," he goes on, "the view—the view for a hundred leagues—and the light of the far, faint, dreamy world, and the fairy vapors of morning, and the marvelous wreathings of cloud; all this, and only this, consoles me for the labor and the pain. Other pilgrims, earlier climbers,—poised upon the highest crag, with faces turned to the tremendous east,—are clapping their hands in Shinto prayer, saluting Day. The immense poetry of the moment enters into me with a thrill. I know that the colossal vision before me has already become a memory ineffacable,—a memory of which no luminous detail can fade till the hour when thought itself must fade, and the dust of these eyes be mingled with the dust of the

myriad million eyes that also have looked, in ages forgotten before my birth, from the summit supreme of Fuji to the Rising of the Sun."

There follow under the head of "Exotics" five chapters, those on "Insect Musicians," and on "Frogs," giving charming pictures of child life and curious folk-lore, as well as the literature of frog life, for it has a literature and naturally, since the frog song belongs to the spring, and spring, in turn, belongs to lovers, so that the connection may at once be traced.

In the second portion of the volume we have ten titles, every one of them full of suggestion. The essay on "Beauty is Memory," has a strong passage bearing on humanity culture for a specific end, that of making life easier as well as nobler :

"Representing higher evolution, the phenomenon termed beauty also represents a relatively superior fitness for life, a higher ability to fulfil the conditions of existence ; and it is the non-conscious perception of this representation that makes the fascination. The longing aroused is not for any mere abstraction, but for greater completeness of faculty as means to a natural end. To the dead within each man, beauty signifies the presence of what they need most,—power. They know in despite of Lethe, that when they lived in comely bodies life was usually made easy and happy for them, and that when prisoned in feeble or in ugly bodies, they found life miserable or difficult. They want to live many times again in sound young bodies,—in shapes that assure force, health, joy, quickness to win, and energy to keep the best prizes of life's contest. They want, if possible, conditions better than any of the past, but in no event conditions worse."

Space limits forbid the extracts one would gladly make at every turn. No one who would have full comprehension of the art and life of this extraordinary people can afford not to own this and all other volumes in which Mr. Hearn records the growth of his own knowledge and the depth of his convictions. The beautiful make-up of the present one is an added pleasure in this day of cheap book-making; paper, print, and cover being all worthy of the work they enshrine.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

**GOD'S
REBEL**

Hulbert Fuller's new story, "God's Rebel" (cloth, 373 pp., \$1.25, Regan Publishing House, Chicago) is a stirring portrayal of the economic conditions of the day, and a vigorous appeal for social reform. The author does not hesitate to declare, through the voice of his hero, that organized Christianity has been for seventeen hundred years on the side of the oppressor and against the oppressed. So also are many universities, political economists, and sociologists, even Herbert Spencer. But the times are changing. The selfish capitalist has had his day, and the "Saviour Oil Company"—"the light of the world"—as well as that great monopoly, the department store, are here described in the light of the cruel oppression which they have caused. Private capital is declared "a gigantic sponge." The sufferings of capital's slaves are graphically portrayed, though not in a pessimistic spirit; for the author suggests a remedy, and his chief object is to stimulate thought. The book will, therefore, appeal to the rational student of social reform, and cannot fail to touch the heart of the true humanitarian.

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**AN
EXPOSURE**

All students of mental healing, and all who are interested in eliminating Christian Science fanaticism from the metaphysical movement, will welcome "An English View of Christian Science: An Exposure," by Anne Harwood, (paper, 96 pp., Fleming H. Revell Co., New York). The author is a school-teacher who, wearied and nervous from over-work, was advised to take treatment of a Christian Scientist. The treatment not only failed, but proved to be chiefly a money-making scheme and advertisement for Mrs. Eddy's book, which the author was obliged to read to the exclusion of all other literature. One discovery followed another, until the author rejected the entire doctrine as utterly fraudulent; based on extravagant stories of healing, and the alleged "revelation" and divinity of Mrs. Eddy. Her exposure is typical of the calm, rational mind which is too sensible to be duped, and one whose religious sense is too strong

to accept a miserable, irreverent counterfeit. One cannot help wishing that the author had consulted a New Thought healer instead of a Christian Scientist, that she might have learned the truth in mental healing. Publications of this sort are, however, very much needed, to open the eyes of those who blindly and reverently worship Mrs. Eddy. The only wonder is not that the author is disgusted with Christian Science, but that the doctrine has so long deceived equally thoughtful minds. Miss Harwood's booklet deserves widespread circulation, and can be unqualifiedly recommended as moderate, unprejudiced, and of particular value because of its sound religious spirit.

* * * *

TWO SPIRITUAL MESSAGES

The "Message from the Silence," by the late Joseph R. Jackson (Washington, D. C., Society of Silent Worship, paper, 25 cents), enters the world stamped with dignified earnestness which springs from a "soul yearning to serve, and with a heart tender toward all humanity." If for no other reason, the pamphlet is highly commendable for its unflinching attitude toward the sex question in and out of the marriage relation; an attitude based on laws of justice, nature, and the effect upon offspring of harbored thought. "Sensation for gratification on the sex plane is the greatest enemy of the race today. . . . The sacredness of motherhood and fatherhood makes matrimony a most holy relation, and the propagation of children . . . a holy sacrament. . . . As it is, a multitude no man can number enter the state of matrimony drawn by animal magnetism. . . . Let the husbands of this land sit down and do some serious thinking." To realize the ideals of the book, to hasten the dawn of a better era, the author emphasizes the need of stilling the outer nature and listening to the higher self. The same inspiring spirit speaks through another pamphlet by the same author, ("Where Is He?" paper, 189 pp. 50 cents), which voices an earnest belief in continued spiritual progression after death. The argument is based on visions which the author attributes to advanced spirits in the next phase of life, and inculcates a doctrine of

gradual spiritual evolution which the author believes is to be the religion of the twentieth century. The message thus given is of a much more rational type than the common run of spiritistic literature, and is particularly emphatic in its belief in the power and beauty of love.

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RUSSIAN IMPERIALISM

In "Slav or Saxon," W. D. Foulke (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, paper, 141 pp., \$1.00), has very forcibly presented the dangers which threaten the world on account of the aggressive policy of Russia. The author presents a careful study of the territory, people, militarism, conquests, plans, and despotism of Russia, and discovers only a deep-laid scheme in the policy of disarmament, since Russia would profit by a few years' truce, and finally sweep down upon China and other weak nations. "Let no man blindly trust that a despotism whose history is reeking with deceit, iniquity, and outrage, is to be the messiah of a new gospel of peace," he writes; "by every lover of freedom the Russian autocracy must be regarded as the common enemy of all mankind. . . . The duty is imperative to join together and stay the aggressions of the colossal empire. . . . Let us take our place by the side of England in the forefront of the struggle for the preservation of liberty throughout the world."

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MIND CURE

In "Phrenopathy, or Rational Mind Cure" (published by the author, Bangor, Me., cloth, 48 pp., \$1.00). C. W. Close has set forth what seems to him the fundamental principles of spiritual science, as applied to the healing of disease, the development of individuality, and the understanding of self. The author also endeavors to trace the connection between mind and body. His statement of the mental healing philosophy will therefore appeal to many who cannot accept the abstract system of spiritual therapeutics, and will be especially helpful to those who have made Mr. Close's acquaintance as a magazine writer upon the New Thought.

H. W. D

**MARKED
PASSAGES**

In a pleasing book of short stories (New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert; cloth, 219 pp., gilt top, \$1.00), Miss Jeanne G. Pennington argues for the habit of marking passages in books. A collection of much-marked books is placed in a hospital library; the effects of certain passages read by individual patients form the plots for five of the nine sketches. The author has certainly proved that the book marker is neither a "sentimentalist nor an egoist," but holds the opportunity of pressing home to succeeding readers forceful thoughts which might otherwise escape notice. Aside from this argument, the reader's interest centers in the author's broadly optimistic spirit which quickens the higher nature and produces a most happy effect. One lives in close touch with the characters, who appeal to the truly human side. Without being philosophical, the book thus offers fundamental truths to readers who would not seek them in a heavier class of literature. Among readers of this type "Some Marked Passages" will have a deservedly large sale.

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**EQUAL
RIGHTS**

Although there are many startling statements in "The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relation" (From the German of Karl Heinzen, Chicago, C. H. Kerr & Co., 400 pp., cloth, \$1.00; paper 50 cents), one cannot fail to recognize the ethical spirit which prompted the author of this straight-forward examination of the relations of the sexes. The interest centers about the discussion of points in the moral code which are incompatible with the democratic spirit. "The human being *per se*, . . . the sovereign individual has never been recognized in woman." "Because a woman cannot be a man, must she be less a human being and a citizen than a man?" The chapters on morality, adultery, and divorce provoke many questions which the author does not satisfactorily solve. One agrees with him when he says, "It is immoral to disregard the equal rights of the other sex; to abuse it for selfish ends; to falsify or to confuse the ends

of nature; to degrade the sexual relation simply to a means for frivolously satisfying the senses or for low speculation." But one cannot assent to the dangerous doctrine of unlimited union and separation in marriage. The main point of one's disagreement is with the author's characterization of the sex nature and its function; for a far higher solution of the difficulty has been proposed, namely, transmutation, the application to the sex nature of the great law of the physical world whereby a lower form of energy may be lifted to a higher plane.

A. R. D.

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"The Co-opolitan," by Zebina Forbush, is a **NOTES OF NEW BOOKS** story of the coöperative commonwealth of Idaho, the purpose of which is to show what can be accomplished in America by industrial coöperation. The story is carried forward to 1917, and is a very hopeful picture of the changes which are supposed to take place during the next twenty years. (Paper, 34 pp., 25 cents, C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

"Scientific Lessons in Being" by Edith A. Martin (two booklets, 25 cents each, Unity Tract Society, Kansas City). The spirit of these lessons in the theory of mental healing is broad and helpful, although the philosophy is in large degree the same abstraction long ago rejected by advanced followers of the metaphysical movement, namely, that there is only omnipresent good, consequently "Sin, sickness, and death are non-presence, the unreality . . . there is no evil, there is no matter . . . There is no sin, no sickness, no death."

"The Starlight Calendar," compiled by Kate Sanborn (cloth, 16 mo., \$1.25, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) is an excellent series of particularly apt quotations many of which are from the best living English and American authors, whose messages of hope and of faith in immortality make the volume one of the most cheering compilations yet issued.

H. W. D.

PRESS OPINIONS.

Lawler (Ia.) Dispatch: We were indeed, agreeably surprised last week, to receive the October number of the Arena, the suspension of which had been announced. The Arena is now under the editorial management of Paul Tyner, a writer of wide experience and strong principles. The Arena should receive the hearty support of the American people, as it is battling for principles that should never die.

Michigan Christian Advocate: The Arena, whose publication was expected to cease with the October number, has passed into new hands. The hope is, that with a change of editors and with some new features of management, a magazine of this sort, liberal in religion, radical in politics, vehement in its opposition to social wrongs, friendly toward occultism, could find support. This is a second re-organization and promises well. The new editor is Paul Tyner. There is a field for a monthly of this nature.

Boston Home Journal: The "monthly review of social science" edited by Paul Tyner and bearing the name of the Arena, is very much like the former Arena in style, make-up, and contents. This is doubtless well, for the Arena, as it was, achieved fame worthily as a progressive, yet thoughtful, magazine. The leading articles of the new number are "America and the European Concert," by Frank E. Anderson; "Bimetallism and Democracy," by William W. Allen, and "Why the Indians Break Out," explained by Alice Rollins Crane. The editor's "Under the Rose" has a flavor of its own and is pleasant reading.

Boston Post: This month's Arena is the first issued under the new management. It is edited by Mr. Paul Tyner. This number of the Arena contains the usual array of articles upon political and scientific subjects. There is a poem by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, entitled "Up and Down," while a picture of the author forms the frontispiece. With an editor just from the breezy western part of our country the Arena should show an increase of vigor and force, and the readers will watch for novelties and interesting subjects in the future.

Toledo (Ohio) Blade: The Arena, which, it was said, would cease to exist with October, comes to the fore again in different hands, though somewhat late in the month. John Clark Ridpath has ceased to be its editor,

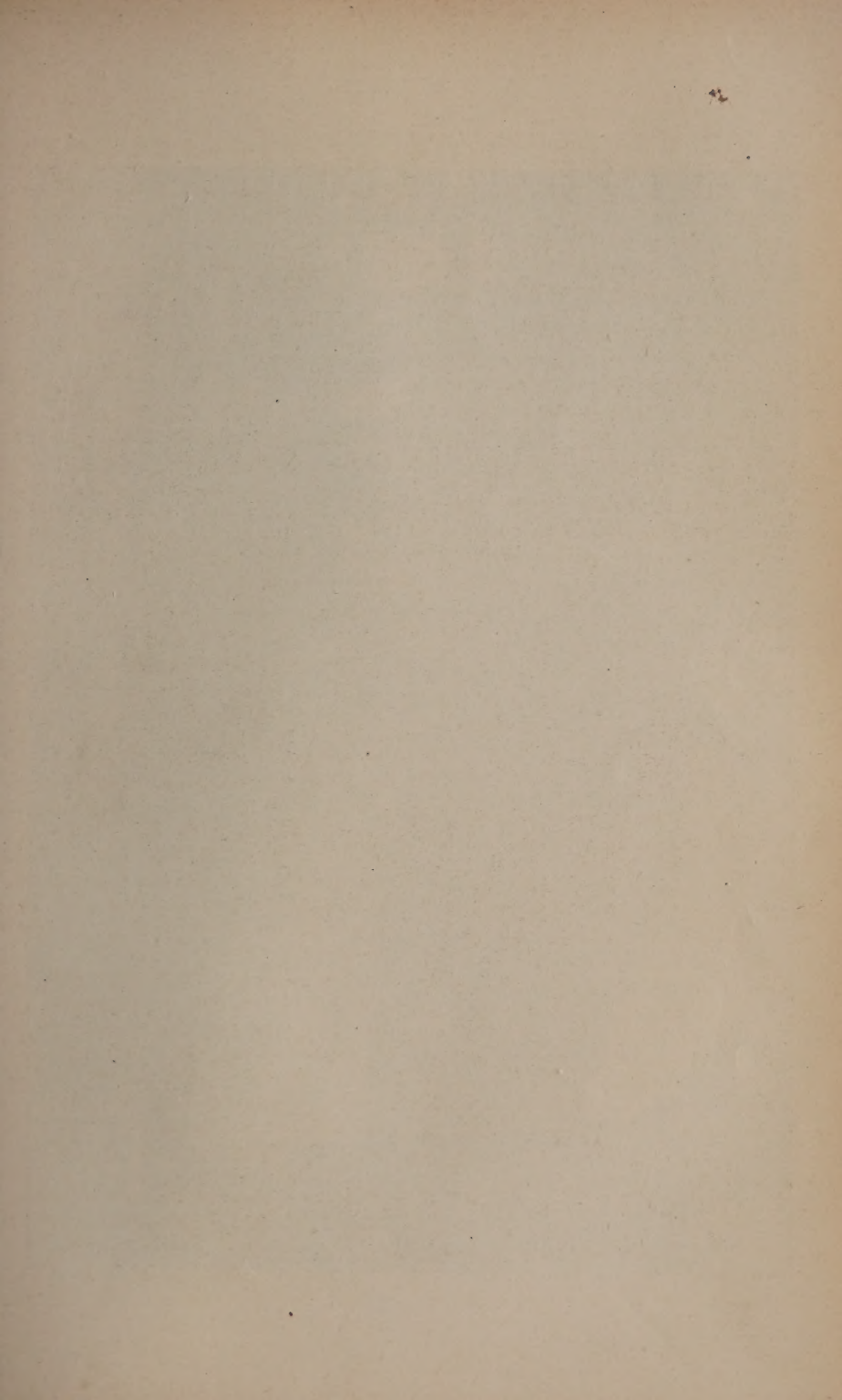
and Paul Tyner takes his place. It is intended to make it the arena for the fair discussion, by those qualified, of the problems of the day, with the object, as is declared, "of developing and emphasizing the true American spirit, its purposes, powers, and privileges."

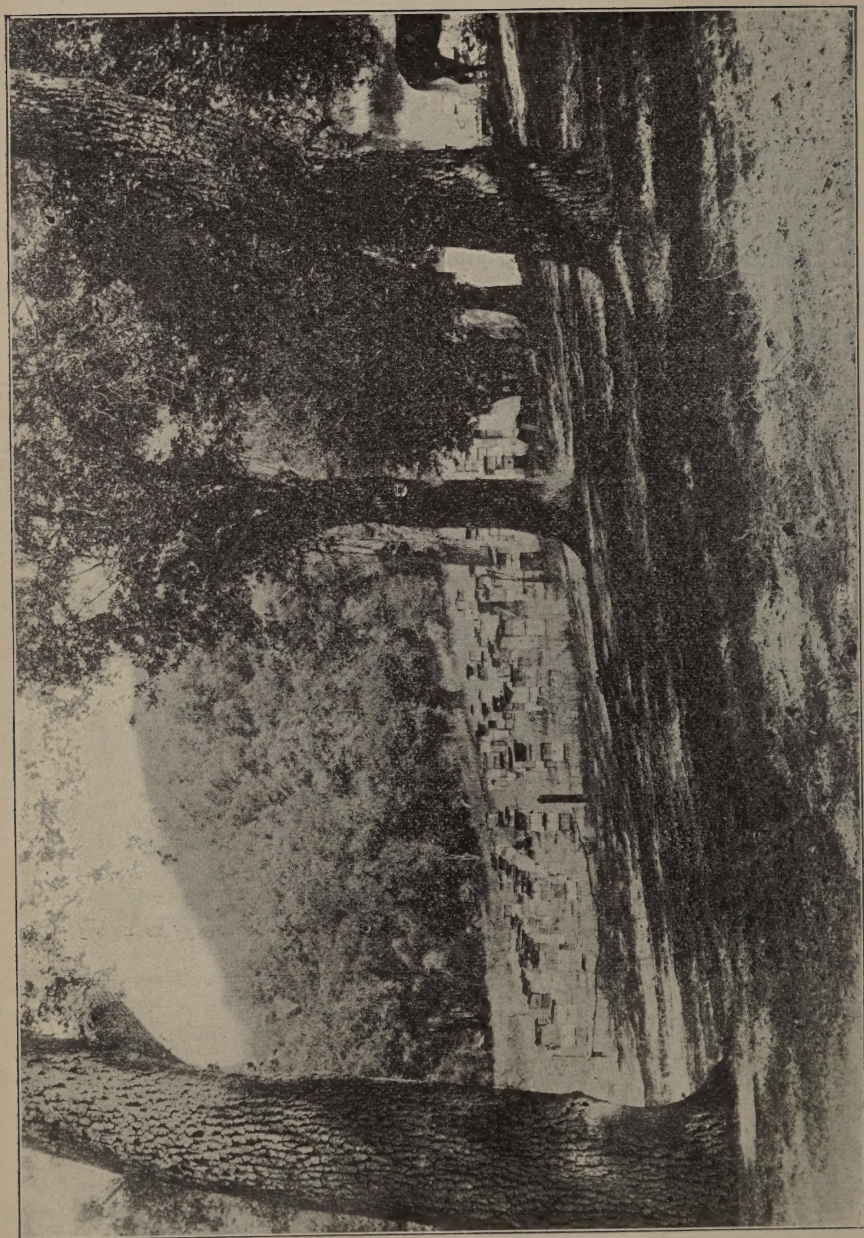
Rochester (N. Y.) Times: The reading public, and especially the lovers of reform, will be glad to know that the Arena is again on its feet, with the evidence of increased vigor and usefulness. The name of John Clark Ridpath, as editor, will be missed by many with regret, but the new editor, Mr. Tyner, has a long and enviable record as a journalist, sociologist, and reformer, and the first issue of the Arena edited by him, the October number (necessarily delayed in making its appearance) gives promise of fully meeting the expectations of those who believe in true Democracy.

Atchison (Mo.) Journal: The many friends of the Arena will be glad to learn that Paul Tyner, of Denver, editor of the Temple, and one of the best reform writers in the country, has purchased a controlling interest in the magazine, and the first issue under his charge is in no way inferior to the old Arena. It deserves the support of every advocate of reform in politics, and, if we are not very greatly mistaken in the temper of the man, we shall have less of the vindictive spirit of controversy than has been the rule with former editors of the magazine, and more of the spirit of "come let us reason together" in its utterances.

Argus and Patriot. Montpelier, (Vt.). After a brief suspension, the Arena appears again, this time edited by Paul Tyner. The new editor is a western man, with experience in newspaper work, and a trained student of economic questions. He proposes to make the Arena such a magazine as its original founder intended, and that it shall not be bound to any sect, class, or clique. There are several valuable papers in the November number that give promise that he will carry out his purposes.

Kennebec Journal, Augusta (Me.): With the current number the Arena appears under the editorial management of Paul Tyner, who with an experience of nearly twenty years in the newspaper field, is well qualified for the important duties as editor of this magazine.





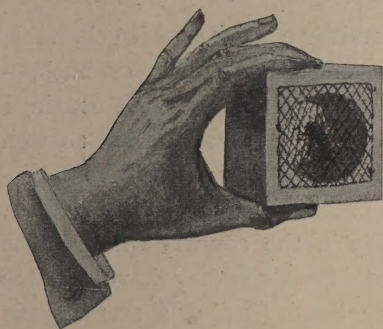
THE ARENA

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THE QUEEN BEE AND HER SUBJECTS.



I WAS in California at the time. So was the Queen. As everybody knows, southern California is a land of sweet promise. It is also a land of sweet performance in more senses than one. It has been called "our Italy," and it rivals that distant

land in the products which have made of it a land of dreams, of beauty, of plenty without serious labor, possessed as it is of a climate which brings life back to the overwrought nerves of the rich invalids of the world. But why should our invalids in America go to Italy for rambles in olive groves? Why go to the south of France for the "grape-cure," when both are to be had at home; at home, too, where the comforts of fine hotels, well and healthfully appointed, with every luxury in easy call, where electric lights, and not tallow dips, are a matter of course; where a suite of elegantly appointed rooms awaits the tired invalid—who in Italy or in France would search in vain over the entire country for such accommodations, such real comforts, and such attention as awaits the ordinary traveler in our

own "land of olives and sunshine"—our "land of milk and honey," literally and not figuratively speaking? For, while in the matter of milk California is like other western states, in the matter of honey it is not like other states at all, since but one other ranks with it. In this connection it comes to me afresh that few of us realize, indeed few of us have ever had our attention called to the fact, that a very large percentage of all the honey produced in America is made by the bees that garner the sweetness from mountain side and "mesa land" in southern California. There were no bees in California until 1853. Today they are everywhere wild. It was not until a few years ago that bee-keeping became an industry there.

Bret Harte made us all familiar with "sage-brush, rock, and alkali," with "chaparal,"—any small brush or bush,—with azalea bloom, and with "manzanitas"—a first cousin, I should think, of our own eastern mountain-laurel, as well as a half-brother of the oleander of our parks and homes,—but he gave us no hint of the practical value of any of these. Indeed, few visitors even today in the country where these plants abound, have the least idea that they have a value other than might inhere in a "brush fire," or a scant shade for a worn horseman, as he might lie beneath their welcome covering after a day's ride under a blazing sun on the plains.

But the "bee-men" know better, and so it may well be the case that you ate, this morning, at the Waldorf-Astoria or at Young's honey that was gathered for you from the same sage-brush and manzanitas in the coast range of California, or from chaparal that bent under the tread of the "heathen Chinee," or that sprang up about the tent of "Mr. Buck Fanshaw." For the state produces over seven million, four hundred and ninety thousand pounds of "garnered sweetness" yearly! That is about one-ninth of a pound for every man, woman, and child in the United States, and is translatable into more than three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars in gold coin—a pretty good record for one family of the insect world of one single state in one year! And it is

the finest and whitest honey that comes to us, that which is made from the wild sage.

“I’ve had some mighty mean moments afore I came to this spot —
Lost on the plains in fifty, drowned a’most and shot —
But, out on an alkali desert a huntin’ a crazy wife,
Was railly as onsatisfactory as anything in my life.”

That verse and its companions always return to my mind when I hear the words “sage-brush,” “rock,” or “alkali.” The desolation, the utter waste of it all, where

“Sun in the east in the mornin’, and sun in the west at night,
And the shadder o’ this here station was the only thing movin’ in sight!”

But then, Bret Harte’s poor wanderer, who was so anxiously and so hopelessly searching for “Cicily,” had no eye for the bees on every bush about him. They meant nothing to him. He would have deemed it a complete waste of valuable time to observe whether a “worker,” a “drone,” or a “queen” was humming about his ears. Nothing short of a gold mine was his quarry, and a few hives of bees would never have struck him and his fellow-prospectors as in point of fact a surer gold mine than the illusive “lead” he saw in his dreams, and in search of which, he and “Cicily” had wandered so far that “the nearest neighbor was seventeen mile away!” — when their need of a neighbor was sorest.

But if Cicily’s husband had bethought him to hive a few swarms of those same little “prospectors,” with which the mountain fastnesses are filled, and had treated them with a little intelligence, they would have “struck a lead” that will not “peter out” so long as all of us have a sweet tooth, and “tenderfeet” compose the largest number of the inhabitants of America. Nor would the market for his “gold product” be confined to what we are egotists enough to call America, for México and Canada, as well as the islands of the Pacific and the trading vessels of her coast, would be his ready customers. He would not have had to depend upon “the East,” as he and his fellows call everything this side of Nevada.

Indeed, one's geographical vocabulary undergoes a complete change so soon as he passes the Sierra Nevada range, for they call men from Nebraska "eastern men," and anyone coming from as far east as Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, or Ohio are "far eastern men"! And why not? We, on the Atlantic coast, are accustomed to speak of all of these "far eastern" states as "out west," and we are farther from the truth than are the Californians in their speech, as one realizes for the first time only after crossing "the plains" and watching Mount Shasta's head of snow, hour after hour, looming into the clouds, as the western sun tints its opal peaks.

We were on an overland stage in southern California, when we discovered that we were in the honey-bees' paradise. They flew everywhere. The wild flowers were alive with them. By and by, we began to drive near enough to an occasional apiary to get an idea of the object of some of these little prospectors. The stage driver called them "*bee*-apiaries," said he had one himself, back in one of the gulches, while one of our party insisted upon calling them "be-eries," much to the amusement of the driver. That which amuses one depends wholly upon one's "point of view." From the stories we heard, we concluded to stop over one day at an apiary where the intelligent and studious owner — an Englishman out here for his health — courteously offered to spend the day with us, showing us the mysteries of it all and its values and needs.

Before we went out to the hives he took a bag-like veil, made of something akin to mosquito-netting, and gathered on an elastic at each end. This he put over my head, allowing the elastic to gather it close about my hat, and carrying the other end of the bag-veil with its elastic cord, down about my collar. This, he explained, was to protect me, a stranger, from the sting of any frightened bee.

"They will sting strangers," he said. "They seldom sting me, unless I am dealing with a new swarm or one recently captured from its wild nest. A bee stings only for what it believes to be self-protection, and if it leaves its sting in your

flesh — as it tries to do — it dies soon after ; so you will see that it stings only as a last resort, from its point of view."

He was moving about among the large colony of hives with a quiet assurance that told of experience ; but it told, also, of a better thing than mere experience, for this "bee-man," as our driver called him, was also a close student of the bee on his moral and intellectual, as well as on his commercial side.

Most people do not know that bees have an intellectual and moral side, and so look upon them as mere honey-machines, yet the recent great scientific interest over the discovery claimed to have been made by Professor Schenk, the famous Parisian doctor and member of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, and his announcement that he can, through nutrition, influence the sex of future children at will, was discounted by the bees long ago. It is nothing new to them. The studious and intelligent apiarists have long taken advantage of this well-known fact in bee-nature.

"Here," said my host of the apiary, taking the lid from a hive, "here is where I am raising a lot of extra queens for future use in case of need. We don't depend on the chances of nature. We have learned to regulate it ourselves. If we leave it to the bees, and the one or two queens hatched for a hive are killed or snapped up by a bird, the whole swarm is utterly demoralized. The bees will not work. Now, our object is to get more work out of them, so we provide against all possible blunders of nature or accidents to life and limb, so to say."

He laid the lid of the hive aside, took out (lifting it with his two index fingers) a long strip of new comb which he had previously made by machinery and put in the hive for the bees to work upon. This strip was about sixteen or eighteen inches long by eight or ten inches wide.

"This is a queen-comb," he said. "Compare it with this," and he took out a second one after handing the first to me. The second comb was exactly like the first in size, but the base of the cell-pits was pressed to start on a different scale

as to size, so that the cells of the second comb were smaller than those of the first. All of them were octagonal in shape.

"The queen-comb cells are much larger than are the others, and the bees know exactly what the size of a cell means, and they work it out on the line or scale set by the base size which the machine made. If the bees make or find a comb in their hive with large cells, they know it is not for mere drone- or worker-producing eggs or food. So they fill all of these cells with what is called 'queen-bread.' Look. This is it. You see the color, the consistency, and the quality, as well as the quantity, is quite different from this in the smaller cells." He used his knife to cut and divide it as he explained. The differences were so great as to need no very careful observation to understand. "The one is food to develop queens, and the other is food to develop drones,—which are males,—and workers,—which are females who do not become mothers,—old maids, so to speak—who are the support of the whole colony. They do all the work. The queen lays all the eggs to produce the young for the next generation or swarm, and to keep up the colony. She does nothing else. No other work is expected of her. The drones are males. They work not, neither do they eat—very long. For, after they have fertilized the queen, they are summarily dealt with by the old maids, who proceed to kill them off without much benefit of clergy. Oh, yes, a mere male is quite below par in an apiary! No, we don't know certainly whether the queen is a polyandrist or not. We don't know just how she chooses her mate,—nor when,—but we do know that she makes only from one to three flights all told, and that either by previous agreement with some particularly fascinating gentleman bee, while still in the hive, or upon a love-at-first-sight acquaintance while on the flight, the match is made, and the queen returns to her own hive to become the mother of future generations. She is a very young bride always—from three to twelve days old. If she is older than twelve days she is no longer an available bride-queen. She is never married at home. Bees do not approve of home weddings, but always

she takes her flight to meet her lover in the groves, which were God's first temples, as you know—hence she always has a church wedding. When she starts out, she is, if a wise lady, sure to rise from her own hive straight into the air and circle about several times, so as to locate her own house; it is so confusing with no numbers on the doors, like a brownstone house in a solid row of brownstones in a long street, you see, and no number on your door. It is very bewildering. She almost always locates her own house properly, however, and seldom pays the penalty of returning to that of a neighbor. If she does, however, lose her head,—and her bearings,—and enter the wrong hive, she is instantly pounced upon and stung to death; 'unlawfully breaking into and entering,' I suppose is the formal charge entered upon the criminal calendar against her. Or it may be the charge has to do with a seditious effort to usurp a throne. At all events, when such a catastrophe does occur, we have to be ready to supply her loss to the bereaved household or kingdom. Nature's method is too slow for the commercial interests of the apiarist. We go to our tiny queen-cages and get a new one, and offer her to the stricken hive. If they like her, they accept and enthrone her at once. If they do not like her, she is killed on the spot—pays the penalty of greatness without ever having even tasted its joys. Then we try again. We offer another queen to the angry and terrified hive. For you must know that the loss of their queen produces the same utter demoralization we all recall when the head of a nation is killed. Every bee of the lot, although they are old maids and short-term, or short-lived, males with no vote, I suppose loses his or her head completely, and all work is suspended. Pandemonium reigns until another ruler is enthroned. By and by they accept a new queen—sometimes they take the first one offered—and all moves on as before."

There was a great mass of bees, a quart cup full, perhaps, balled up thickly on one side of this hive inside. They fluffed up their wings and buzzed, but did not try to sting the bee man. He pushed them gently aside,

gradually flattening down the balled mass, using his ungloved hand for the purpose, as if the bees had been grains of corn. They swarmed back as quickly as possible, but he repeated the process until almost all had been pushed aside. "There she is! See her! The Queen! They ball up over her that way to keep her warm, to shield and protect her—as a bodyguard. You see she is much larger than any of the others and of a different shape, color, and general style—looks more like a real fat, hairy wasp. I have known one queen to lay five thousand eggs. After we make these long foundation combs and fill a hive with them, the workers go to work like Trojans to build up the sides of the cells—for, you see, we make only the large solid-sheet foundation which controls the size (in circumference) of the finished comb-cells. It is like laying off the floor-space in a house; then the builders build up the walls, making the rooms the size you have laid off. Now, in our case, it not only insures the kind and size of our rooms, but it also determines the kind of occupant or tenant it shall have. The large pits we have laid off, will be built up on that scale by the bees. They *know* that these are for queens—no little hall-bedroom for a queen! She always has a large apartment, as befits her royal state. Then the mother-queen will go from cell to cell, and deposit just one egg in each. The workers then follow her and fill up the cell with the kind of food to feed the kind of bee-larva that is to be hatched in that kind of cell. They *never* put 'queen-bread' as it is called, in common cells, nor common worker or drone food in the large queen-cells. They know their business thoroughly."

"Is there a difference in the egg itself?" I asked. "Does the queen lay the egg to fit the cell, or is all dependent upon the food the workers put in to develop it?"

"Apiarists differ in belief on that point," he said. "I think that I have discovered that there is a difference in the egg when deposited; but I am not sure of that.* Some of

* A well-known miner's wife told me in this connection that she always controlled the number and kind of chickens which her hens hatched out. "I learned it from a Mormon woman," she said, "You have noticed that some eggs are almost the same size at the two ends, and that

our best apiarists say that the queen knows the kind of cell she enters, and that she lays the kind of egg its size calls for, just as the workers who follow her know the kind of food called for, by both the egg and the cell-size. Certain it is at all events, that when we make the comb with cells for queens we get queens; a combful if we wish. It is an open question, however, whether the food does all, or whether the queen, also, partly regulates the result by the egg she deposits. But it is a significant fact that if we are short of queens we sometimes break down walls of worker cells *after* the eggs are deposited, thus throwing two or three rooms into one, so to speak, and then the workers take the hint and fill it with queen bread and we get a sort of queen. We think she is not quite so good, but she serves in an emergency. I don't know whether her shortcomings—where we do not imagine them—are due to the fact that the queen, not knowing before the egg was deposited, did not have a chance to deposit with it the right and full instructions, if I may so express it, or whether some other thing may account for the production of less than the best queen on the queen food."

Now, here is exactly the same problem with which Professor Schenk and his colleagues of the Vienna Academy of Science—and incidentally, the rest of the world—are just now wrestling, in its application by the distinguished savant, to the human race. The bees *do* know the secret that Dr. Schenk claims to have discovered. Some apiarists think they know it as it applies to bees, but they differ in conclusions as yet. Some say that all rests with the food, while others are sure that it does not, but that the egg itself differs in kind. As it appears to me from what I heard and saw in the apiary

others are large at one end and small at the other. Well, if you will always take the nearly round eggs—those which are almost alike at both ends, and set them—you will get pullets. The other shape produces cocks. Out where we had no other meat and had to depend on chicken for it, this was a very important thing to know, for the cocks were a great nuisance. They were such fighters—especially in the spring—and kept themselves poor and emaciated and bedraggled. They were not fit to eat. We wanted more pullets. We tried the Mormon woman's plan and I found that it worked perfectly. Eight times out of ten the results were as I expected from the kind, or shape of egg. The other times, I had been careless in choosing the eggs. I have absolute confidence in the theory."

it would not take a vast deal of trained, scientific work to learn the secret absolutely as it applies to bees.

"There, that bee has stung me," my host said softly. "Look, he is simply furious. I must have crushed him a little as I pushed him aside. He will die. Look at the way the sting points in my hand. See the poison bag! No, don't take hold of it. That would crush the delicate bag and shoot the poison into my flesh. Up to this point no harm is done. Until the poison is pushed in, it is only like the prick of a cambric needle. The stinger is a hollow tube. The poison bag is full of a vicious, active poison. It is that which does all the mischief. When you are stung, you instantly clap your hand on the spot, or in some way crush the poison bag and force the liquid down through the tube and all the real harm is done *then*. See! I will observe the direction this points. You see he aimed toward my thumb. Now, I will draw my hand along the rough surface of my trousers, being careful to drag it the *opposite* way from the one aimed by the bee and—see! It is out. The poison bag as it was crushed, was pushed the other way from its tube, and not a particle went into my flesh. Now, that is all I shall have to do with that sting. Had I pushed it the other way, I would have had a poisoned, swollen hand."

This proved to be true. During the day, four bees—mainly from a newly-captured, wild swarm—stung some one. Each sting was treated as directed, and not one left more than a momentary prick, a slight pink mark, and no after-results.

"The main thing with bees is to be slow, gentle, quiet, and even in your movements. Anything sudden frightens them and they instantly defend themselves by stinging," he said. "They are wise little fellows, and discriminate pretty well. This little group of hives here, I call it my mountain-sage-colony, has seventy-five hives in it. They made me seven and a half tons of beautiful, white, high-grade strained honey last year, the industrious little chaps! In no place on earth

would such a thing be possible, except here, where the climate allows them to work all the year round, and the flowers are always a-bloom—if not one kind, then another. If the apiarist uses fair judgment and moves his hives, the bees always have plenty to work on. I moved that colony only once last year. I had them in the mountains, higher up, and farther back, in the spring and summer. Then when it began to get too cold for them up there, I brought them nearer to the coast here. It is never too cold here anywhere near the coast, and as I say, there is always material free of all cost for them to work upon. See those orange, lemon, olive, grape, and other ranches down there to the left, and over the hill the others? Some of the fruit-growers used to object to bees near their places, but they don't any more. They have learned to respect the little chaps as good friends to them also. The old theory was that the bees after getting honey from the fruit blossoms, next attacked the fruit as it ripened, and broke the skin and extracted their food and honey to the detriment of the fruit-grower. They now know that, on the contrary, a bee cannot break the thinnest-skinned fruit. He has no mandible or teeth strong enough. But if birds or other insects have once broken the skin of fruit, the bee will clean it up—carry away the remnants. This is a distinct advantage to the fruit-grower. They generally regard it so nowadays. Oh, yes, this is the bees' paradise in the whole world. Have you seen that large hotel that is closed at Ocean Beach? Well, it was closed last year, and the wild bees found it out and decided to move in—and they did. They came from mountain, cañon, gulch, and tree, swarm after swarm of them, and took apartments—mainly between the weather-boarding and the plaster; but also in some of the rooms where they found access. The whole house was pretty well padded and interlined, so to speak, with bees and honey. When some workmen went there to make repairs, you never saw anything so funny. They had to take off a good deal of the weather-boarding, and they found pounds and pounds and pounds of honeycomb full of honey hung all over the lath, to the

plaster, on the boards, anywhere and everywhere. There was honey to burn—and bees to smoke. They had to smoke them out. Smoke rattles a bee. Seems to make him kind of drunk and happy if he is smoked just a little. Then he won't sting you either. Of course if he is smoked too much he dies. We succeeded in getting and keeping a lot of swarms from that hotel. It was a case where the 'guests literally swarmed out.' But I never saw a more absurd sight than that honey-inlaid hotel. To this day, the old keeper or watchman who is in charge down there, whenever he wants honey to eat, rips off a board on the lean-to of the house, takes out a dishful and sets it before his family!"

Later on, a party of eight of us drove to the deserted hotel and picnicked on the porch, and exactly what the apiarist had told us was verified. The watchman on the grounds, who cared for our horses, spread a table for us on the veranda, where we were sheltered somewhat from the strong breeze as it came from the sea; the delicious cool breeze from the broad Pacific. It was August in southern California, but we were too cool on the ocean side of the house! Where we sat the orange and olive and lemon and apricot groves were stretched off to our left, the ocean was back of us, and a broad stretch of mesa land, still the property of wild flowers, bees, and squirrels, lay nearer at hand. We spread our table from our baskets and were enjoying to the full, the charm of the unique climate and conditions, the quiet beauty of beach and surf, of distant groves and nearer wild nature, when the keeper returned with a pot of tea and one of coffee. Then he asked, amidst our exclamations of appreciation of this unexpected attention so welcome after our long drive:

"Like honey? 'Taint none o' the purtiest white kind like hive-sage honey, but it's good though."

We admitted that we liked honey and hinted that it was not absolutely imperative that it be entirely white.

"Don't eat too fast," he said, evidently observing that Adelaide had her school-girl appetite with her and that the others did not suffer by comparison; "Don't eat too fast and I'll get you some."

He walked to the kitchen end of the house, took hold of a piece of weather-boarding which was loose at one end, gave a jerk, and the board came off.

Then he reached into his honey-mine, took out seven or eight pieces, each something like a pound in size, laid them on a large dish, and came back and set it on our table with the unconcern of one who sees nothing peculiar in honey-mines, whether they be in houses, trees, rocks, cañons, or the moon.

"There she is and welcome," he remarked, and strode away.

But to return to the apiarist, twenty miles away. I asked him why he made the comb foundation of his honey, of what he made it, if it was difficult, and various other questions.

"Come in the little house here," he said. "I told you a while ago that I move my bees, or part of them, sometimes. It is a very simple matter. This little house is all that has to go, and you see, it is one of the kind that is made to joint or bolt together. This tent second-story is my own idea, though other apiarists have similar things. All this house and its contents, all the necessary latest improvements in machinery for this purpose, can go on one wagon and the bees on another, in the little cases I put over them to move them. It is all simple and easy. No, you don't have to own the land in the mountains; just pick out a good place and settle down! Be sure you know what is a good place, though. Bees need intelligent treatment to get good results, but *with* intelligent treatment I know of absolutely no other occupation where such fine results come from such small capital and so little real labor on the part of the owner. He does the planning, his little unpaid laborers do the work, and he gets all the profits. But he must not be niggardly even with those laborers. He must be sure that they are where water and food are near enough at hand not to make their flights too long back and forth to the hive, and he must take care not to put them in a wind-swept place. They will forage for him for miles around, but it does not pay to make them go *over* two miles for the base of supplies. Just think of that little colony of mine making me seven and a half tons of first-class *strained* honey

in one year! Of course it is only in a climate like this that such a thing would be possible."

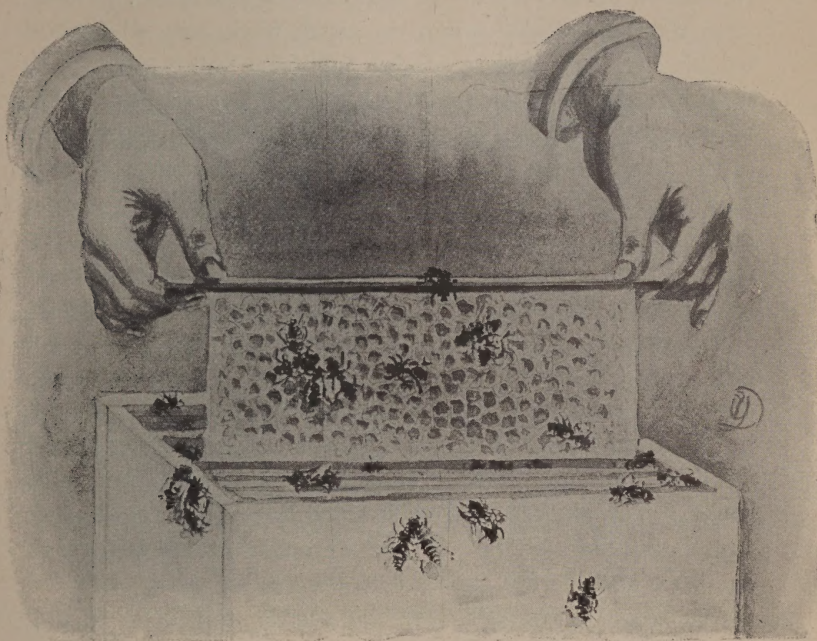
We entered the second story, or tent story, of the little house. It was so built against the side of the hill that we walked directly into it from the hillside.

"Now, here is the machine I make the foundation comb with. People have an idea that artificial comb is made of—I don't know what—India rubber, I suppose! Well, it is not. It is made of honeycomb, pure and simple. And it is only the middle sheet, or foundation, sheet that we make. You see, the bees have to make that first if left to themselves, at great labor and loss of time and effort. It is this middle sheet in every comb of honey that is the foundation of the rest of the perfected comb. The bees work from it outward on each side, working on both sides at once so more of them can get at it. They build up the cells of the comb and then fill it with honey and cap it over. Here, look in this tank. You see this is all pieces of honeycomb. Some is old comb I have strained the honey out of, some is the little abortive combs and patches that the best regulated bees *will* start to make here and there in the hive, and some is wild comb taken from trees or rocks when I capture the new swarms. All comb is carefully saved. We even save that which our sharp knives cut off as we uncap it for straining. All this comb is run through the machine—clothes-wringer-fashion—which as you see has the cell pit markers or pressers on the rough surface. Well, I start a mass of this haphazard comb in this side, so, and it comes out the other side, so. See? Now, this is a comb ready to put right in the hive for them to work on. You see it is simply a sheet of beeswax attached to a little thin long board or frame and with its surface marked off on both sides in the shape and size of comb cells."

"It is a queen comb is it not?" I asked.

"You are a quick and accurate observer," he smiled. "You'd make a good 'bee man.' I noticed, too, that you did not dodge and jump around out there among the bees. They would learn to know you very soon and you could handle them

easily. You are right, this is a queen-comb. The machine is set for that size cells. Here are the queen-cages," he said, taking down some queer blocks of wood with round perforations about as large as a broomstick and with fine wire over the holes.



"It is in these we put the extra queens till needed, only one in each. Yes, we do use the same comb over. It is just as good and, as I say, saves the bees the very hardest of all their work, and they seem to appreciate it. In old days, you know, they used to kill the bees to get their stores. Honey-getting was a case of both murder and robbery then. Today, we take every care to keep our bees from any and all risks to life and health, but there is still much to learn and more intelligence needed in the business of bee-keeping."

"Everything is deliciously sweet and clean here," I said, picking up one of the great sharp knives, and glancing over the machinery, which was, after all very little in bulk.

"It has to be sweet at least," he laughed.

"But I did not mean it at all as a play on the word. I noticed"—and I waved my hand toward the strainers.

"I know, I know," he laughed again. "Oh, yes, it *has* to be clean if results are to be even respectably good. Otherwise rust and decay would do rapid work, and while this machinery is not very expensive, one does not care to spend what he makes in replacing it too often. These are all the very latest patents. We have a bee-keepers' association in this part of the state and are doing some really intelligent work at last. Yes, I suppose less capital is required for this than for any other good paying business, and if you are a bit of a student it is a fascinating kind of work too. I come out to the apiary only about once a week this time of year. I have other business in town. Sometimes, as in the swarming season, they need far more attention. Then I stay with them. Shall we take your veil off now? I doubt if they would have stung you without it, but I did not care to take any chances as long as you were a stranger to them. I see you'd learn to handle them very easily. Yes, the receiver for strained honey, and the cans we ship in are down-stairs. It goes through that pipe through the floor, and the fall carries it to the desired place below."

We went "down-stairs" by the simple process of leaving the "up-stairs" door on the south side of the house and stepping out onto the hillside, going down a rather steep path to the north side of the house and there entering the door of the "first floor," which door took us into a board room about ten by twelve feet. Here was the usual "bachelor's apartment" of a miner after he has achieved so much permanence as a wooden house; viz., a bunk bed with two wooden legs—the other side of the bed mortised into the wall or side of the house—a table of like construction in the corner by the door, which corner had also the only window—no glass, only a hinged shutter. The hinges were leather. A camp stool, the honey receiver, cans, etc.; some tin cups, pans, saucepans, and such things hung on the wall with several large, long knives, a gun, some toweling—clean—and, so far as I could

see, nothing else except a little "smoker" with which he made his bees drunk when doing some unusual piece of work with them. But then there was a box fastened on the wall, and I did not see inside of that! Possibly it had some "miners' supplies" of another kind.

"This is all the house a man needs in this climate, either to live or to do this kind of business in," he said. And I should think it was. For no one cares to stay inside of walls so long as one may have the delicious, soft balmy air of southern California, with no fear of rain except at certain seasons when one is prepared for it; and so long as one may sit or lie or work out of doors the year round in the same clothes (so far as weight goes); and so long as one's near neighbors are mainly bees, woodpeckers, and horned toads; and so long as a little way across the hills are olive groves, lemon, and orange, and grape blossoms by the acre, and English walnut-trees elbowing apricots by the mile; and so long as one's fellows do not judge one wholly by his clothes, or by his immediate household belongings.

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A JAPANESE VIEW OF KIPLING.

STEVENSON, Barrie, Watson. Then came Kipling, and the public surveyed him between its half-closed eyes, like the Viceroy watching Mellish with the fumigatory, and said, "Evidently this is the wrong tiger; but it is an original animal." Now, just at the time of Kipling's début, the reading public of England and America was getting tired of some things. And it played the Mother Wolf to this Mowgli of the literary jungle, and petted him the more when he called it, "That wild beast the Public [who] in total-ity is a great and thankless god [like unto Dagon]." He had the misfortune to become famous at twenty-three, and the world styled him the favorite of Fortune. India is the

home of this unlucky star of fame, and it is the home of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*, which gave him seven years of preparatory training as a reporter.

In 1888 the "Plain Tales from the Hills" came out. When the writer (an utter stranger to Kipling's fame then) took up a copy of the book, the summer evening was lazy in Hot Springs, and a mighty host of mosquitoes was spoiling the amiable temper of a patient lamp. But the sorcery of words in the very first piece, "Lispeth," struck him. He gasped, smiled, soliloquized, and said, among many other things, "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic." The simplicity of gospel narrative is as the lilies of the field on his pages. Kipling is one of those who pick one up, knock all his old notions about literary excellence with a whack or two right between his eyes, take him to the mountain-top, show him the beauty of simplicity in style and diction, and say: "Now, here when I can speak my thoughts into life in the words of a peasant, what's the use of murdering them under the weight of a thousand adjectives and polite phrases?" Dickens wrote a hundred pages to tell us a thing. Kipling came and wrote half-a-dozen. And some think that the latter wrote more than the former.

In "Three and — an Extra," Mrs. Hawksbee, otherwise known at Simla as "Stormy Petrel," "the most wonderful woman in India, at the bare mention of whose name every woman in the room would rise up and call her—well—not blessed," makes her début. She annexes Bremmiel while Mrs. Bremmiel stays at home, "wears black, and grows thin and mourns [over her dead baby and into an empty cradle] as if the bottom of the universe had fallen out." She picnics, tiffins, and dances with him "till the people put up their eyebrows and say, 'Shocking!'" This remarkable woman reappeared in "The Rescue of Pluffles," wherein she was (once in all her days) "nice to her own sex"; in the "Consequences," wherein she helped to secure an appointment for one Tarrion, a free lance in the land of Simla, who came

“from goodness knows where — all away, away in some forsaken part of Central India”; in the “Kidnapped”; in the “Education of Otis Yeere”; in “A Second-rate Woman” also.

The “Thrown Away” is the story of a boy, reared under “the sheltered system,” who went to India, a drop in the mighty ocean of subalterndom, took everything seriously, worked too hard, “fretted over women not worth saddling a pony to call upon” — in short, behaved like a naughty puppy which chews soap and newly blacked boots and gets very sick. A cruel little sentence stabbed him, because he did not know how to take things indifferently and with modifications. He went off and committed suicide, leaving a document or two in which “disgrace which he was unable to bear” — “indelible shame” — “criminal folly” — “wasted life” — and such like expressions are frequent. This piece suggests how far Kipling can venture in the realms of pathos. “Without Benefit of Clergy” is another of his attempts to depict the pathetic; so also the “Only the Subaltern”; and “The Drums of the Fore and Aft” and “Beyond the Pale” are not without a strain or two of the same.

In “Miss Youghal’s Sais,” a strong character, a real creation of Kipling is introduced. His name is Strickland. Said a critic:—

“In his proud moments, and especially when Kipling wants to show off his knowledge of the Orientals, he christens himself Strickland. This character is drawn with the full sympathy of the author, framed out in a rather extravagant bouquet of his admiration; and into his nostrils Kipling breathed his own soul and ushered him proudly into the ranks of the living. This character explores native riff-raffs, can read a native like an open page, is thoroughly acquainted with the ways, needs, and whims of the Indian Empire, and after seven years of training, as a matter of course, he was not at all appreciated by the administration—for the seniors don’t fall in love with ‘subs’ who show up their incapacity.”

In “The Bronkhorst Divorce Case” he defeats the husband in his suit, and in “The Recrudescence of Imray” his

genius enables him to discover a murder case cleverly concealed.

When Strickland turns up among the privates of Her Majesty's service, his name is Mulvaney. All that Kipling gave to Strickland, he gave to Mulvaney. But unto the stature of the Irish private, he added a striking element — wit. "The Three Musketeers" introduces us to this character. That piece is the first also to inform us of Kipling's power to draw characters and scenes through a series of dialogues. It reveals his achievement in dialect also, which is at once the most wonderful and the most distressing discovery to us. Mulvaney breaks out in his horse-laugh in "The Taking of Lungtungpen." In "The Daughter of the Regiment," Mulvaney tells how Jhansi McKenna helped the regiment in the time of cholera; and in "The Madness of Ortheris" his patience is somewhat taxed. The collection of stories entitled "Soldiers Three" is devoted to the fame of Mulvaney and his comrades. And in the portraiture of the soldier life in India, Kipling is thought to be very happy. In "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," Mulvaney adds a link to the everlasting chain of mischief. He gives the account of his courting in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" with the loudest of his horse-laughs warping and woofing the tale of frivolity and blunders.

There are some things which Kipling cannot bear. A prig is one of them. McGoggin, who was brought up in the city of fogs and was "intellectually beany," and who read Comte and Spencer, and who was quite an enthusiastic propagandist, did not quite suit Mr. Kipling's taste. And, logically enough, he takes it upon himself to recommend a simpler theory of life. And he does it exquisitely and with an amazing success. Similarly, he laughs at the absurd elements (and the serious he had no eyes to see) mixed up in the missionary work in "Lispeth" and in "The Judgment of Dangara"; at a fantastic scientist in "A Germ Destroyer"; at a fop in "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly"; at the overbearing senior officers in "His Wedded Wife"; at the

ignorance of the British administration in India in "Tod's Amendment"; at a learned theorist in the "Pig"; at the boasts of the British valor in "The Rout of the White Hussars"; at the hierarchical mystics in "The Sending of Dana Da"; at the ignorance of the Mr. All-Know school of writers in "The Conference of the Powers." And the indignation of Kipling against the everlasting race of insolent globe-trotters with the modest idea of "doing" India in ten days, as is described in his "Out of India," is also superb — only that sounds too much like Mr. Kipling chiding his own sweet self over his "American Notes." The absurdities and vices that waxed fat on the reactionary influences of the moral lectures and taught the futility of solemn denunciations from the pulpit meet a powerful blow at the hand of Kipling; and Kipling, the satirist, following Cervantes and Rabelais — from afar off, to be sure — teaches the world why Laughter was born.

"His Wedded Wife" and "A Germ Destroyer" are a pair of wings that ought to carry the fame of Kipling as a wit to an altitude not to be despised. Unlike his Mulvaney stories — and, therefore, some productions of the Harris and Mark Twain school — his wit does not depend so much on the magic of words, or the quaintness of expressions, as it does on the situation or plot, and herein his name may look up to as great a name as that of Dickens from not too great a distance on the scale of great names, and Molière may very likely treat Kipling with respect. Mr. Kipling's wit is as dry, and as calm, and as solemn as a mule putting a boy through the most extraordinary acrobatic feat of jumping between its long ears and over its head. And when his victims (I mean his readers) strike the ground headforemost, which is too often the case, he seems as unhumorous as a mule itself. Irony, too, is happy in the embrace of wit — savage sometimes when it is ecstatic. Banter is not foreign to him, and the touch of his railery is not heavy.

In "A Bank Fraud," a story of not more than seven pages, perhaps the best of Mr. Kipling's personality is traced. The

story is also a hard attack on a conceited Pharisee. Reggie Burk, who was the manager of a branch bank and forged letters just to prolong a few months of his consumptive persecutor's life, seems to be the ideal incarnate of Kipling's ethical vision. If somewhat childish, there is a heroic strain in this character—this forger of the letters and the bank fraud. In his passionate protest against Kantian rigorism, Jacobi addressed a letter to Fichte. Here is a portion of it :

"Yes, I am the atheist, the godless one, who in spite of the will that wills nothing, am ready to lie as the dying Desdemona lied ; to lie and deceive like Pylades, when he pretended to be Orestes ; to murder like Timoleon ; to break the law and oath like Epaminondas, like John de Witt ; to commit suicide with Otho and sacrilege with David—yea, to rub the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, merely because I am hungry, and because the law is made for the sake of man, and not man for the sake of law."

Kipling might not care a whit for this kind of thing. Evidently, however, he belongs to the Jacobean school. Hugo's ideal bishop told an untruth,—not a lie,—but if the untruth from his lips marred the perfection of the ideal character of the bishop we are not conscious of it. That *that* emphasized the heroic in him, we are conscious, yes, thrillingly. And in "The Little Minister," Margaret had "supposed hours ago." In the calm moments when we think of our mothers and of God, do these acts nauseate our conscience? Is it true that we shed tears of admiration over Jeanie Deans when she satisfies the technicality of the imperfect Scottish law and sacrifices her sister, whom she knows to be innocent? Or, really, do we turn from her as from a misguided one? Oh, we pity her, but is it without an effort that we keep ourselves from despising her? Much, however, depends upon the point of view.

Anglo-Saxon genius is much with Kant and Scott. French and the Orient are different. Kipling came from the Orient. "Soldiers Three" was published in 1888. Therein, Kipling, in his nobody-is-like-himself, shines hazy. And the loud colors of the Indo-Irish wit find a fit background in the gor-

geous hues of the East. Mulvaney sits atop the carriage or "from the crook of the overhanging pipal, waves his enormous boots in benediction above our heads, delighting us with tales of love and of war and strange experiences of cities and men." "The Story of the Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie," all came out the same year, 1888. "In Flood Time" brings the pictorial talent of Kipling into prominence.

Francis Adams concludes a section of his criticism on Kipling thus: "'Description,' said Byron, in his riper time when he had begun to understand himself a little, 'description is my forte.' It is also Rudyard Kipling's." He is not far from truth. The description of a fair woman—the representative of the eternal feminine—has been oft repeated. Every epithet that you can think of is threadbare. The field is really hard to be original in. But Kipling would commit *hara-kiri*, I suppose, before he would be common. The following is the description of Dinah Shadd put into the mouth of Mulvaney: "Flower hand, foot av shod air, an' eyes av the mornin' she had." Now I am very curious to know how much time or how little time he spent on this one line. Nothing so original had scarcely sprung from the wedding of words so common. Or take this description of the Indian night:

"The earth was a gray shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear our breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of the musketry-fire leagues away to the left. A native woman in some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and the roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story."

Again, take the description of Taj in his "Out of India":

"Then as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted, and the sun shone upon the mists, Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect, each beyond description. It was the

ivory gate through which all good dreams come ; it was the realization of the 'glimmering hills of dawn' that Tennyson sings of ; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sign made stone,' of the lesser poet ; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy."

Whether it be the description of a newspaper office in Central India in his "The Man who would be King" ; whether it be his falling into the dreamsome Nirvana, in a tonga, and thereby becoming utterly indifferent to all sorts of performances he went through over the rough Indian road, "biting his tongue several times," cutting "his boot against the wheel edge," or twisting "his legs into a true lover's knot," for example ; whether it be the description of the cuckoo that came and woke him out of his dream and sang "as though he had been a veritable English cuckoo" ; whether it be that of the lake where "hundreds of water-birds were keeping a hotel," with constant arrivals and departures in the night ; whether it be the dream of the one-eyed tiger which, after all, turned out to be a wildcat, and fled "before the shoes of civilization" ; or that of Chittur seen in the moonlight ; or the sunlight on the Burra Talao ; or the description of many American traits, her insolent hotel clerks, her newspaper reporters, and her omnipresent "spitoons," in his "American Notes," not so edifying to the nervous of the sons of the free, certainly, but quite entertaining to a vagabond who has been kicked about all over this broad land like a football gone astray, and accosted everywhere with the inevitable July-the-fourth rhetoric, that the universe, great as it is, is humbly tacked up between the stripes ; and that the forty-five stars are the only lights in the *Civitas Dei*,—all these seem to show that we have a painter of no humble grade in Mr. Kipling.

"Wee Willie Winkie" is for children. His "Jungle Books" have the same mission. Mr. Kipling's confession is, that "it is hard to draw babies correctly." After reading his stories, we heartily agree with him. Of Mr. Kipling's patriotism

much has been said, and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" is a sympathetic account of a British regiment in its fatal struggle. Touching it is indeed. Of course the main thing is the story of two drum boys, of whom, "some say, and among these be the Gurkhas who watched on the hillside, that the battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of a big ditch-grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai."

The main stories in his "Jungle Books" are the account of a dramatic actor who looked into the jungles of India and fell in love with their charms. Mowgli is a creation (and this *entre nous*,—is he not Strickland or Mulvaney in the cave of the Mother Wolf?). The stories are full of action. Take Uncle Remus's stories, rob them of the charming humor, dramatize them highly, and then transplant the whole thing from the quaint home of Mr. Harris into the savage arena of the jungle people, and I don't think it is hard to get the two books we are talking about. It is rather noticeable that when Mr. Kipling is dramatic he rarely is witty. Within the heart of Mr. Kipling and in the very mental constitution of him, is a jungle; and the jungle folks—who are astoundingly clever folks, and always know what they are about—anoointed Kipling as their prophet; gave him understanding to read their laws, and then bared their thought before him.

"The Light that Failed" is the longest short story of Mr. Kipling. The hero's name is Dick, a born artist, in love with Maisie, a girl—an unfortunate experiment to show what patience, toil, enthusiasm, and advantage can *not* do in the making of an artist without natural genius. Dick is heroic; Maisie is a peculiar animal with a flint within her bosom where she ought to have had a warm, loving heart—the most unattractive mixture of a cruel beast and an ungrateful vixen. Withal she becomes an inspiration to Dick, and he undertakes to paint a Melancholia. The work done, and he becomes stone blind. A few minutes after the completion of the masterpiece of Dick, it was destroyed by a she-devil who came out of "Beyond the River," and whom Dick em-

ployed as his model. The two distinct endings of the story have been written about so much, it is out of fashion to write any more. Dick is not a type, nor is he an individual character, but only a puppet. In the heroic act, he lives, moves, and has his being; beyond — why, he is not at all.

Of Kipling's wit and pictorial talent we have written; his pathos, characterization, weird imagination and style are but touched on. His pathos,—Mr. Barrie says that Kipling fails to see the better portion of human nature. There is a vast gulf between these two men, of whom Scotia is proud today. "One can only paint what he himself has felt," says Barrie; and does not this tell us why they are so different? After reading "The Little Minister," wherein he makes the statement I quoted, take up Kipling's stories. Do your eyes stay there for any very great length of time? The one is all heart (and let it be remarked with a deep sense of gratitude), of a high and heroic type; while the other is a flashy effort of "a smart 'un," with due respect to his mighty fame.

The touches that make up the picture of the human heart, and the thrill that thrills our soul must be true — far truer than a mere statement of facts. Just one false touch, one unnatural word, would spoil the whole thing. The pen that leads success into this holy of holies of literary art must first be anointed with the intensest feelings of the writer and the sincerity of the child-nature within him.

Take this: speaking of a Hindoo widow of about fifteen years of age, Kipling says, "And she prayed the gods day and night, to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone." Will you observe the effect of the latter clause as you read the passage? The picture of a fifteen-year-old widow praying for a lover is touching, truly so. Kipling reduced this most natural and ardent feeling of a girl into a mere outcome of a fallacious, pseudo-comical, intellectual reasoning,— "because she did not approve of living alone!" and as a matter of course butchered the delicate effect. Let it be plainly understood right here that it is not humor that spoils. The prayer of Uncle Manuel in the Blue Dave is one

of many miracles of Mr. Harris's humor, but who can read it without tears? Will you compare this effort of Kipling with any of many chapters in "A Window in Thrums"? Can't? Well, you are quite right; there is no comparison whatever.

Take again this, in "Without Benefit of Clergy":

"But if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be! I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know that God will give us a son—a man child that will grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan Mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave!"

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

You may think that the female speaker is the queen of a Cæsar jesting with her lover; Racine can hardly be more artificial or stiff. But—would you believe it?—these are the words of a slave girl in India, happy with the coming of a new life, talking to her English husband, Holden. Did an Englishman in love ever talk in that stiff-necked hypocritical style? Or this,—Holden speaking to his wife frantic with grief at the death of their baby,—“Peace, peace, for thine own sake, and for mine also; if thou lovest me, rest.” Now, what I want to know is, if Mr. Kipling really believes—in his calm moments when stars are cool over him and night whispers, “Hush! hush! hush!” all about him—that the heart of a man in Holden's position would spell out its thoughts in any such manner when it yearns for his wife, almost distracted with sorrow? If so, may the great heavens help him to receive extreme unction and to look toward the New Jerusalem!

The closing chapter of "Only a Subaltern" is a puzzle to me. Many of the essential elements from the artistic point of view—atmosphere, perspective, matter, true touches, form, suggestions, sympathy—are there. And it seems that they are there to emphasize the absence of the only thing needful.

The writer himself has not felt strongly enough—is that the reason? He has not learnt the bypaths to approach closer to the human heart—is that the reason? There is not that light that anointed many of Barrie's pages—is that the reason? Scientists touch life; their effort to define it is rather poor. There is something like that in literature; and is it a professional conceit on the part of the literary man to hold that the mysterious element we are talking about is higher than mere physical life? And when we find her we feel,—weep and smile,—but that's all. When we miss her we play a naughty coquette; pity the author and wonder why we are not touched; and indeed that's all we can do. One thing is lacking on the last page of "Only the Subaltern," and that one thing was breathed into the imagination of man long, long ago, when Romance was born to tell a truer truth than that of history.

His characterization? "Why is the interest of character so slight, and action so strong?" asks a writer, and with him ask we all. The author wants to tell a striking incident or episode. Up jumps a puppet, and him he dubs so-and-so. When emphasis shifts from the incidents to characters, then it is quite a different thing. Short stories are too narrow for the development of character. Kipling works under this disadvantage. Greater, therefore, should be his merit could he succeed.

Kipling tells us how he came to be acquainted with his soldiers three. "Through no merit of my own, it was my good fortune to be, in a measure, admitted into their friendship—frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Learoyd, and suspiciously by Ortheris," says Kipling, and this is his own criticism on the trio that made him famous. Mulvaney, who admitted him frankly into his friendship from the beginning, is the most real of his creations. Kipling sets Mulvaney up, and Mulvaney looks down upon his author and says, "By me you shall be judged." True, he is "in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the door-mats of the decent folk." But a higher, Kipling had never drawn. Rugged, simple, uncouth,

and so on — you can add a dozen adjectives of this sort, if you please. But when folly, vice, extravagance, kiss the heroic in the questionable twilight, then men say many things and become ecstatic. Mulvaney is that twilight. He can never be tame, nor common, nor stupid. He is the child of naked nature. He is proud of his ruggedness and simplicity. He breaks the decalogue most flagrantly; of that he is proud also. He is no hypocrite. He can be offensive, sinful, outrageous, wild; but tiresome or sickening, never. He is stuffed with all sorts of heathenish appetites, educated by the unholy Christianized Anglo-Saxon, and baked by the tropical sun, an Irishman and a heathen at heart, and his home is India.

With Mrs. Hawksbee, we have made our acquaintance already, and there are other female characters in Kipling's stories — quite a number of them. Of the great number it takes much more distortion of our ethical notions than Buddhistic abnegation, to fall in love with any of them. Mr. Kipling seems to have stumbled over wretched privates and subalterns in Her Majesty's service, — in the dark night, I suppose, — and his fertile imagination grasped them, put dresses upon them over their coats and trousers, and gave them female names, and thus the majority of his female characters seem to have been born. Others, indeed, he looked on in the Indian bazaar through the clouds of his cigar smoke, and sketched them down in his patent flashlight method, so we need not stop to discuss them.

His weird imagination. In his weird tales Kipling is not bold enough. Take the climax in the performance of the sorcerer: "After he had finished that unspeakable triple crawl, he stretched his head away from the floor as high as he could, and sent out a jet of fire from his nostrils"; then the author adds: "Now I know how fire-spouting is done — I can do it myself — so I felt at ease." Here he marred the intensity of the tale, made a cat of a tiger. And later in the tale, when he comments on the blunder of the sorcerer's trick in demanding the double fee, Kipling succeeds in

making a burlesque of the whole thing. All this, alas! because he must be smart at any price!

In this story the name of Poe is mentioned, and his "Mesmeric Revelation" hinted at. Mark the difference of the two artists in the handling of the theme. In that story, Poe speaks in the capacity of a professional mesmerizer. He paints his victim an intellectual sceptic with a phthysical complaint (which is said to clear rather than becloud the intellectual activity of man). The dialogue is dazzling indeed, — makes one gasp, "What would Cousin have said to this?" It verges on such razor-like edge of the impossible, and yet we feel sure within us that we are not reading Arabian tales. I take that testimony in the minds of the readers as a very high compliment. The whole is logical, — as logical as any, to say the least, — and treats of the nature of God, the negativity of the spirit notion, of creation, emanation, individualization; of the relation of man and God; of the future life; of the unorganized existence; of death, motion, infinity; of rudimental beings, the gradations of beings; of substance and ultimate entity; of volition and law; of the origin of pain, and happiness, and evil, — all these from the standpoint of a refined materialist. Poe, after whipping his victim through all the revelations without a ripple of nerve, drives him into the consummation — his death.

Kipling came out of India, the favored cradle of philosophy; but bhusa, hapless girl widows, mud huts, bloodshed, the blunders of the mighty British administrations in India, "the gate of a hundred sorrows," and the ten commandments broken to pieces among the civilians, and the adventures of the privates, are all he seems to have seen and written about. To be able to feel the dark and the hideous is the quality not granted to all — only to those whose souls are great enough to see and feel the day and the beautiful. The intensity of his feeling about the dark and the horrible makes Poe a Prometheus in his corner. It is not given to the common to suffer so. They are incapable. That the ablest human geniuses, from Gautama to Schopenhauer, are sad, and upon

the pages of the chronicle are branded as pessimists, is not a strange fact. Is there any such intensity in Mr. Kipling?

His style. To say that Mr. Kipling is a logician is misleading. The wise and thoughtful would frown at the statement, and the frivolous would jeer or giggle or sneer, as if that were the handsomest thing for them to do—it is very becoming indeed! But Mr. Kipling's writings are the very embodiment of formal logic—this is correct. The absence of stories—really good stories—in the writings of Mr. Kipling is remarkable, and his indifference as to the matter and the content is well-nigh sublime—like unto that of the logicians. All is the way in which the commonplace tales are told; all is form in which they are put; and old Mrs. Kendrick's turkey-gobbler with a plug hat on is strutting all through his stories. Barrie, commenting on the popular criticism of Mark Twain on Kipling, says that it is all right to say that Mr. Kipling should be read for his style, even if there be no story back of it, if indeed this be possible. But when style is not only man, but also the story itself, then what? This criticism is a mirror held up to Barrie. He found his stories scattered over the braes, with mud and stones, and he might have thought that the only thing of moment was how to tell the everyday stories. The greatest capital was given freely to him and so ignored by him. The eye that sees does hardly see how clear that eye is too often, and the heart that feels, rarely feels the most delicate fibers of its own. And so he thought that style is the story itself. Mark Twain, the seer, I believe, is correct. Mr. Kipling is "the prince of story-tellers," minus story.

It has been said that Kipling's ability in dialect is hereditary. His father is a very fine mimic. With free conscience and black despair, I hereby pronounce it to be the most unpronounceable dialect that I have ever seen spelt out. Sanskrit must be a joke in comparison, and maybe Mulvaney and his compeers spoke the dialect just to put Pali to shame. What I cannot understand here is, that he makes no explanation, nay, gives no account of the disjointed jawbones, tongues

helplessly twisted into a rope, and the broken fragments of the lips of the speakers.

Kipling is the ideal incarnate of the up-to-date literatus — that is to say, a sworn enemy to the classics, and a perfect imp in smashing the decalogue right and left. His popularity is not wonderful.

Critics take up the poetical works of Emerson and Poe and declare that they cannot understand how such rare gems and so much trash find a common home between the same covers. But in the writings of Mr. Kipling they find a wonder. When the New York *Herald* paid Mr. Kipling five hundred dollars for the privilege of printing his I-don't-know-what on the bicycle, an economist suggested that it would have been cheaper for Mr. Kipling to have paid the *Herald* the amount not to publish that stuff. Would that that were the only economic blunder in the experiences of the pet of Fortune, famous at twenty-three. And yet it was he who put, "It is windy diet for a colt," in Torpenhow's mouth after making him tear to pieces Dick's work, painted just to suit and satisfy public taste. And now what's the matter? Did Kipling really know himself? — and knowingly, did he fall into the pit dug at his feet?

"An observer, not a thinker," Lionel Johnson said of him once. And here is another compliment from Francis Adams: "Ah, if only kind nature had given him as much brain-power as she has given him pictorial talent, what a rendering of the Anglo-Indian life we might have had!" In Kipling, constructive imagination is lorded over with fancies and brilliant series of pictures. His imagination salaams to his memory. Let us grant all that are his, — and that means much that is excellent, — grant that he strikes keynotes, and in a few strokes images forth a picture real and vivid as life; grant him that calm reserve, the conscious strength that is silent; that dislike of the superfluous; grant him that simplicity wherein the Athenæum catches the Homeric accent; grant him the poetic fire that glances, laughs, sings, throughout his pages; grant him the masterly power in the dialogue style; grant him his

horse-laugh wit, which is very pleasant sometimes ; grant him all these and much more if you please — what then ? After all, in the production of that which makes men better and happier, his “utmost smartness and cocksureness available” helps him no more than rheumatism helps in log rolling.

Having criticized him, I stand ready — expectant in fact — for an outburst of public condemnation. I said that Kipling could not see some things, and all that his friends have to do, is to turn the table and say to me, “You have no eyes for those things which Kipling saw and wrote. You are a bad critic. An ideal critic should have the widest possible sympathy, and must appreciate every form of literature.” To this I bow most humbly as most true. I cannot see some things ; I positively refuse to sympathize with some things — yes, a bad critic, in short. But the remark, I mean the rebuke — as I take it — is it not rather a compliment ?

ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ.

Glendale, California.

A WORD FOR THE MORMONS.

THE spirit of religious persecution does not belong to an archaic and vanished past ; it still embroils neighborhoods and embitters national life, gags the press and poisons the founts of literature. In this republican land, sectarian jealousy and ecclesiastical ambition kindle their baleful fires ; here a union of church and state still exists, which large bodies of Christians make use of for their own advantage under pretense of the public good. The newspapers recently reported a convention of the clergy in and about Boston, at which resolutions were passed asking for “the recognition of Jesus Christ as King and Lawgiver in the Constitution of the United States, and the acknowledgment of Almighty God and His will as revealed in the Holy Scripture as the court of final appeal.” And it is from the ranks of this class of re-

formers that the material has been drawn for the Anti-Polygamy League, recently formed to prevent a congressman-elect of Utah from taking his seat, and "to give Mormonism a setback," as frankly stated. Col. T. W. Higginson, in giving his reasons for declining the invitation to join the league, shows plainly that he thinks its charges are not based on ascertained facts, and that the movement bears the ear-marks of sectarian hate; and he asks pertinently enough, "whose turn will it be next?" But such courageous utterances in such matters, are like angels' visits, few, and far between. President Eliot of Harvard College, which has on its roster scions of Mormon households, after a visit to the home of the Rocky Mountain Saints, saw a resemblance between the faith and the fate of the Mormon and those of the Puritan, as others of candid intelligence had done before him, and his conduct was at once made the subject of animadversion by press and pulpit.

Cultured New Englanders, proud of their descent from the Puritan stock, love to dwell on the virtues and sufferings of those refugees from old-world intolerance, and condone and minimize the bigotries and cruelties of what is called the Puritan Commonwealth; and any suggestion that the experience of that band of exiles may be paralleled in this age and in this land is treated as an unpardonable sin, compounded of heresy and treason. The newspapers teem with articles attacking Mormonism in the most hostile and prejudiced way, while it is next to impossible to get a hearing for the other side.

And if these things are true today, what must it have been in those days when the Mormons were driven from Ohio, from Missouri, and from Illinois, and finally into the uninhabited wilderness? We should know that these persecutions were inaugurated before polygamy had become a part of the Mormon faith. And through it all, from first to last, these people have been represented as ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden, and law-defying; while the truth is, as the most reliable and statistical investigations have shown, that they are among the most industrious, moral, and law-abiding com-

munities within the confines of the Republic. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Their doctrinal tenets even are more progressive and rationalistic than the creeds of many other Christian sects. And no church organization could possibly be more democratic, and at the same time biblical.

All the leading officials of the Mormon Church are American born, and principally of New England lineage, tracing their descent from revolutionary sires, and some of them from the Pilgrim Fathers.

The presidency consists of the eldest three of the twelve apostles, who are the heads of a numerous apostolate embracing most of the church membership, all of whom are preachers and workers, unsalaried, and self-supporting. The Mormon's familiarity with the plough and the muck-rake does not cease when he enters holy orders, and his garb continues to be that of the farmer and the artisan. He emulates Paul in earning his living by the sweat of his brow, no less than in the preaching of the Gospel. This priesthood has three grand divisions, equal in authority, whose decisions are reached by prayer and consultation, and submitted to the church as a whole in its semi-annual conferences. Father Hecker, whose teachings are causing such a commotion in the Catholic Church, is said to have studied Mormonism in the arrangement of his program. But it is still a long way from the Vatican to the Beehive, from the Tiber to the River Jordan!

The Mormon creed was an attempt to wed common sense to bible teaching before the advent of Darwin and of Strauss. It was Universalist as to salvation, and Unitarian as to the God-head. Before Theodore Parker preached his father and mother God, a Mormon poetess had sung :

In the Heavens are parents single?
No, the thought makes Reason stare!
Truth is Reason, Truth Eternal
Tells me I've a mother there!

The orthodox heaven and hell were ridiculed by the Mormon seer before Ingersoll saw the light; but he did not leave

futurity a blank, as he taught the principle of eternal progression, and saw numberless worlds, the creation of men who had become gods, and inhabited by their own progeny. The natural and civic virtues which the Christian Church is just beginning to appreciate, were factors of a true, spiritual manhood. Those who in the world's history were distinguished for their moral and intellectual excellence have a place in the Mormon Pantheon. Every man is to be rewarded according to his works here and in the beyond, whose estates will differ as do the glories of the sun, moon, and stars. Earth, according to their teaching, is the lowest hell man will ever know ; salvation and damnation stand for a plus and minus quantity.

The spirit of brotherhood and equality was never more marked among Christian believers since the year one. "Brother" and "sister" take the place of "Mr." and "Mrs." in speaking of members of their communion from the president to the latest convert. It is the practice to settle differences by arbitration ; to resort to the courts is a proof of weakness in the faith. America is Zion ; and a coöperative communistic society is to prepare the way for the second coming of the Son of Man. At the present time, the letters Z. C. M. I. (Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution) are seen at the entrance of business establishments throughout Utah. The land, though still in private hands, belongs to the Lord, and will be called for when the interests of the kingdom demand it. Mormon heresies are both economic and theological, as may be seen. Salt Lake City, one of the chief states of the new Zion, is one of the most beautiful and best-planned cities on the continent, with its wide streets adorned with trees and running brooks ; its Tabernacle, seating over ten thousand people, is unequalled for its acoustic qualities ; and close by rises the famous Temple with its lofty spires ; and around all, soar the mighty Wasatch mountains, veined with silver and clad with pines powdered with snow !

All innocent amusements and recreations are encouraged, in which mingle both old and young, the dance being opened

by prayer, and the Bishop taking his place in the cotillion, though looking askance on the waltz as a concession to giddy youth. One of the first resorts of this kind in the valley was christened Social Hall, a name given fifty years later to an apartment in the new Tremont Temple in Boston. And the Salt Lake Theater was for many years one of the finest Thespian structures west of the Mississippi, in which the world's best talent appeared under the eye of Brigham Young, whose comely face and marked personality divided the attention of the audience.

The Word of Wisdom, counseling abstinence from strong drink, and tobacco, and even tea and coffee, has been more potent than the world's temperance societies, with their fussy and expensive methods. The fumes of the saloon have not yet polluted the atmosphere of the home, the school, and politics in Utah. Mormondom, generally speaking, is a land without a pauper or prostitute, or it was such, before the setting in of these civilizing influences with the courtesan, mendicant, and rumseller in their train.

But how about the golden plates Smith said he unearthed in Chattanooga county, New York? Wasn't that a lie? No; because plates of a similar description were afterward found in Ohio. But how about the translation? Well, I don't know that he read into those ancient writings any more of his own mind than the sermonizers and the creed-makers are wont to read into the Christian and Hebrew scriptures. Yes, but how about the angels that visited him? Again, I do not know, but it was as much the privilege of an American youth to converse with angels and speak in the name of the Lord, as it was of persons who lived in the land of Judea, two thousand or more years ago. Spiritualists will perhaps say that Joseph Smith was a medium, like the founders of other religions. Be this as it may, those who accept the Bible as the Word of God are in no position to criticize Mormon belief; indeed, they are responsible for that belief, and will have to bestir themselves to catch up with it. This is the better side of Mormonism to be sure, but it marks its strongest charac-

teristics, nevertheless; and to ignore these, as its critics are wont to do, is to miss the secret of its power and success. It avails but little to cull out what is ugly, to quote utterances of its leaders, torn from the context and without reference to time and surroundings, as proof of treasonable designs or wicked propensities.

The oft-repeated charge of a belief in the doctrine of blood atonement has never been substantiated by a single instance in the history of the church. The charge of *imperium in imperio* is just as vague and unwarranted. The church believes in the higher law, as do all reformers. It makes no claim to exercising any function of civil government, to which it professes a perfect allegiance. Its prophet even declared that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were inspired instruments. The Mormons expect that Christ will rule at his coming; but Christians cannot object to that, and the rationalist will admit the force of the argument in the event, especially if its preparatory stages are marked by conquests of the wilderness, and the extinction of poverty and vice.

But it is the commendable features of the Mormon faith that shock the piety and traverse the teachings of orthodox Christians; a proof of which is given in the latest onslaught on this pretentious upstart sect by these worshipers of tradition in the East. The Social Service League of New York, which claims to be "non-partisan and non-sectarian," and numbers among its supporters some of the leading philanthropists of the country, has just issued a series of tracts entitled Anti-Mormon Leaflets, which assail the Mormon Church and people in the most merciless fashion. Here are some of the false teachings that are listed as dangerous heresies:

"The Christian Church of today has its apostles, prophets, pastors, and evangelists, and all the powers and gifts possessed by the primitive church. The Bible does not contain all the word of God; and it may be that not one verse of the whole Bible has escaped pollution. The living oracles are worth

more to the Latter-Day Saints than all the Bibles that were ever written. Ask of me and you shall receive revelation upon revelation. All men may become gods; our father and God were once as we are now. God is subject to the necessary laws that control all matter. The fall of our first parents is one of the first steps towards eternal exaltation. The atonement signifies the deliverance of the earth and everything pertaining to it from the power of death. Redemption from personal sins can be obtained only from obedience to the gospel, and a life of good works. There is probation after death, and the living may be baptized for the dead. Jesus and the Father are two persons in the same sense as are Peter and John. God approved of a plurality of wives practised by his servants. Jesus was descended from this stock; and the attachment shown by Jesus to Martha and Mary would be proper only in the relation between husband and wife. Jesus was a father in the flesh; and his wives wept at the cross and visited his sepulcher."

These are good reasons certainly for the Baptist Home Mission Society saying there must be "a massing of our best-equipped workers on the danger line of the Rocky Mountain states, with Utah as the battle center, to the end that America may continue to be a Christian land." And a mightier emphasis still, is given to this view by the statement that the Mormon Church made sixty thousand converts during the past year, the largest in any year of its history, and larger than that of any other Christian denomination! There must indeed be a wonderful vitality in a sect that thrives in this way, with the whole of Christendom arrayed against it. But this fact would seem to indicate to a mind capable of reflection that there was something wrong with the character, the spirit, and methods of the opposition. The late proclamation of Governor Rollins of New Hampshire contains some hint of this kind, as it shows the failure of the Christian Church in its own greatest stronghold, the New England states. In truth, a revolution in Christian teaching and spirit seems to be needed; and it looks as if the Mormons were moving in the right direction.

Mormonism has not escaped the nearly fatal error of other new faiths, in confounding its own interpretations of scripture and of life with eternal laws and purposes; and the maintenance of its advantage over other Christian bodies must come through the sloughing off the defects, and cultivation of the virtues that nestle together in the heart of the system. Its principles of progression and revelation must be made still more consonant with the theory of evolutionary growth and the laws of mental action. But Mormonism has its practical program, whose merits more than offset its traditional errors and misfits, and place it more in a line with the demands of the age, of "the Power that makes for righteousness," than even our liberal Christian sects whose "pale negations" satisfy neither the head nor the heart. The Book of Mormon, though in one sense a tedious narrative of the fate of the ancient inhabitants of America, has more of the Christ spirit, of the divine afflatus, of the character of modernity, than those refined discourses full of the aroma of the most cultured piety, which may be called the Book of Mammon. The Mormon scripture meets issues squarely, and its homely and antique phrase pulsates with sympathy for the lowly and oppressed, with indignation at wrong, and with faith in the triumph of the truth and the right.

There are symptoms of an abatement of zeal or a contraction of aim in temporal activities, which may be commendable or not, according to the motive of such change of attitude; it may imply either a desire to bring about a more perfect adjustment between spiritual and secular interests, or a disposition to stop at the initial or compromise stage of coöperation inaugurated under Brigham Young as an instalment of the "Order of Enoch" as revealed through Joseph Smith,—a movement in the line of progress, as long as the Church acts as inspirer and councillor and not as dictator and financier. Hesitation at this time in this lofty and legitimate emprise, to carry this earth from its terrestrial to its telestial and celestial conditions, would be treason to the

best interests of our race and our epoch. If an advance is not soon made, Mormon society will drop to the Gentile level of inequality, of pride and greed, separating faith from works and substituting charity for justice. Utah may lead the union, if she will, in the solution of the great labor problem, either through voluntary coöperation or state action, or both working in unison. If it fails in this, Utah will have missed its opportunity and the Mormon religion have lost half of its promised glory and reward.

These are the causes that first awoke the enmity of the other sects which later on found a more plausible justification in the doctrine of polygamy, an imitation of the domestic relations existing once among God's chosen people. It was because of this unheard of blasphemy of divine revelation that the Mormon missionary was insulted, tarred and feathered, and put to death; that the Mormon prophet was slain while in the custody of the law, by a mob with blackened faces; that the Mormons' temples were defiled, their cities destroyed, and thousands of homeless families driven into the trackless waste, begirt by winter's storms, wild beasts, and savage tribes more merciful and hospitable than civilized, Christianized man.

When they had found a resting-place in the heart of the Great American Desert, which under their hands began to blossom as the rose, another anti-Mormon crusade was hatched in the East by those pinks of perfection, the pious politician and the patriotic parson, which resulted in James Buchanan sending an army out there in 1857 to chastise a rumored disobedience to authority,—Brigham Young being governor under a territorial form of government. And these troops were sent at the very time they were needed to deal with a real rebellion at home, involving half the states of the Union, indifference to which was excused by the plea of a lack of constitutional powers! Descriptions of Mormon life centering about the polygamous home, which were few enough in number, were spread over the land, making it appear that tyranny and sensuality on the part of man, and

misery and subjection on the part of woman, were the characteristics of this plural-marriage system and of Mormonism itself. All of which the prurient and prejudiced imagination of the outside Christian world was prone to believe.

After the close of the Civil War, the republican party was reminded of its pledge regarding this other twin relic of barbarism, the only evil which, like slavery, threatened the honor and the life of the nation ! This was the view of the statesmanship of that time ; though it is true this party must have spent much of its strength in wrestling with the problems of tariff and finance as shown in the triumph of protectionism and of the gold standard early in the seventies. Whether it is true or not, as believed by half the voters of the country today, that the demonetization of silver was achieved by stealth and fraud, it is certain that the war on polygamy was waged by the aid of gross and systematic misrepresentation. And in this respect a striking contrast is revealed between the "twin relics," for, until the war broke out, it had been a crime to harbor a fugitive slave and to denounce his master, whereas it was a crime to question the righteousness of any steps taken for the extirpation of polygamy. There was a suppression of facts, of free speech in both instances, in one as much as another. In other respects the comparison also failed. The church was the apologist of one of the "twin relics," while it led in the onslaught on the other. The Mormons were a handful of people, poor and despised, while the slavocracy was an empire in itself, with its grip on the finances and the conscience of the nation. In Utah, slavery was forbidden and abhorred, while in the south polygamy of a certain, or rather most uncertain, kind is said to have prevailed.

It has never been asked what polygamy is. There is perhaps no department of human life, unless it be the strictly theological, in which dogmatism and sentimentalism have held such complete sway, as in that of the relation of the sexes. It is safe to say that this relation has not been studied in its moral, physiological, and even its legal aspects, as the

intelligence of this age demands. In this place I can touch only on those phases of the subject directly on the line of the argument.

The Mormons had acknowledged plural marriage as a part of a doctrine of faith, though its practice was very limited; but they distinguished it from bigamy and illicit co-habitation, with which it has been confounded, even by the legal mind; the difference being, that in the one case there is injustice and deception from which the other is free; in polygamy, the women and their children have a recognized status of equal honor and property rights, while in those other illicit and clandestine relations, there are no recognized rights and obligations. And Mormon polygamy differs essentially from that found among other peoples, in that it is regulated by certain laws having a religious sanction, which are in the interest of the wife, of purity, and of offspring. The accepted interpretation, among Christians, of that text of scripture which says that "a bishop shall be the husband of one wife," is, of *but* one wife, which the Catholic improves on by making it mean that it were better if he were not married at all; but the Mormon exegesis is that he should be the husband of *at least* one wife; the idea being that this enlarged sphere of experience and responsibility gives added wisdom and stability of character. The antecedents of the Hebrew race would seem to support the Mormon theory, as nearly all the old Bible worthies were polygamists.

Divorce can be obtained by the wife at her request, but by the husband for the gravest reasons only. And a woman can first propose, a respect for her wishes being almost obligatory. Thus polygamy is made to favor natural selection, the propagation of the fittest. The sentiment of love is one factor in the marriage relation; the interests of the race and of posterity rank among the chief considerations.

Besides the distinction between polygamy and bigamy, and the rights of conscience and religion, the Mormon stood by the right of every state in the Union to make its own marriage laws, for though Utah was still a territory, its people

believed they possessed every qualification for statehood required by the constitution. On these lines they defended their cause, throwing the burden of proof on the prosecution, and asserting their innocence when arraigned before judges, with a mission, and appealing from one tribunal to another. Congress, whose complexion was republican, sought a remedy in a series of enactments of the most extreme and anomalous character, bearing on the power of congress over the territories, on the definition of crime, the function of the bench, impanneling of a jury, methods of proof, treatment of suspects, all of which culminated at last in wholesale disfranchisement and the confiscation of property. And these things were done, be it remembered, under the generalship of Edmunds of Vermont and Hoar of Massachusetts,—Senator Hoar, who now points to this same Constitution under which he performed these feats, in condemnation of imperialism and in defense of the Filipinos !

The sympathetic imagination might conceive how the Mormons may look upon such a trend in national affairs as the outworking of the law of retribution, imperialism abroad following close on aggression at home, just as the Civil War broke out after the sending of an army to Utah under the reign of Buchanan ! From the pulpit in the great Mormon tabernacle, the prophecy of the founder of Mormonism is often told that the Latter-Day Saints would some day be found among the chief defenders of the United States Constitution.

The Mormons finally succumbed, and gave up their peculiar institution, by the issue of a formal manifesto from the heads of the church, and Utah came into the Union after forty years of territorial vassalage, under a constitution prohibiting polygamy, and an amnesty for all past offenses from the President of the United States. This was in 1893. Before this event, the Mormons had divided on party lines, having different views on the political issues of the day and making common cause with the Gentiles or non-Mormons ; elections being conducted in the same manner and contested with the same spirit as in other parts of the country, and resulting in

republican and at other times in democratic victory. The new state restored to woman the right of suffrage, of which she had been deprived by federal legislation, and each branch of the state legislature has a woman on its rolls. Utah is the first state to enact a law requiring equal pay for equal services for man and woman. And it stands alone, also, in decreeing that illegitimate children shall have equal rights to inheritance—a rather remarkable showing where woman is held in “bondage.” But Senator Hattie Hughes Cannon and Representative Martha E. Horne are neither graduates of Wellesley College nor members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, although they are well educated and have a Revolutionary pedigree. How must this look to the woman suffragists of the East, and especially of Massachusetts, whose legislature at this writing has voted by a large majority against woman suffrage!

Now, it is said, a polygamist has been sent to congress; and the nation is to be aroused to the danger that threatens the home and civilization! The first alarm comes from the Presbyterian and Methodist missions in Salt Lake City, accompanied by an appeal for funds; and the cry gathers volume as it travels eastward and breaks on the Atlantic coast with a deafening roar, drowning, as it were, the lingering echoes of the Spanish-American war, and agitating the placid surface of social life from Plymouth Rock to the Texan Plains, and even to the Golden Gate! The pulpit serves as the sounding-board for the reverberation of the people's wrath; as it has, of course, in every national crisis, as the student of history so well knows! Petitions pour into congress, calling for immediate action. But these petitions are almost without exception from ecclesiastical bodies. The press has been utilized, the Associated Press serving as the obsequious agent of this uprising of the clergy, the lightnings of heaven serving as a strict partisan in the interest of purity and piety! The legislatures of some of the states have passed resolutions drafted for them by an assembly of divines, while others have refused to obey such mandate,

thinking it doubtless a rather cheap way of spreading the fame of their own virtue and respectability.

And what are these charges? It is said that Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts is an open and defiant polygamist, living with three wives, one of whom he has taken since Utah became a state, and another of whom has recently given birth to twins; that his election was a Mormon device for foisting polygamy on the nation and a proof of Mormon perfidy; and that his admission to congress would compromise that body and lower the standard of public morality.

These charges appear to be baseless, if we except the fact that Mr. Roberts was a polygamist before Utah's admission to the Union, and that he believes he has certain moral obligations to the women he married and their children, from which neither church nor state can absolve him. Mr. Roberts ran for congress once before, and nothing was said about his being a law-breaker until, during his second candidacy, it appeared that he was coming out ahead at the polls. He had been nominated because he was a good democrat, an able politician, a strong silver man, and a gifted orator. Both Gentiles and Mormons voted for him; many of the most prominent Mormons being arrayed against him. Heber Grant, the governor of Utah, and a high Mormon official, advised against his election, and was answered by Mr. Roberts in a letter that is said to be unmatched in the west for its classic English and savage invective. Mrs. Lorenzo R. Snow, wife of the president of the Mormon Church, voted against him, as did Miss Cannon, a daughter of George Q. Cannon and sister of the Utah senator, and Emeline B. Wells, editor of a leading Mormon periodical. They are republicans and he is a democrat. These women say that polygamy is dead in Utah, though they believe in the principle. The United States District Attorney for Utah says he does not believe a single plural marriage has been contracted since Utah came into the Union. Roberts's domestic relations had absolutely nothing to do with his nomination.

The reports I have mentioned, have made a fixed im-

pression on the public mind at variance with the facts of the case, an impression easily made and fostered because of anti-Mormon prejudice and its control of the avenues of intelligence. And these reports have been made stronger by all sorts of stories and cunning manipulation of various occurrences.

A picture of Roberts as a tramp seated on the stump of a tree has been going the rounds of the papers, with these subjoined remarks or comments :

"If there are any who suppose that Brigham H. Roberts of Utah is going to give up the fight he is making to secure a seat in congress and resign, they mistake the desperate character of the man. One incident in his career shows his bulldog tenacity.

"Roberts, with two other Mormons, went to Tennessee to do missionary work. His companions were killed by angry citizens when the nature of their mission became known, and Roberts himself barely escaped with his life.

"Determined to secure the bodies of his comrades, and knowing upon his return to the scene of the trouble that recognition would mean instant death, he disguised himself as a tramp. As such he again invaded the enemy's country, secured the missionaries' bodies and carried them back to Utah."

Would such an act on the part of a missionary of any other Christian sect be proof of the "desperate character" and "bulldog tenacity" of the man? Would it not rather be spoken of in terms of the highest praise, as an act of heroism showing the power of the Christian faith? But mark the covert approval of the other deed, the killing of Mormon missionaries in these United States! If a Methodist or Presbyterian missionary be slain in China, the whole of Christendom is shocked, and our ambassador at Peking addresses a protest to the rulers of the Celestial Empire. But suppose one of these preachers of a pure Christianity, a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, a Catholic, or Baptist were killed in this way in any of the states of the Union! And what if their blood were spilled in the state of Utah!

A leading New York daily, the Nestor of reform in a certain sense, gibbeted the clergy in the Bryan campaign of '96 as the defenders of "the crime of '73," the demonetization of silver. But now this journal is the clergy's mouthpiece in this anti-Mormon crusade. It sent Mrs. Winnifred Black to Utah to interview Mr. Roberts and his "favorite wife." Mrs. Black represented Mrs. Maggie C. Roberts as not only predicting the speedy dying-out of polygamy in Utah, but as exulting in the prospect, because it was "a burden and a grievous one, to be borne only as a commandment of the church," and as saying that "only women who are degenerate will tell you this is not so." This seemed incredible, though it was possible to conceive that Mrs. Roberts conveyed the idea that plural marriage, though a cross to some, tends to the ennoblement of character, as she had said that principle, and not happiness, should be the motive of life. A note of inquiry was addressed to Mrs. Roberts as to the correctness of these interviews, and she answered as follows :

"I asked Brother Roberts if he were reported correctly and he said 'No.' As to my interview with Mrs. Black (Annie Laurie), I must say that when I read it in the paper I was so annoyed that I was perfectly bewildered. Had some other name than mine been there I never would have recognized it. Then again, I would think ; why, yes, there was something said about this or that, but not in that way. But I positively affirm that I never referred to any burden or cross under plural marriage. Nor did I talk freely of Mr. Roberts, but only said in answer to her remark 'that it was too bad he should be made the victim,' let the question be settled and all will be well. I have had trouble, but who has not in this world ? I spoke of the loss of some of my lovely children, whose pictures hung on the wall. She said she had one little boy, six years old, and did not feel she could live without him. I then told her of my great faith in God, and hoped some day to understand many things that I now took on trust ; that I believed in revelation, that woman could make God her friend and be upheld and inspired by Him. This seemed to impress her and she said, 'that is just what the women of the world lack ; you have something to lean upon.' She is a spicy writer and pleases her readers. Reporters

have not impressed me as the most scrupulous class of persons in the community. I am sorry, for I thought the woman was beautiful, and I pay homage to beauty wherever I see it. If there is one woman in all Mormondom who is happy, I am that woman. My life has come to be one sweet, lovely day, such as comes to few mortals, I imagine. Whatever happens, I shall be a soul companion to him forever."

Mrs. Roberts is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and practises in Salt Lake City.

Another cartoon going the rounds purports to picture a Mormon family of about two score members, and is inscribed, "as families run in Utah this is a small one." The idea meant to be conveyed is, that most of the Mormon families are polygamous, and that the average is a large one. Now not more than two per cent. of the church membership practised polygamy in the days of its prime, and but a small proportion of the polygamists had more than two wives. In this picture fifteen out of the twenty-five are males, and five are little girls, so that the polygamic feature is not very marked. It is worth observing in this connection that three thousand francs were given in Paris the other day, as a prize to the man with the largest family, a wife and sixteen children. Some women would prefer dividing such a responsibility, by sharing their husband's affections with a second or third wife. How long will it be, judging by the way things are going in our civilized society, before it will be found expedient to offer prizes for the largest and best family of children? How many now evade the responsibility of children, either from necessity or choice? Bishop Potter of New York said lately, "To some women these ministries of the home are denied by modern conditions, and there is a tendency which ought to be frankly owned to dis-esteem domestic cares and duties." The question, "Is marriage a failure?" now being so much discussed, is warranted by the statistics of divorce and of celibacy. The social evil is not only on the increase, but is being legalized. Brigham Young, in a conversation with Mrs. Frank Leslie a few months before his decease, said, "Why,

I have walked the streets of your great cities at night, and my heart has bled to see the hollow eyes and painted cheeks of the women who walk them, and who lead away the young men who are to be the husbands of this, and the fathers of the next generation. Not one such woman is to be found in all Utah, and our young men are pure, and our women are virtuous, and our children are born free from inherited disease." And he might have referred to woman's condition as an industrial serf, in factory, store, garret, and kitchen, which rob her of health, beauty, and freedom.

The Mormon delegation to the Woman's National Council, just held in Washington, introduced resolutions which ought to have come from the east; the one by Mrs. Susa Young Gates declared in favor of studies in schools and colleges for qualifying young women for the responsibilities and duties of parentage, and one by Mrs. Lorenzo Snow asked for the appointment of a committee to work for the admission of girls to all our colleges and universities. Mrs. Martha H. Tingley read a paper on "The Possibilities of Woman," that would make the nerves of some of our eastern women-folk tingle.

A ringing manifesto was expected, of course, on the Roberts case from the Woman's National Council, the most representative body of women in America; and when it leaked out that the Council did not share in the widespread hysteria, it was charged with being infected with strange sexual heresies, and with selling itself for Mormon gold! The resolutions that were passed offered few crumbs of comfort to the alarmists. Neither Roberts nor polygamy is mentioned.

"*Whereas*, the National Council of Women of the United States stands for the highest ideals of domestic and civic virtue, as well as for the observance of law in all of its departments, both state and national; therefore,

"*Resolved*, no person shall be allowed to hold a place in any lawmaking body of this nation who is not a law-abiding citizen."

There is hope for our country when a woman's convention can on such an occasion pass so fair, sensible, and courageous

a resolution as this. Let them stand by the principle expressed in it, and wrong will be done to no one.

There are forms of pluralism more dastardly and noxious than the one charged against Utah's Representative-elect. Whether such cases as the following, which is not the worst known in high places, comes under this head, may be a matter of opinion. A late news dispatch reads as follows :

"Wilmington, Del.,—J. Edward Addicks, gas manipulator, politician, and financier, whose wife obtained a divorce a few months ago on technical grounds, after one of the most sensational trials ever known in this section, will be married at noon, on Wednesday, to Mrs. Ida Carr Wilson, who was named corespondent at the trial. Only a few friends have been invited. Addicks is president of the Bay State Gas Company. In 1894 he ran for the United States senate against former Senator Anthony Higgins, and was defeated after a long struggle. In the hearing for divorce, Mrs. Addicks testified that her husband's infidelity had extended from 1887 to the time of the suit."

Addicks is again a candidate for senatorial honors, and at this writing his name leads in the balloting in the Delaware legislature. But the Baptist Union and the Young Men's Christian Associations of Delaware and Massachusetts are silent ! When, it may be asked, in the history of our government, was a candidate for public office ever defeated, or a holder of office ever deposed, because of vagrant fancies and lawless impulses in sexual affairs ? Who will rise in his place and say that there are no practical pluralists in congress or in our state legislatures ? What an interesting time is ahead, when one of the weapons of party warfare will be neighborhood gossip about the private life of an aspirant for public office. Sexual purity is certainly desirable among the official class, but how strange that we should just wake up to this fact and draw the line in such an unscientific and maudlin fashion !

The charges against B. H. Roberts rest on rumors and insinuations which give a false view of the situation and fail to

make clear either the moral or the legal issues involved. The evidence shows that no plural marriages have been contracted in Utah since it became a state, and that Roberts's offense, at the worst, is that he has not abandoned utterly the women and children bound to him before Utah's admission; and it shows that he was elected to congress by a Gentile and Mormon vote with many of the highest Mormon officials as his political opponents.

These petitions to congress against Roberts are the work of conclaves of ecclesiastics headed by the orthodox, whose enmity pursued the Mormons before polygamy was any part of their creed, and who are moved more by the angry jealousy of a prosperous rival, than by fear of the disruption of the home from that source.

The Christian church in general accepts the Bible as its authority in all religious matters, including marriage, which it holds to be a sacred rite; while it looks on Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Solomon, polygamists all, as the inspired mouthpieces of God for all time. And the same church which is so concerned about the integrity of the home, is the defender of social conditions, which, by denying to man and woman their industrial rights, tend more to the destruction of the home than all other causes combined.

It is by no means clear what the critics and opponents of Mormonism take as their standard of Christianity; for while they are so bold in their denunciations of the Mormon system, they are silent about the errors and superstitions of the other prevailing forms of religion in this country; and while they express themselves so freely concerning the Mormon priesthood, they are reticent as to the dangers of priestcraft elsewhere.

In instituting a comparison between Mormon and Christian homes and civilization, the imagination and preconceived ideas, instead of the real facts and actual state of things, are made the basis of the argument; the one is pictured in the darkest, and the other in the brightest hues, the one having no redeeming feature, and the other being without a flaw. No

notice is taken of the fact that Utah has a higher percentage of school attendance than has most other states of the Union, and a lower percentage of crime than any of them; that but two per cent. of the Mormons practiced polygamy when it was in its prime, and that Utah, under Mormon rule, enjoyed an almost entire exemption from two of the greatest curses of our Christian civilization, pauperism and prostitution; that the Mormon women, who are represented as degraded and enslaved, have the ballot in their hands and a representation of their own sex in both branches of the state legislature, besides being organized in numerous benevolent and educational associations which are represented in the Woman's National Council of America.

An amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting polygamy is proposed by some, as if there were not other evils in the way of loose sexual relations more dangerous to morals and the home, such as frequent divorce, which is consecutive polygamy, so to speak, and the social evil, which spreads its moral and physical poison throughout society. And such an amendment would deny to any state the right to make any variation from the present marriage relation, though demanded by a majority of its citizens of both sexes in the interest of social purity and individual freedom. But we must exclude Roberts, although he is on a higher plane than a large proportion of men in public life, and it may be on as high a plane as the strictest monogamist. Legislation on marriage or the relation of the sexes should take place under strictly rational auspices and not at the behest of prejudice and sectarianism.

This essay may fitly conclude with these lines from a poem on "Prejudice" written in the forties, by Eliza R. Snow, sister of Lorenzo Snow, president of the Mormon Church today:

'Tis not an orb dispensing light,
Like that which shines in yonder heaven;
'Tis not a star that glistens bright,
Like those that deck the crest of even.

'Tis not a pinion formed to bear
 The mind where Reason's hosts resort;
 'Tis not a chart directing where
 Investigation holds his court.

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It is a charm-inspiring deep,
 A deadly soporific spell,
 Which lulls the faculties to sleep,
 And softly whispers, "All is well."

It is a bolt whose massy weight
 The strength and skill of Truth defies;
 A prison wall before whose gate
 Bold Common Sense affrighted flies!

THEODORE W. CURTIS.

Boston.

THE "NATIONAL DUTY" DELUSION.

THE argument of duty to civilization, Christianity, and progress, as the reason for American occupation and possession of the Philippine Islands, is a most palpable case of dissembling on the part of the government of the United States.

Every day it is becoming more evident that although there are two motives impelling our governmental authorities in the conquest of the Philippines, neither of them bears the remotest relation to duty. These two motives are imperialism and commercialism. Imperialism is the desire for great national power; commercialism, the desire for great gain.

Imperialism is represented by the army and navy, and the military spirit which is clamoring for their increase. Of what use is an army or a navy unless there is some fighting to do, and how much fighting can there be unless there is some one to conquer? It is not hard to discover the reason for the imperial policy of the government, even if it can be shown that the people are not in favor of it.

It can hardly be denied that our boasted government of,

for, and by the people, is at the present time very largely controlled and influenced in a very great and dangerous measure, by moneyed powers, whose sentiments, possession of wealth, and material interests, have so distorted their consciences that to them all men are not born free and with equal rights. The government is not now "run" "for the people, of the people, and by the people." The functions of government are used in the interest of wealth, corporate power, and the politicians. The present condition of the people, the great mass of working people, materially and industrially, is proof enough of this. Further, the government represents the policy of the single gold money standard, which is simply one of the schemes of money imperialism. It favors the contraction of the people's money, the placing of the money power in the hands of a few, which will increase the wealth of the wealthy and the poverty of the poor. It represents policies favorable to trusts and corporations, the increase of military power, the absolutism of the Federal courts, and the monopoly of industries and the country's productions.

The discussion of how this kind of government obtained power in a free country, with supposed universal suffrage, is for another time. But are not these the facts?

Commercialism is represented by the great capitalists, who control the government policies, who see in the possession of the islands by the United States, great opportunities for greater wealth. The country is wonderfully productive, and if rightly taken advantage of it may be made the medium for the floating of bonds and stocks, which "expansion" will make necessary, and the establishment of mammoth corporate concerns to absorb great profits from the natural products of the country and the industry of its people. The opening up of these islands to commercialism is not intended to offer opportunities to small industries and farming enterprise. There is no contemplation or intention of making the country a refuge and an opportunity for the poor man. It is simply to furnish opportunities to add wealth to wealth. There has

never been any consideration of the possibilities of the country for settlement, which shall furnish to every man who desires a portion of God's earth, which is his natural right, but which has been stolen from him by wealth and power, while he has been lulled to sleep by false arguments and promises. The commercial missionary who wants to educate the Philippine laborer into the same "advanced" and "high" condition of freedom and equality that the American working-man now occupies, is a startlingly philanthropic character. Even now American commercialism, represented by great trusts, is planning the capture of the former Spanish possessions, Cuba first, then Puerto Rico and the Philippines, for its own aggrandizement, by securing control, through fair means or foul, of all their franchises and products.

It was imperialism and commercialism, not duty, which impelled the United States government to wrest the Philippine Islands from Spain after she had sued for peace, and when we had not possession of even a small portion of one of them.

The political ownership of the Philippines will furnish opportunities for hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of political offices, which will increase the patronage and power of the government. The addition of territory and the consequent increase of the army and navy, will increase the political prestige of the nation among the nations of the world, and will satisfy the growing imperial spirit.

The increase of the army will tend to establish the party in power, and make it more dangerous for the people to attempt to throw off any sort of oppression, or to attempt any such political revolution as must come, and that soon, if true liberty is to be preserved. The argument of duty is simply a cloak to cover the animus of the "expansion" movement. Does anyone imagine for a moment that any sense of duty to civilization or to the Filipinos is impelling the United States government to the slaughter of that people to compel them to accept freedom and liberty as exemplified by a trust-ridden and money-ruled nation.

Already, when it seems as though the popular opposition to this unjust and wicked usurpation of the natural rights of man to be governed or to govern himself as he sees fit, has been largely stilled, the "duty" argument is, in a measure, being lost sight of, and well it might, in view of the most successful way in which we are at the present time carrying peace and liberty to the Filipinos.

The humorous, the political, and even the religious press, are pouring maledictions upon the heads of the "poor, ignorant, and savage" Filipinos, for having the temerity to oppose the government of the United States in taking possession of their islands and themselves, and governing them as it sees fit. They are also encouraging Uncle Sam to give the Filipinos a sound whipping to "teach them their place."

Is it a belief in the duty and the manifest destiny of the United States toward these islands and people, that calls forth these sentiments? Verily this is a Christian nation!

The argument of "duty" was an invention of political necessity, the necessity of politics managed not in the interest of the people, but to make the government a power to be felt in the world. This is an imperial policy. When it was seen that Spain was to lose all her colonial territory, there arose the necessity for a plausible excuse for the United States taking possession of so much of Spanish territory, and so far out of our way, although at the outset of the war it was distinctly declared that this was not to be a war of conquest.

All the nations of the old world were anxious that we, who thus far had governed ourselves simply, should enter upon imperialistic and colonial policies and practices, thus retreating from our foundation principles that all men are born free, and have the right to choose their own government. But the fears and suspicions of the people must first be quieted with some plausible arguments, which would seem to show that we were not inconsistent, and that there were no designs against the foundation principles of free government, before that could be safely done. Therefore, it became the duty of the United States to establish a government "in the place

of the one which we had destroyed in the Philippines." It became our duty to civilize and educate the Filipinos, for it was easily decided that they were too savage and heathenish to govern themselves, however much they might desire to try it. It also became our duty to establish peace among them,—and this we are doing with shot and shell.

Undoubtedly we shall be able to more thoroughly subject the Filipinos than Spain has been in the five hundred years of her rule.

The "duty" argument was taken up by press and platform, the religious press and the pulpit, and advocated with fervor. The duty and the manifest destiny of the United States to civilize and Christianize the Filipinos was insisted on everywhere. Thus far we have succeeded in impressing upon them the idea that we are going to civilize and Christianize them in the same manner that they have been civilized and Christianized in the last five hundred years. The slaughter of thousands of Filipinos gives good ground for this belief.

The "duty" argument has been received with so much favor, and so many converts to its theories have been made, that the public conscience has become dulled, so that it now looks with a measure of indifference upon the unholy war waged against this weak nation, struggling for its God-given right to govern itself, and fearing that a new oppressor is to take the place of Spain, whose power it had almost destroyed.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Danbury, Conn.

TO THE PREACHER.

"Come unto me and rest"—there is no rest.

"And I will give you peace"—there is no peace.

Who speaks to calm the storm within my breast

With parrot phrase? Pray let your mocking cease.

Fools! Know ye not the soul will seek her own?

Speak ye the truth,—or let her seek alone.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

WOMAN'S ECONOMIC STATUS IN THE SOUTH.

MY attention has been recently called to the subject of woman's relation to labor by the many magazine and book discussions bearing upon that theme. That economics should present a new problem in these better days — the problem of woman — is but another proof of the invasion of democratic ideas into every field of human science. Exemption on grounds of sex is a product of feudal conditions. With the general democratization of views following in the wake of scientific disclosures, no class nor caste can be excluded from adjudgment upon equal terms. If "the word of the modern is the word *en masse*," the corresponding implications invest every field of social endeavor. It has been the misfortune of woman, as, alas, it has been her chief pride, to be regarded from the emotional standpoint. But science is impartial and refuses to yield preferential sentiment.

It is, however, safe to say that most masculine verdicts upon this theme are even yet biased by tradition, — and this is true even of those which claim to be scientific. The world-mind has not fully sensed the implications of the view that woman is an end in herself. The justification of this statement can be obtained from many recent articles wherein the part of woman in the economic field is denoted by the male scientist of our own country to be purely that of consumer. From European sociologists we have undisguised pleas for woman's economic exemption on the ground of biologic claims, — not, unfortunately, substantiated by comparative biology, — and for the sake of the greater grace and beauty supposed to be the resultant of such immunity. Of course, if women are not to support themselves, a state of society is presumed wherein every woman is the beneficiary of some man's exertions. Unfortunately, statistics do not bear out the assumption, for a large number of women are discovered to be without this male support, whence the foregoing objec-

tions become necessarily secondary. That it is an ancient fallacy that mental and physical development are incompatible, is proved by our present race ideal in favor of universal education; and further, as it is suggested by a wise and scientific philosopher, the temper of an increased race discrimination is now making rather for intellectual and moral beauty, and the consequent phylogenic advance.

Recently, however, we have a word from the disputed ranks upon the question, a masterly book reviewing the case and most convincingly supporting its arguments by appeals to biology and psychology.* The explanation of the phenomenon of female economic dependence, is found to be an "excessive sex-distinction," which has been bred by the desire of men to subjugate women to their interests, and a willingness so to be subjected on the part of women. The results of such a status appear in a comparative atrophy of the feminine faculties, a limitation of their information, ideas, and power of judgment. The almost complete extrusion of one-half the species from the field of production, is indeed an anomalous condition. It not only deprives the world of the contribution of female endeavor, but is inimical to race development, since the stern decree of heredity transmits with retarding result the "perpetual infancy" state of the maternal mind. The inherited prejudice against economic equality, of course finds its explanation in the supposed menace to the "sacredness of the home," which may be imperiled by equal service of both man and woman. That such might conversely tend to relegate the present incentive to sordid marriages, and conduce to more genuine, because less forced unions, and that a real share in the world's activities is a human as well as a masculine need, is the next great lesson to be learned for the benefit of social advance.

Yet, practically, there is in certain communities of our great commonwealth a marked movement in favor of the woman worker. So far, this movement manifests itself almost entirely in the north, where the advantages of greater

* "Woman and Economics," Charlotte Perkins Stetson; Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1898.

wealth, mixed racial characteristics, and, above all, perhaps, the more practical temperament, have permitted its inception. The ice now broken, however, is rapidly assuming the aspect of an expanding current of woman's labor, and many occupations formerly closed to her are being swept into the stream. The day is near at hand when this descending flood must reach the southern states, bearing all its freightage of increasing prerogatives for the female worker, and her recognition as a contributor to national advancement.

At present the obstructions to any free play or just estimate of female services are enormous. The southern woman, with greater necessity for earning her own living, owing to the relative poverty of the south, is confronted by proportionately greater difficulties. In the first place, the south, as the most homogeneous portion of the country, is naturally the most conservative. The east lies open to the world, and its large cities are centers for every industry. Forty per cent. of its populace are foreign born; a still larger number are of foreign parentage. This motley assemblage of nationalities jostle customs as they do elbows, and stimulate to changed methods of living, if they do not introduce them. The law of invention is established from this flux and fusion of mixed interests and qualities. The west is recruited mainly from the east, and being a new land with boundless vistas of nature and of venture, and impressed with the simplicity of a pioneer freedom, is also adaptable, spontaneous, and liberal. But the south is not yet open to these broader views. It has practically no foreign intrusion of blood, and old habits and modes of thinking are firmly rooted in the general mind. It is still not fully established in the new course incident upon so vital a change in its institutions as that caused by the abolition of slaves. The mists of the old south even now hang over the land, and former ideals insensibly influence the decrees of present conventions. The law of imitation is the natural issue here, the result of homogeneity and isolation.

Furthermore, the blood of the south has still the strain of the cavalier, and the prevailing and temperamental impulse of

his latter-day descendant is the æsthetic impulse. Beauty and charm, and an aroma of romance are actually primary needs of living. The genius of the south is that of the social; but social in this æsthetic sense,—if you will in the feudal,—and not at all in the sociologic sense. The inherited emotionalism of which I have above spoken, is the unescapable resultant of such influence, and has laid a restraining hand upon every attempt at the emancipation of women in the respects in which we are considering them.

The main direction which this sentiment takes, is found in the prevailing view that a woman shall marry as soon as she reaches the age of indiscretion. I say this advisedly, for the marriages thus contracted, are frequently unpremeditated unions built merely upon surface attractions. Such marriages are in the highest sense unphysiologic, making no account of the claims of the genus, and indeed often conducive to no real happiness in the case of the individuals. But they will always occur, so long as social custom applauds matronhood at any cost, both as a seal of social dignity, and as a measure of financial success. I cannot forbear quoting here the laconic rejoinder made by a girl of the lower classes with whom I was remonstrating for her choice of an openly degraded companion: "It's a livin'," she said. Of course the "sacred duties of wife and mother" are alleged as all-sufficing claims to the woman, and ample compensation for the absence of a more personal development. There is no recognition as yet, that if there be a biologic imperative which must needs use woman as its agent in the continuation of the species, there is also a psychologic imperative that makes for legitimate self-fulfilment in increased personality and individuality. Ibsen's dictum that "Motherhood is a profession, while fatherhood is an incident," is, in its first half at least, fully realized in the south. The mothers of our section are prone to live entirely in the lives of their children, giving themselves over to the domestic life, and glorifying in their subordination of self. But, as has been elsewhere suggested, exclusive association with children and servants is not

the most stimulating companionship for mental growth. It does not occur to the devoted mother, that outside the hereditary transmission of undeveloped mind, there is equal danger in an arid, spiritual atmosphere of training, which environs their dawning faculties.

The natural corollary of the marriage-recipe for economically helpless young women is apparent in the southern view of education. As the art of the south is the social art, with its old-time grace and beauty, so its education — for women — aims mainly at social purposes, and has small view to practical application in independent directions. The majority of our girls are instructed in a purely objective way. They study at high school, or academy, such things as will befit their positions as young ladies whose business is to be charming, and whose destiny is marriage. If they are to be clerks or stenographers, they will have even less need of French or history, and, accordingly, they busy themselves with only the requisite preparation for such work. A realizing sense of education as something to enrich the life, to draw out character, to be loved for its own sake, and to generate individual expression of talent and ability, has not yet come to the southern mind. The southern man is largely to blame for this making of education a conventional routine of instruction in the accepted "branches." He dreads great acquisition of learning on the part of his woman-kind. "Strong-mindedness," the imagined resultant, is his especial horror. He is deeply imbued with the belief that physical and mental development are opposed, and as his æsthetic temperament craves charm and grace above all, he selects these to the exclusion of intellectual endowments. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that socially the reputation for intellectuality is a great disadvantage, and that as the southern ideal is a social success, many women of fair power purposely disclaim their cultivation, hiding it away as something rather to be apologized for than glorified in. But it need take only a moment's reflection to show that ignorance does not, cannot, insure charm, and that where it chances to be accompanied by a

naïve winsomeness, that attraction is yet an evanescent possession for the service of an entire life.

But to the main consideration,—that is, the effect, of these views of education economically considered. Well, the effect is just what we should have expected,—the violent divorce of feminine capacities in all departments of production. Here in this region of fair physical inheritance, a rich and decorative landscape, and with the temperament so well to depict it, we have yet no rising school of artists offering to the world this peculiar contribution of beauty. It is also worthy of remark that the writer had to go north to find an artist who had turned his power entirely to the limning of negro life; and while he did it well, he necessarily exhibited an unavoidable sameness of subject. His dearly-bought models were posed over and over again in situations wrought from the artist's imagination. But living as we do in the southern states in the midst of all the distinctive features of negro inhabitation, the peculiarly picturesque entourage of a primitive race, no notion is ever entertained of the place in art which this all too evanescent uniqueness might play.

It is true that the art expression of southern civilization might come just as acceptably from masculine hands. I am considering it here as a field for feminine production, an opportunity for self-expression amply appropriate to her predisposition and taste. This is but one of the creative fields where woman's soul and hand would yield an especial contribution, were it not the primary rubric of her man-made creed that the domestic and social life shall absorb all her aspirations and energies.

The woman teacher, it may be said, is an economic factor that cannot be disputed in point of fair play and equal grounds of approved labor. But here again the effects of the present code and conditions are radically manifest. In the first place, the teacher is, for the most part, bred by that same system of education which she afterward enters professionally. Her part is naturally to teach as she has been taught. This is in the purely static way of instructing from the text-books

as they are put into her hands, — very faithfully, it is true, but as a rule, without any conception of the larger implications of this most real science of life. The southern woman's vocation is incidental; the end is marriage. Should it not rather be that the profession, the activity of the adult human being, prove the aim, and marriage the incident,— an incident of increasing worth, as previous self-expression brings better power of choice? But this, of course, cannot be, until marriage has evolved beyond the implication of being a means of support for women. Where, indeed, we do find the teacher imbued with the scientific spirit of the times, and anxious to gain as well as to give in her profession by a square assertion of progressive truth, the whole body traditional rises up to silence her. Avowal of stimulating radical thought, the attempt to make her pupils think, is impossible, as yet, to the instructor. She would jeopardize her position, her social prestige, her very friends, by such course. A case in point is the experience of a brilliant and liberal young woman whose pronounced individuality and mental independence, while not aggressive, were yet sufficiently marked to excite comment. Upon her election to a position in the public schools, she was approached by the superintendent with these words of warning: "You understand that you are to propagate no individual ideas. You are simply to follow what is laid down, and carry out the instructions given to you. You are not expected to introduce your individuality into your work; — your place is simply to instruct according to the given course of study." Not only in this *ex officio* manner is the ban put upon liberated thought. The writer has more than one time personally witnessed the amusing features of this conservatism that is so instinctive, one might almost say environmental, since it speaks from the lips of the intellectual leaders in both church and state. An eminent Episcopal bishop recently expressed himself as thoroughly disapproving of women reading Herbert Spencer! This distinctive leniency toward the female mind was not flattering, to say the least. It seems scarcely credible that

Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" should assume the frightful guise of a cheerless agnosticism to one who must often have proclaimed from the lectern the ancient Hebrew words "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Again, that more secular mode of instruction, recently introduced into the south, the lecture-platform system, is also gently approached. The lecturers are selected with becoming reference to the harmlessness of their contributions. I must be pardoned for another personal allusion, since the cases which have come under my own experience offer such salient illumination of this particular phase. Not long since, as a director in a local lecture-board selecting a winter course of public instruction to a membership of six hundred persons, I innocently made a suggestion in favor of a notable sociologist, a woman who has gained distinguished recognition both in this country and abroad. As her message would have been thoroughly vital, certainly impersonal, and at once scientific and practical, I was almost sure that by an intelligent board, composed chiefly of men, the suggestion would be eagerly seized and acted upon. But a general opposition at once dealt death to the bare idea, on the ground that plain speaking upon social subjects, be it ever so impersonal, would be offensive to the audience and highly inappropriate besides. Said a leading lawyer on the board, succinctly, "We don't want any scientific women in this course. We'd better stick to music and literature." It is no exaggeration to say that the firmest stronghold of feudality is to be met with in this matter of public instruction. Its tyranny is more blasting than that of theological creeds. Democracy will conquer as its last opponent, this spirit of dogma in our southern education.

Perhaps the leading motive that makes for conservatism and an admired inconspicuousness in woman, even to the extent of restricting her free expression after she has become a worker, is the remnant of the old south chivalry that even now is abroad in the land. It displays itself in the deprecatory air assumed toward the working woman. It is recognized as a necessity that some women must support themselves,

but at the same time it is considered a cause for regret. If a woman must work, let her do it patiently, but above all, quietly, for at best it is a covert discredit to the male relatives who feel it their duty, as indeed in most cases it is their pleasure, to support her, and who in their failure to do so, from even the best of cause, assume an apologetic air of suffrance. If the young breadwinner is at all charming, some man not a relation speedily rescues her from this undesirable life of toil; if she be not attractive her economic value in the marriage field is lessened, and she must continue to labor. Here again this false attitude of sentimentality gives rise to several morbid results. Since the old feudal stigma upon the woman worker has never been effaced, an ingenious species of social forfeit, too subtle to be frankly met and challenged, is apparent. There is a covert apology for the professional woman, a kindly-intentioned explaining away of her labor from the mouth of her friends. A striking proof of this is the gratuitous remark so often heard, that the woman who works is deserving of just as much respect as the one who does not. Think of such a saying applied to a man! An atmosphere whose elements are pity and social palliation, and the sympathy accorded to the unfortunate is not a healthful one to breathe, and must effect to their immanent disadvantage those within its area. To know that this is true we have only to observe the attitude of the woman worker herself in the south, — an attitude naturally resulting from the specifications above given. With very few exceptions, women work because they must. Financial necessity is their motive; employment a necessary evil of straightened circumstances. Good work is done by them in their several capacities, but it is not, cannot be, so good as the labor that results from voluntary effort. As long as women work only because they must, and while smarting secretly under a supposed indignity, or at least misfortune, they have not really entered the field of production. Only when their contribution is spontaneous, the fruit of joyous activity and the expression of individuality in whatever direction, and equally

only when it is made tributary to the great world-progress, will woman really have become a producer.

My personal feeling is that the first step toward reform must come from women themselves. They have all along been so much more the intellectually passive sex, that it is but natural they should have accepted the standards into which they were born. The dominance of the social spirit has given them that ideal to follow, and it has bred a specific refinement and graciousness of manner that is typical of the southern woman. Having perfected herself in the social art, however, might it not be only an additional acquisition to labor in "the conscious discipline of personality," which is best forwarded by voluntary congenial employment? With the systematic attempt of women to make themselves independent by following those professions where natural inclination will be furthered, instead of the present unloved and merely expedient choices, will be bred an earnestness that shall increase capacity for genuine self-expression. And another result will be an increased recompense for labor. If women work because they like it, marriage will not necessarily mean a cessation of employment. Therefore, even under the régime of male dominance, capable working women will receive increased compensation for their skill. There is small incentive to raise salaries now, even among the deserving. This fact was strikingly brought to notice in a remark made me by a business man, in reference to his stenographer. She was paid twenty-five dollars a month, and being really expert was worth more, he felt. "We would raise her salary to thirty dollars at once," he said, "but that she is an attractive young woman and is bound to marry. We can't count upon her services after that, and as she will work for the present amount, we have no incentive to increase her pay." In other words, if women wish their services to receive proper valuation, it must not appear that those services are incidental. That which renders the more valuable a man's exertion, the responsibility of family claims, completely destroys the worth of a woman's work. Here again the

marriage-recipe law not only often conduces to sordid marriages, as an escape from undesired employment, but also prevents due recognition of merit during employment. The "sexuo-economic" status is indeed a deplorable social anomaly; and not the least of its outlying injustices is that meted out to the not inconsiderable class of women who are permanently self-supporting. For the latter, during their marriageable years, are also under the suspicion of such probable escape, and so their most active period of service is denied deservedly ampler compensation.

Owing to these conditions the majority of southern women belong to the sedentary class, and those who do labor are chiefly static and temporary. We have of course no labor problem to deal with as yet. There exists everywhere the peace born of stagnation. Visiting recently a large woolen-mill, employing seven hundred laborers, whose hours are eleven and a half daily, I asked if there had ever been any strikes. No, no strikes in the history of the organization. The reason was plain to see. These seven hundred employes were, with few exceptions, women! True, there were some children of both sexes, not younger, avowedly, than twelve years, and a few men for certain duties preëminently requiring a man's vigor. Most of the laborers were piece workers, —their wages ranged anywhere from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter a day,—mainly young women from eighteen to twenty-five years; there were married ones among the number, as well as young widows supporting their families. Surely if biology sustains the ground of women's segregation to the maternal functions, and for that reason the social conviction deprecates female labor, this large class of women have been overlooked in the roll-call of leisure. Can it be that their uninfluential economic status has aught to do with relegating the biological issue? The south is full of woman factory labor, than which there is nothing more wearing physically. Many of these women do not see their children the whole year round, from lamplight to lamplight, leaving in the early dawn, to return after evening has set in. It is this same

class who have less leisure when they are at home, for there are many duties still remaining to be fulfilled. Could the exertions incident upon a seat in congress be as arduous as those daily performed by the toiling class of women—the class which, it may be remarked, is conceded to bear more children than any other?

Outside the actual fact, however, which is, that the leisure of women is not proportionate to the maternal claims, there is no intention on the part of those advocating economic equality to disregard the peculiar biologic requirements of the female. The labor question and the woman question are admittedly the questions of the hour. A recognition of the two as integrally identical will simplify the problem of social betterment, since their fusion must remove a barrier purely arbitrary and obstructive. The route taken by a concerted rational telesis will be the further refinement of the process of division of labor. Since it is this system of division which marks the relative advance of any community, its more scientific and improved adjustment will take account of women in the productive capacity, and regulate employment in accordance with her needs. It is not rash to prophesy that the brutalities of the present laborious, even clerical, occupations in which today so many women are engaged will have soon to disappear before a less benighted régime. No social phase is well regulated unless account has been taken of all the component and conditioning elements. So the biological skeleton-in-the-closet will one day be laid at rest, when the social consciousness has grown to see that the limitations of the female organism must be consulted, but that such primary consideration does not need to mean the violent denial to woman of the exercise of the creative activities. The dawning vista of a coöperative industrial system, with the accessories of still superior industrial appliances, and a more specialized division of labor, prepared to meet the exigencies of sex while employing both male and female on terms of economic equality, is the grand promise of a really integrated "social organism." Until these things have come to pass, we cannot

look upon the parts of that organism as functioning together for the single welfare of the body social. The social organism hypothesis remains yet to be verified, and its verification rests with the accomplishments of a rational evolution.

One other great consideration presses for expression in this connection—a consideration inclusive of not only the southern woman worker, but of this question of economics everywhere. It is the consideration of civic equality. The only honorable and potentially equal basis for woman's equality is the suffrage. It would seem that this old and long ridiculed contention must have been seriously considered and acted upon before this time. Yet the history of institutions is always the same, their outworn fabrics succumbing to new material only after years of tottering menace to the social weal. The existence of the vote power as an unsexed institution will be the corrective of many of the present pathological symptoms. In the first place, it will be the immediate and eternal removal of woman from the static into the dynamic category of mind and action. It will be her cachet of independence, the seal of law and protection from the state, as baptism is the seal of the church upon the forehead of the sleeping babe. As soon as women are citizens instead of merely residents, their influence will be sought, and instead of being passive recipients of employment in underground service, they will be able to rise to place, to make exactions in the open market, even to unite for practical self-protection and coöperation. Anomalous and sporadic exertions are ever but poorly countenanced. The first practical effect of the conference of the ballot will be to remove the present discredit of smaller salary for equal services. Here comes to mind the case of young women who daily enter government service in Washington, with the ordinary clerical pay. Most of them labor there for years, unknown, however brilliant they may be in faculty, and with but very slight, if any, increase of salary. A young man entering under the same auspices would naturally be drawn into the current of affairs, and if possessed of marked ability, would soon come to hold

some influence, so that after a time he could command his situation instead of its commanding him. Though he might always remain in clerical life, outside interests, influence, and responsibility would act as alleviators of a mechanical drudgery. The woman, on the contrary, becomes every year more and more a machine without present professional interest as without future hope. Outside the sociologic aspect of the case, it is indeed an ingenious system of psychic starvation,—one worthy to rank with the fashion of compression of the feet of Chinese ladies.

It is, of course, plain that the legal admission of woman into the ranks of producers will not at once right the evils of the present economic slavery. Just here the age-long dichotomy of the sexes into supporting and supported is going to make itself felt disadvantageously to women. The retarding effects of past female passivity must surely tell against her at the beginning of an active struggle. Disuse of executive and productive faculties has brought about an unavoidable atrophy. But this does not mean an interior lack, notwithstanding the solemn announcement of speculative male scientists, who derive from experiments along biological lines the conclusion that woman can never be an inventor! Fortunately the assertion has not yet been verified. The sure trend of social evolution makes for the opportunity of trial, at least; and its conviction is similarly in favor of the view that the economic liberation of woman will result in a distinctively new creative contribution. We cannot predict the directions or type of a coming feminine production, but it will surely be valuable as embodying rare and thus far unknown qualities.

The broad underlying bases of woman's economic equality are, then, a more scientific division of labor, taking account of physiologic considerations; and the power to vote, guaranteeing free scope for personal preferment and enabling independent demands. These two issues must be met everywhere where active sociologic efforts touch the questions of woman's relation to labor. Returning to my special theme —

the discussion of the problem in the south — the light which I have endeavored to reflect may be summed up in the following: Whereas in the northern states, owing to their quicker industrial pulse, their mixed populace, and their closer commercial and mental associations with the world at large, there is already a broader thought regarding the economic status of woman and a larger freedom for her activity,— we have not yet begun in the south to regard the question from the impartial standpoint of social progress. The homogeneity of the section, aptly termed “the solid south,” makes for conservatism, for there is almost no foreign element nor intercourse with other and different customs tending to enlarge perception. Again, the abolition of slave-holding, had it come about interiorly, as a product of evolution, would have carried with it altered conditions of thought regarding all the relations of life. Since it was not an autochthonous conviction but a violently forced revolution, the south now prevents the spectacle of changed institutions directed by ideals which are unchanged — the heritage of the former spirit of romance and chivalry. This mood naturally relates itself to anything regarding woman, and we find accordingly the sentimental sex-attitude everywhere prevalent, discouraging any progressive movement of woman and forever advocating the domestic standard as an all-absorbing and sufficient profession. The woman worker in the south is an object of sympathy if purely static; of aversion if dynamic and independent. A social deprecation marks female entrance into vocations, viewing the matter as a sad necessity rather than a spiritual opportunity; and it is natural that women fall in line under the false standard, working rather as artisans than artists. There is finally an entire absence of the impersonal scientific examination of social data, no integrated public consciousness of the vast unworked fields which under such view might enrich the south both materially and morally. The woman of the south, with her richly gifted temperament, artistic and imaginative, might especially forward the social evolution in this distinctive area of the Union, once the tide

of popular favor should coöperate with her, if only to the degree of approval of her exertions. Without this not inconsiderable factor, it is difficult to advance. The abject sex is not yet strong enough to overpower the bulwarks of "social control." Nevertheless, it is my belief that the southern women will have to lead the movement toward broader and less personal views,—in short, work out her own economic salvation by the exercise of tact, combined with steady independence of position. Equal suffrage and a more specialized division of labor are world problems, and will ultimately arrive to the great liberation of women everywhere. Meantime, it remains for the women of the south to prove that independent self-expressive vocations, and an honest desire therefor, will in no wise interfere with, nor abrogate the domestic claims. The art social will not be superseded, because of an understanding of social science,—the sociologic factors which alone are the rock foundation of social progress.

LAURA STERRETTE McADOO.

Chicago.

A UNIVERSAL LAW

The Thought that gave the worlds their form,
And stirs in all their content wide,
Has place and power in him alone
Who loves his race—with pierced side.

Each atom wounded is for all,
Some portion of its primal strength
It yielding gives, to mix aright
Within the world's alembic length.

BARTON O. AYLESWORTH.

HOW SILVER MAY BE RESTORED.

We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver, without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage; but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.—*National Democratic Platform of 1892.*

The American people from tradition and interest favor bimetalism, and the republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, without restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal.—*National Republican Platform of 1892.*

The money of the country should consist of gold, silver, and paper, and be issued by the general government only, and be of sufficient quantity to meet the demands of business and give full opportunity for the employment of labor.—*National Prohibition Platform of 1892.*

We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1.—*National Peoples' Party Platform of 1892.*

THE foregoing are literal extracts from the national platforms of every political party existing in the United States in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two. An overwhelming majority of the citizens of these states were then, and still are, loyal members of one or the other of the two great parties of the nation, extracts from the platforms of which are quoted above. Each of the platforms of these parties contained in substance as plainly as possible to express, a solemn pledge to those whose suffrages they sought :—

First: That if clothed with power to accomplish it, the party making the pledge would see that thereafter gold and silver should constitute the standard money of this country; and

Second: That either through international agreement, or

by such safeguards of legislation as should become necessary for that purpose, the parity of the metals when coined should be maintained.

Each of the platforms of the remaining parties declared unequivocally in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, but omitted the pledge of parity contained in the platforms of the greater parties.

Long before these platforms were adopted, silver, without the knowledge of substantially the entire mass of the American public,—without the knowledge even of great numbers of those who were in Congress responsible for the passage of the act by which it was accomplished,—had been demonetized, and the gold dollar had been declared by law to be our single unit of value.

In these declarations of the four political parties that then represented practically the American people, is found unanimous dissent to a single standard of either metal, and without exception, a unanimous demand that silver should upon some terms be restored to its original position in the financial system of the country. In four short years all this was changed.

By whom, and how?

History has already recorded the crime by which a nation's wish was thwarted, and fixed the responsibility where it belongs. Partisan prejudice may hide it temporarily from partisan eyes. The hope of partisan success may lure honorable men to its defense, but the naked truth of impartial history will repeat until the end of time, that in the world's greatest republic, between the years of 1892 and 1896, money, and money alone, stood between a free people and the accomplishment of the most important, the most vital, of all reforms. Must it also be said that the same influence has caused the two great parties to reverse every pledge they had made, and bound the people perpetually to a money standard they had openly and unanimously denounced but four short years before?

I pray not.

Why are reflections like these justified? Recall, if you please, the panic of 1893, with all its succeeding years of business depression, and count the wrecks of fortunes, the ruined business enterprises, scattered through every one of its weary months. Who produced it? Was a single toiler in all the country, wherever found, on land or sea, in shop, or field, or mine, responsible in the slightest degree for the whirlwind of misfortune that swept the land these years, and froze to ice the very channels of trade and business of every kind?

Not one; *no, not one.*

Who then? One class, and one alone — the men who deal in dollars. The men who would double their own fortunes by cutting in twain the fortunes of all beside. The men who would make money dear by limiting its quantity, and every other form of property and every kind of human labor cheap when measured by the dollars they would have.

How did they feed and fatten the panic as it grew?

Let the records of the national treasury answer first. Day in and out, in the darkest hours of these dismal years, a steady stream of United States Treasury notes were tendered at its counters for redemption; redemption with gold, and gold alone, until its coffers were emptied of that precious metal, and the government was driven to bond its credit to borrow back the gold it had just paid out, and when it had re-issued the notes it had just redeemed, they were gathered up again and returned to the treasury for another redemption with the gold just borrowed, until its vaults were drained once more, to be again replenished with borrowed gold and drained again, until two hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars in the nation's outstanding promises to pay, with interest to be added, represent the final achievements of the men who planned and executed this gigantic raid upon the nation's credit.

Who were they? again I ask.

Think you, my reader, that in all the nation one man can be found outside of those who deal in money, who aim to control its volume and fix its value, that were engaged in

these cruel onslaughts upon their country's credit? If yea, point him out who can.

And why, let me ask, did the men who deal in money organize and conduct these raids upon the national treasury?

The answer is plain. They had read the platforms of every political party in the nation. They knew that to keep the pledge of either was to restore silver to its rightful position of standard money in the financial system of the nation. They knew that this would double the volume of real or redemption money, provide an ample reserve for outstanding United States Treasury notes, and, in obedience to nature's law of supply and demand, diminish the purchasing power of all money, and correspondingly increase the market price of everything it measures. They hoped the consequences of the panic would be sufficiently disastrous to drive one or the other of the great parties away from the pledge it had made, and make it their ally in a contest they planned, to drive the greenback and treasury note from the circulating medium of the country, and fill their places with paper promises to pay. Which party should take the bribe they were ready to give was a matter of indifference to them. The tremendous power of the influence they could wield, as they believed, would secure to either the political spoils of the nation, and save to them, that which, in their eyes, was dearer than politics and honor combined, the dollar that would cost the toil of the millions the most to obtain, and in their hands possess the largest possible purchasing power. How well they planned is already a matter of recorded history.

But for fear that some may believe panics come of their own accord, and without any particular blame in this case to one class more than another, let us pursue its history a little farther.

Go to the business man who found himself compelled to appeal to a bank for a loan of money. There was not one in all the country, that did not have locked up in its vaults during each of the years of its continuance, a sum of idle money largely in excess of the amount it was in the habit of carry-

ing in normal times, and yet many, if not all of these, absolutely refused to loan a dollar, no matter what kind of security was proffered.

It is not necessary to say that all banks, or that banks alone, were engaged in this conspiracy to defeat the remonetization of silver as standard money, for such is not the truth; but the man who is unable to trace a direct connection between that panic and the unanimous declarations of the several platforms of the various political parties, and locate its origin and purpose in the great money centers of the country, is too blind to be safely entrusted with the privileges and responsibilities of the ballot.

I must be pardoned, however, for the expression of some disapproval of the action of my own party in 1896.

From the dawn of political parties in the nation, it had arrogated to itself the credit of being the loyal defender of a sound currency. In its latest public declaration on that subject, it had embodied a formal pledge of loyalty, not only to the fundamental principles of bimetallism, but an equally solemn one that it would, if successful, maintain the parity of the metals when coined.

When in its Chicago platform it declared in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed ratio with gold, without the slightest pledge or assurance that parity between the coins should be maintained, it departed materially and dangerously as it has proved, from the strict letter of all its promises theretofore made, and from all prior teachings of the most able and trusted of its leaders. It has always seemed to many people that the declaration upon that subject was the result of excitement, for which I am willing to concede there was much excuse in conditions that preceded it. Be that as it may, it is now to my mind an established fact that a majority of the people of this nation do not, and never will, endorse the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the fixed and unalterable ratio of sixteen to one with gold, or at any other ratio that is glaringly wide of the commercial ratio. This is not only established by the vote of 1896, but it has

been even more plainly emphasized in every election since held. It seems plain, therefore, that continued adherence to that particular ratio means certain defeat, and final sacrifice of the great principle for which all parties have so long contended, a principle to which the great mass of the democratic party, and thousands upon thousands of the republican party, and of the people's party, thank God, are as loyally devoted today as ever before.

From the day of the adoption of the Chicago platform the friends of bimetalism have been on the defensive. They have been confronted by one stubborn fact that they could not deny. In the great markets of the world, the owner of gold sufficient to make a gold dollar has been able to exchange it for silver enough to make nearly or quite two silver dollars. When coined, each of these silver dollars would be of the precise legal value as money, that the single gold dollar would possess, had it been coined, instead of exchanging the bullion required to make it, for silver sufficient to make the two.

Stating this undeniable truth in this way, our enemies have been able to ask, would any man carry his gold to the mints and have it coined into gold dollars, when he could exchange it in the world's markets for silver enough to make twice as many silver dollars as he could obtain by having his gold coined? And this question is followed by another equally difficult to answer; viz., Would any man possessed of gold coin use it as a circulating medium, if by exchanging it for silver bullion he could double his number of dollars in coins, the legal value of each of which will be precisely equal to the legal value of a dollar in gold?

I know most able and conscientious men have answered these questions by saying the demonetization of silver has depressed its market price and enhanced the purchasing power of gold; that its remonetization will increase its market price and decrease the purchasing power of gold, until the two meet at the ratio so long maintained in the financial systems of most of the nations of the world.

If demonetization by our government alone had caused the

decline in the market price of silver, or if remonetization by all the nations that joined with us in striking it down could be obtained, the answer would be reasonably sufficient. But neither of these hypotheses is true. It was not our act alone that depressed the price of silver; and other nations that helped accomplish this will not now join with us to restore it as standard money. It is impossible, therefore, to prove that remonetization by this nation alone would restore silver to its original market value the world over; and on this point the argument is not only against us, but what is more important, the deliberate judgment of a majority of the American people, repeatedly expressed at the polls, is also against us.

What is to be done? To me, the path of duty and the path of political wisdom are one and the same. Go back to the pledge of 1892. Repeat it in words that no man can misunderstand that no official who approves it before election will ever dare to disregard.

Insist upon the absolute equality of the money metals before the law. Point out, as far as practicable, the means by which parity of the same is to be maintained. Let no man shout in our faces again that we propose a dishonest dollar. Snatch from their lips the argument they have used to overcome us, and turn it against their own breastworks. Tender them a one-hundred-cent dollar, and denounce the dollar they would make worth twice as many cents. Go to the producers of wealth, the toilers of the land, and tell them the plain truth, that it is the friends of silver that propose an honest dollar by restoring to our coinage *both* the dollars of the constitution—the dollars of their fathers—so guarded by law that each, at all times and under all circumstances, shall be the exact equal of the other. Brand the single standard dollar of gold, with its pinched and shrunken volume, as it deserves, a device of avarice inspired by greed to enslave the poor for the benefit of the rich.

If men ask how parity of the metals is to be maintained under present conditions in the world's markets, tell them it can certainly be done by making every dollar in coin or paper,

heretofore or hereafter issued by the government, whether in or out of the treasury, unlimited and unqualified legal tender, *redeemable on demand in gold or silver bullion, at market price in the wide world's markets, or in coin of each of the money metals in equal parts, if coin is preferred*; the currency so redeemed to be reissued as the needs of the treasury require; making it the duty also of the Treasurer to purchase from day to day, in the open market, a quantity of bullion equal to that paid out for redemption purposes.

If they ask how the bullion for such a purpose is to be obtained, tell them what is true, that in the treasury of the United States today there is a quantity of absolutely idle gold and silver that has been hoarded there for years, vastly more than sufficient to provide for a permanent reserve for the redemption of every dollar of existing national currency, coin and paper alike — a reserve that can, without expense to the government, be set aside for the redemption of this currency, and never become depleted, if the Treasurer will buy and cover into the Treasury each day the exact amount withdrawn from such reserve. All future issues of national currency, coin and paper alike, may be provided for by simply exchanging it for all the bullion of either metal offered at the treasury at market price, the currency so paid out for bullion being redeemable on demand in bullion of either metal at like price on the day of redemption, the same to be reissued to meet the needs of the treasury.

Under such a system, the result would be that behind every dollar of currency so issued there would be stored in the treasury its full face value in bullion, at market price of one or the other of the money metals, a reserve that could not be depleted; for, as fast as withdrawn, the currency redeemed would purchase, in any of the world's markets, the precise quantity required for its redemption, and it would also follow that whenever the necessities of the government required more money than its treasury contained, it would have an ample reserve that would justify an increase of its treasury notes to at least four times the market value of all bullion received in exchange for currency so issued.

Others may be able to suggest a still better way for maintaining the parity of the metals and the equal value of all currency ; but this I know is one way it can be done without expense to the government, or injury to a human being.

I realize, however, that no human power can make a silver dollar so sound that the money-changers of this or any other country will consent to have it take its place upon terms of exact equality with gold. It is far from being the quality of the currency that disturbs their sensitive nerves : to them the quantity is of vastly greater importance. Limit the volume of standard money to the circumference of the money-mongers' desires, and if made of chaff it would be satisfactory to them. Today they are clamoring for an "elastic" currency. Elastic, that is, in their hands — to be contracted and expanded to meet their interests, to satisfy their greed ; but rigid as a rock in the hands of the masses.

Is this nation asleep ? Are party ties so strong that its very heart strings must be torn asunder and its life blood drained from its veins, before it can realize what is being done ? I will not believe it.

Friends of silver, you can win this fight if you will. You can win it on any platform that, carried into effect, would be absolutely certain to secure to the people of this nation, in theory and practice alike, the equal, concurrent, and unlimited use of both gold and silver as standard, or redemption money. If you hope to win your cause, you cannot tie it to a ratio that more than one-half the people of this nation believe would result in the total exclusion of gold from our financial system.

Will you abandon a shadow, and fight for the substance of this great issue ? You, and you alone, must answer.

HORACE BOIES.

Waterloo, Iowa.

MUNICIPAL EXPANSION.

IT seems to me that the promise of municipal expansion just now is in the direction of common ownership of public utilities, and of home rule. Even the most superficial thinkers freely admit that "something is wrong." In all our cities too many men, and women too, are "up against" a stone wall; they have reached a point where they can go no further. Their labor, which is the only thing they have to sell, is a drug on the market, which none will buy. They must buy the necessities of life from a monopolized market. As they cannot sell their labor, and their chattels are in the possession of the pawnbroker and the mortgage-loan shark, they are face to face with the fact that their liberty is a mockery; it is not even the liberty to beg, for that is a crime; it is only liberty to exist on a crust, if it can be found, and to live the life of a dog.

Municipal ownership will gradually give these disinherited millions a larger share in the commonwealth. The shorter work-day that is generally observed by the municipalities will divide the work among a larger number of persons; the referendum and home rule will lead people, now indifferent to the suffrage, to see that they actually do have a share in making the government that rules them. More than one-quarter of all the voters in this city (over seven thousand) failed to register last fall, thus voluntarily disfranchising themselves. Why? Because the "sacred right of franchise" is sacred only in name. Men are coming to realize that the right to work is more sacred than the right to vote, is indeed anterior to every other right.

Municipal ownership will lead to public ownership of all public utilities, and public ownership will lead to common ownership, which in turn will lead us to see our common origin and our common right to the natural resources of the earth. In short, municipal ownership and home rule will lead us to see

that private ownership of public utilities is a house divided against itself; that that city is not truly rich that has a single pauper within its limits. It will teach us that we can only be truly patriotic when we study the welfare of all. It will teach us that if there is a single man within the limits of our city, denied the right to work and to enjoy the fruit of his toil in bringing out the best manhood and citizenship that is in him, every man and woman who is enjoying reasonable comfort is morally guilty of the injustice done to the man denied the right to work. It will teach the meaning of the word OUR; and not until we fully comprehend that our country, our state, our city, includes *every* soul within those political boundaries, can we properly appreciate *our* responsibility. If we are truly patriotic and love these "OURS" that I have mentioned, we will never be content until the most unfortunate babe within their limits shall have an equal chance to bring out the best possibilities of its nature, with the babe born in the most favored spot of this fair land of ours.

The people believe in this kind of doctrine; it is the doctrine of *Fair Play*. Municipal ownership and home rule lie in the direction of fair play, and in this direction we are making progress. In this way the people will regain their lost liberties.

SAM. JONES.

Toledo, Ohio.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

All hail! majestic form, thy shuttled weft,
 Across the warp of Time was dauntless flung;
 Of cosmic hues its web the sky bereft,
 And on its threads the swinging Planets hung.
 Mighty thy days, but grander still by far
 The days to be — built on the days that are!

RICHARD J. HINTON.

Brooklyn.

DRAINING A POLITICAL SWAMP.

NOT more than thirty years ago, the land upon which the city of Toledo, Ohio, now stands, was a barren swamp, reeking with the clammy sweat of moldering vegetation, and poisonous with the germs of malarial disease. Chills and fever smote all who were rash enough to tarry long on its damp acres. Railway men refused to work in so desolate and unhealthy a spot. It was regarded as a death-farm by all who knew it.

The sluggish Maumee river, which here lazily unburdens itself into the lake, seemed to travelers to be a veritable Styx, across which some Yankee Charon ferried unsuspecting emigrants. The scum upon this torpid river was, in mid-summer, frequently an inch in thickness; and a sullen fog hovered over its banks always.

For thousands of years this Toledo swamp had lain undisturbed. The Mound-Builders had left it alone. The Indians had left it alone. The pioneers said it always was, and always would be, a swamp. "What else," said they, "could you expect of a swamp? It was swamp-nature to be damp, and unhealthy, and poisonous, and it could not be otherwise." Nation after nation in Europe rose to empire and tumbled to oblivion. Barbarisms bloomed into civilizations, and rotted into barbarisms once more; but the croaking frogs of the Maumee swamp still reigned unmolested in their dismal domain.

However, even an ancient and highly respectable swamp cannot long survive the persistent attacks of energetic American settlers. Steadily the work of improvement continued, until it was fairly gridironed with sewers and drains. Soon it was streaked with paths, which gradually widened into roads, and finally hardened into paved streets, with tall brick and stone buildings on either side. Every year a new defeat was recorded against the frogs, and a new triumph in fa-

vor of the men. The land was dried by the sun and cleansed by the wind, until the fog disappeared like a snow-drift in April. The swamp had "had its day and ceased to be,"—swamps to the rear and cities to the front. The death-rate rapidly decreased, until today the statistics of mortality declare Toledo to be actually the healthiest city in the Union.

Such was the physical regeneration of Toledo,—from a malarial swamp to a city of healthy families. This work of drainage and reclamation is almost finished, but there is another very similar task which has lately begun in that city,—the conquest of the swamp of machine politics. The recent reelection of Mayor Samuel M. Jones, in Toledo, marks a new epoch in the political history of American cities. The swamp of bossism and corruption is at last being drained, and the solid ground of honest and popular administration is being regained.

The mayoralty contest in Toledo has been in many respects unique and notable. It has not been a class-conscious struggle between wage-earners and employers, for Mayor Jones is an employer of labor and a fairly wealthy man. Bankers, mechanics, manufacturers, and laborers stood side by side in the ward meetings, and cheered the humanitarian sentiments of the popular Mayor.

The cleavage at the late election was not according to any standard of wealth or social standing, but rather a question of good or bad citizenship. On the one side were those who believed in the uplifting of politics to the plane of morals; and on the other were those who believed politics and morals to be incompatible. On the one side were the champions of the principle of the public ownership of public franchises; and on the other were the partisans, the badge-wearers, the devotees of shibboleths, and the vassals of corporations. It was in no respect a contest between parties. The levees of party politics were overwhelmed and swept away by the flood of enthusiasm for the Golden Rule Mayor and his ideas. Republicans, democrats, populists, and socialists forgot their parties, and voted as men and as citizens. It was a revolt of men's better

nature against their prejudices and partisan obstinacy. It was an enthusiasm for a man, but it was because the man embodied a high ideal of citizenship and manhood. The sentiment at the crowded Jones meetings was not devotion to party, but independent action for the public welfare. Most of the meetings were educational, rather than political. A gentleman at one of them remarked to a friend,— “This seems more like a University Extension lecture than a political rally.”

The themes discussed by Mr. Jones were such as these,— “The Right to Work,” “Abolition of the Contract System,” “Public Ownership of Public Utilities,” “The Golden Rule as Against the Rule of Gold,” and “The Brotherhood of Man.”

The following verses, with which he frequently concluded his remarks, reveals the spirit of his addresses :—

“We know that by-and-by,
A brighter day shall come,
When hate and strife shall die
And each man owns his home.

“When mine and thine are ours,
And every law is good ;
When all are pure as flowers,
In one grand Brotherhood.”

A song, written by himself, was sung at almost every ward meeting, and strains of it can be heard every day in the streets and factories. Here is a sample verse and chorus :—

“Sing aloud the tidings that the race will yet be free,
Man to man the wide world o'er will surely brothers be ;
Right to work, the right to live, let every one agree,
God freely gives to the people.

CHORUS.

“Hurrah, hurrah, the truth shall make us free !
Hurrah, hurrah, for dear humanity !
Right to work let all proclaim till men united be,
In God's free gift to the people.”

It was indeed worth going far to see, to witness the ardor with which this song was sung by rough crowds of factory workers, and to note the light of a high affection in their eyes as they listened to the words of their trusted spokesman, and leader. Politics was elevated to the level of fraternity. In all his addresses the Mayor made no personal attacks upon his political opponents, except on two or three occasions when he made vigorous replies to the mis-statements of the daily papers. "We will make the old-fashioned machine politics as scarce in Toledo as snakes in Ireland," he said.

His steadfast endeavor is to make Toledo a *home* for its citizens, not a mere lodging-house and workshop. Politics is not to him a matter of taxes and jobs. No icy officialism ever freezes up sympathy in his office. He views the affairs of the city on the same plane with the affairs of his own family. To his mind, Toledo is not an aggregation of money-getters and taxpayers, but a community of men and women who are husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, parents, and friends, as well as workers and financiers.

While Mr. Jones is a clear-sighted business man, he realizes intensely that all industry is, after all, only the means to an end, and that the main purposes of life are happiness, helpfulness, and intellectual development. To the cynic, the miser, and the misanthropist, he may doubtless seem a foolish dreamer ; but to every right-hearted, optimistic citizen, he is the right man in the right place.

He is certainly not one of those who believe that an immoral civilization excuses the immorality of the individuals who compose it. He keenly feels his share of our social guilt, and realizes his responsibility to those who have been less fortunate than he. Honors have not starched him, and power has not petrified his heart. He has the hard business shrewdness of a financier, and yet retains the artlessness of a little child.

Such is the man who has been chosen by the voters of Toledo to drain their political swamp. Whether the frogs and the fever-germs will prove too much for him remains to

be seen, but he will certainly receive a hearty God-speed from all who are sanguine enough to hope that politics may some day be disinfected from corruption, and that government may gradually develop into the science of human brotherhood.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

Toledo, Ohio.

MENTAL HEALING.

PEOPLE unfamiliar with the subject of mental healing and the process of giving treatment, often ask the question, What is it you treat? Is it the mind or the body? This paper is intended to give some information as to the *modus operandi*.

The mental healer treats neither the body nor the soul. He treats the mind of man. One might inquire at this point as to the difference between mind and soul. I do not refer to the mind as being in any way separate or distinct from the soul, but rather as an outgrowth of it, necessary to relate man to the world about him. With our minds we think, reason, and form judgment. But our every thought contains within itself a mental picture. This picture, in turn, has its correspondence in the world without, so that that faculty of mind which images, pictures only outer things and conditions.

Man may be said to be dual in his nature; that is, he has both an inner and an outer nature. Through this outer nature, and by it, he becomes related to all external things. In other words, he lives in two worlds: the world of form or effect, on one hand, and the world of force or cause, on the other. His highest state of mental activity finds its expression in the outer world where, with the use of the faculty of concentration, he focuses his mind upon the things he considers necessary for his welfare in the world about him. He has another faculty that opens to him the gateway of the inner world; we speak of it as meditation. Meditation is that

highest form of prayer whereby one passes from the outer consciousness of life, where thought is no longer active — where mental activities cease — to a state of conscious feeling where blissful rest and repose pervade the being to such a degree that even the consciousness of personality disappears. In this condition man draws from the Fountain of Life. He becomes one with the Source of all life. This inner world is the world of power, or of force, and everything man has, in reality, is drawn from it. Here he is quickened, renewed, strengthened. And while he gets no thought-pictures in that inner consciousness of life, yet he gets that which serves to give color and tone to every thought he thinks: so that when entering again into the world of thought and form, the old seems to be transfigured with brightness, and there is unity such as is unknown to one not consciously related to this inner world of force or being. He now finds it easier to accomplish whatever he desires; because of this renewed strength and vigor, he can do things easily, quickly, and well.

So, if people would be well and strong, if they would be joyous and happy, they must come into a more realizing sense of this inner world, consciously gaining strength and power there, so that they may use it aright in the world about them. If one loses sight of, or has never attained to, a conscious recognition of the inner world, caring solely for the things of the outer, looking at those things as being separate and distinct, looking at life in a personal way, so that the self becomes separate and distinct from all other selves, then the thought of self-preservation becomes the first thought and object of life, and the consideration for the good of others is lost sight of. Everything without becomes more or less chaotic. To one looking at life from this point of view, people seem either good or bad, as one is affected by them favorably or unfavorably. All sight of the unity, or true relation of things, passes away, and the struggle for physical existence becomes the all-important one. The mind thus becoming filled with distorted views of life, and the emotions being acted upon first by one thing and then by another, the things that seem to bring

injury, produce the mental states of anger, malice, envy, hate, avarice, anxiety, and a multiplicity of other things kindred to them. These false images of life, in proportion to the hold they take on the mind, begin to affect the body in an injurious way. Without doubt they produce chemical poisons in the system — that is, the poison is created in this way. The different elements in the body are all good in their true relation to one another: essentially there is nothing poisonous; but wrong thought-pictures of life cause new chemical combinations where the different elements, instead of being related as they should be, become wrongly related, producing chemical poison that tends to bring about a diseased state of the body of man. Every faculty man uses is good; every organ of the body is a good and necessary organ. Man creates all the disturbances of mind or body through that freedom of mind which allows him to construct false images around thought-pictures of life, and these entering into the mind serve to perfect and strengthen it. There are also false imaginations coming through the mind's being wrongly related to its environment, which are the cause of both mental and physical suffering. When once the mind becomes poisoned, it is only a question of time before a corresponding effect will be found in the body, the physical organism constantly reflecting the varying states of mental activity whatever they may be. So, in the giving of mental treatments it is with this faculty of mind we have to deal first. The wrong thought-pictures must be replaced by true ideals of life. The false conditions must be overcome by the true ones. The healthy mind must precede the healthy body.

The true mental healer never seeks to control another to the extent of compelling him to do anything contrary to his desires, recognizing that perfect freedom is all-essential to the perfect development of life. In giving treatment, the object is not to give something that the patient has not, but rather to throw light on the way of life, that the forces and powers latent in the patient may be called into a living existence, and thus the patient may be said to work out his own salva-

tion, using both inner and outer faculties in such a way as to truly relate him to the world of force within and to the world of form without. Treatment is to bring about a recognition of the inner force-world so that one may draw at will from the Fountain of Life. The true mental healer never uses any process of denial of matter, of disease or pain, recognizing the existence of sin, sickness, and pain, but knowing that such existence is only a temporary one, a passing phase of life, and that when man understands his true relationship to God, to his fellow man, and to the world about him, these varying conditions are overcome by the good of life, and pass away before the coming of the light. "Denials" are unnecessary in the giving of treatment, whether used by the healer to affect patients or for self-healing. They only succeed in exerting a hypnotic effect whereby the patient or person becomes deceived and not renewed or strengthened. In a sense, they serve to perpetuate the very things that are denied away: because, before there can be a denial of anything, that thing of necessity becomes pictured in the person's mind, and the denial recalls and perpetuates false pictures in mind. The true mental healer, then, in the giving of his treatments only recognizes diseased states of body as corresponding to false mental states; and instead of denying away either the physical or mental conditions, sets himself to the affirming of certain truths which contradict the unreal mental states. He affirms that wholeness of mind is a natural condition; that man can draw all the life and health and strength necessary for his well-being from an unfailing source; and that he has the power within himself to become so related to that source that weakness and disease can have no power over him. Every thought given out would be of the affirmative order wherein all the real true things of life would find expression in thought-pictures in the mind of the healer, sooner or later becoming transferred to the mind of the patient.

First of all, the healer seeks to realize his own oneness, or the unity that exists between his mind and soul and the Universal Soul. He cultivates a desire for greater love, for greater faith

and hope; he knows that something other than thought pictures, even of things good and true, is required; that there are states of feeling which are just as essential—yes, more essential—than anything that he may be able to picture in mind. He seeks for that fulness of life which means both thought and feeling, and through the realization of this, himself, is thus able to impart knowledge to others. He becomes sympathetically related to his patients, and calls out in them that which he has given expression to himself. “Deep calls unto deep.” The highest and noblest qualities of his nature become, in a sense, related to the corresponding qualities in another, so that the qualities that have been latent are stirred into a vital, living existence. The mind is renewed, the body is quickened and strengthened, and the mental discord and unrest vanish; and the thrill of new impulses—the dawning of the new life—has come, so that one is virtually transformed. This is what the apostle Paul meant when he said that it was a reasonable service to present our bodies holy (or whole) unto God, or rather unto that higher God-part of our own nature that ever resents the imperfect or the discordant. And this is done through the renewing of the mind by entering into the highest realization or the inner consciousness of life.

Mental healing differs, then, from other systems wherein the practise of the denial of matter, sin, sickness, or disease, exists. It differs from treatment that *wills* a patient to be well, or in any way forces something upon the acceptance of another mind; and while suggestion is used, it is not used in a compulsory sense, and has nothing of the hypnotic order about it. It practises neither self-deception with healer, nor deception with patient.

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THE GENESIS OF ACTION.

ONE persistent conclusion has characterized our inquiry throughout the present series of discussions.* The central fact of human life is the existence, the meaning and nature of individual action. At the outset, we found the entire social organism carried forward by the desire for freedom. The essence of the New Thought was traced to its endeavor to change our personal attitude toward life, so that the thought-forces which once caused our misery may become agents of happiness and health. The clue to the philosophical interpretation of the universe we found, not in the mere existence of force, law, evolution, and the Reality behind them; but in man's relationships, adjustments, reactions, his general attitude toward the forces that play upon him. We rejected all doctrines which neglect the possibilities of finite action, and insisted upon the ultimate worth of the moral law. We still found it possible to believe in the harmony and goodness of the universe, since finite action cannot defeat the creative plan; but found in man such possibilities of discordant reaction, that all experience, however positive, is colored by human emotion and ignorance; harmony becomes such for man only when he understands and coöperates with it. We did not discredit the spiritual life, nor doubt the reality and beauty of the mystic experience. We found as sure a place as ever for the ideal, for belief in the active presence of God. But we were compelled to confess at last that all these experiences differ with each individual, that what we mean by the absolute ideal is our own imperfect thought, and what we mean by "the Absolute," is so much of God as the finite or relative can grasp. Thus one abstraction after another was discarded, until the residuum proved to be just this present, real, concrete, human world of finite aspiration and struggle. The only real God is the God of our imperfect

* Begun in *The Arena* for December, 1898.

evolution; the only harmony, an achieving harmony; the only Absolute, the God which shall become such when all humanity is perfected.

Our next inquiry is the more detailed investigation of the nature of activity, its relation to thought and to the body. I undertake this inquiry, however, well knowing that the subject involves many mysteries, and with the hope of attaining only partially satisfactory results.

Two classes of philosophers have laid violent hands upon the property of finite activity, and assumed priority of possession. The one has described the universe in terms of physical substance and force, and deemed mind a sort of flame or ghost-like accompaniment of material action. The other has insisted that it is an affair of thought, while some have assumed that even the qualities of matter exist because of the characteristics which the mind gives them. It requires little reflection, however, to prove that both are partly right, and both partly wrong.

The eating away of a piece of marble by sulphuric acid has very little reference to man's thought about it, and although the result produced by food and drugs is partly dependent on his physical and mental organisms, every material substance also possesses an independent quality of its own. On the other hand, we have noted a vast difference between static and dynamic thought, between mere thought and thought in action. Floods of ideas stream through consciousness and leave only the faintest trace behind them, but when a thought appears which the mind selects as the guide to action, a marked change occurs. In fact, the activity of which we are conscious must be classified under at least three distinct heads :—

(1) It is largely physical and is not participated in by the mind, like the consuming power of an acid, whose activity the mind merely observes.

(2) It is almost wholly mental, with at best only a recording molecular, or brain response, such as an abstract reasoning process, which has no bearing upon conduct.

(3) It is voluntary, the quickened activity resulting from the pressure from within, the dynamic mental state which we term the sense of effort; when, for example, one arouses from reverie to hasten to the relief of a person in danger, setting the entire physical machine in motion by a single thought.

An ideal, a fear, the belief in disease, or a good intention *may* eventuate in action; but it is an unpardonable confusion of ideas to neglect these distinctions. Fortunate, indeed, is it that so many of our fears, hasty thoughts, and sentiments of jealousy, revenge, and madness, perish before they become objects of action. On the other hand, the central problem of the reformer is, how to persuade man to act, how to induce him to take the step from knowing to doing. The theory that all disease is wrong thinking, and all cure right thinking, is as inadequate as is the idea that it is merely an affair of germs. *Disease is disturbed action*, and only by taking account of activity in all its phases may we hope to eliminate disease from humanity. To maintain a mere process of thinking about it, of abstract affirmation or "claiming" health and perfection, is as absurd as to assert that one is walking on the street, when one is simply sitting by the window wishing one were there. All this may be a help, and temporary change may result from such a process, but not a cure. There is a vast difference between mental treatment which brings temporary relief through therapeutic suggestion, and the cure which results from *understanding*. There is an incalculable difference between merely wishing, affirming, calling up mental pictures of what must be done to reach the street, and actually *starting* to walk there. All the assertions and claims in the world will not take the place of action; all the statements of idealists that were ever made, have failed to prove that thinking and doing are one.

Thought becomes deed only when a certain amount of resistance is overcome.* The kind of thinking in which

* It is important, however, to remember that the tendency of *all* ideas is to eventuate in action. "Beliefs are rules for action." In his "Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals,"

the majority of people indulge, is a progress down the stream of least resistance. But the real work of the world has been done by those who dared to stem the stream, to break through the banks of habit and the dikes of conservatism, and build a new channel. This concentration of thought upon the well-worn channels of the brain is one of the starting-points in the transition from mere thought, through dynamic-thought or volition, to physical change. Every time one acquires a new trade or a new habit of thinking, this cerebral resistance must be overcome. The brain must first be taught to respond. Then woe be to the one who permits himself to become the creature of his new habit.

Half the labor of healing a chronic invalid is the persistent persuasion required to induce the patient to make an effort for himself. This triumphant personal effort is the real cure, and no one can perform the task for another. Why? Because life is individual; it is only that for which we pay the price of strenuous effort that is of any great value. Here is the one point on which to concentrate, namely, to lay aside forever as abortive, the idea that somehow law is to be set aside for us, that we are superior to any one else, that all we need and desire will joyfully gravitate to us. On the plane of effort all men are absolutely equal, and in reality, so far as character is concerned, not a man has advanced a step further than his own efforts have carried him. We may seem to advance. We may apparently be saved by accepting some religious creed, or be healed by taking medicine or repeating the formulas of an abstract mental healer. But the real malady is subjective, and the soul must first understand its own troubles before it can be free from them.

We win our strength by encountering obstructions and mastering them. It is work that tells. Character itself, as defined by Huxley, is "a sum of tendencies to act in a certain

Professor James shows that there is no kind of consciousness which does not directly tend to discharge into some motor effect. The active result occurs when the opposing ideas are out of the way.

way." A strong character is one that possesses a strong will, or that persistent power of attention which holds to a certain object until it has been actualized. The unselfish character is one which, instead of pushing itself personally forward, compelling things to give way, transmutes this tremendous power into love, the love that considers and is patient. "The law of love," says David Starr Jordan, "is not the abrogation of the law of struggle: it represents a better way to fight." All that we obtain comes to us when we seek it, when we willingly encounter the conditions through which we must strive toward it. One may well encounter such obstacles thankfully, not because they are "sent" and must be accepted with religious resignation, but because they may be overcome. Peace itself is the reward of strife; repose is won by work, not by wishing, and the highest ideal of activity, the poised, wise activity of the spirit, is to be realized only by separately mastering each of our forces, until all shall be controlled from a calm inner center.

The starting-point in all reform, in all healing, in all religious growth, of any permanent value, is individual understanding. Mere belief or external religion, the manipulation of effects, is largely waste of force; it is of value only so far as one learns its utter superficiality and, by contrast, the need of individual effort. I must think and know for myself. To do this I must become free, self-reliant, and self-dependent. Man recognizes external authority; he bows to power and deems organizations of primary importance only in the childhood of the race. The real seat of authority is within, and a man must become a free individual before he can found a free society.

Implied in the understanding which must underlie wise individual action is self-control, or the ability to inhibit impulse, seize upon and redirect our forces. Before a man can act wisely he must know how to act. It is not enough to be creatures of impulse, like the majority of men. It is not enough to formulate some sort of excuse for impulse, such as the survival of the fittest, or "all is good." A man must

sound his nature to its depths and become truly ethical, not merely in thought, but in conduct. Even love must be discrete, wise; and surely a man should master his passions and his appetites if he expects to perfect his conduct.

What, then, is the state of mind that leads to action, what is an act of the volitional type? The physiological psychologist reduces the sense of effort to a muscular sense. But why is it that one out of a thousand ideas leaves the stream of subjective least resistance and breaks out through the objective walls to be realized in a physical deed? In the case of the person in danger, to whose assistance one hurries from the calmer world of reverie, it is of course a prompting of the heart. Yet the prompting is not of itself sufficiently dynamic. Considered by itself, it is only an ideal or mental picture. Another equally strong idea may arise, namely, to wait and let some one else be the good Samaritan. Or, one may fear that one's own life will be endangered by rushing to the rescue. Accordingly, one must choose, and choose quickly. It is surprising what a number of factors play a part in an apparently instantaneous decision. When the mind finally decides, it leans toward one of the alternatives. It issues an unthinkably rapid fiat: Let this be done, and, if ethical, the decision may call for victory over the greatest amount of resistance offered by any of the alternatives.

Each of the many separate actions necessary to the realization of the chosen act has, of course, been learned by past mental effort, or volition; such, for instance, as balancing the body, walking, descending the stairs, running. All these activities are set in motion by instantaneous processes, only because the body has been trained to do many acts at once. The body is relatively an inert mass to be moved, and the great miracle is that we can move it at all. We are present somewhere within its depths, whence we can seize it at greatest advantage, an advantage to be gained in its fullest sense, however, only by minutest knowledge of its interior structure and the laws which govern it as an organism. But that the mind can triumph over a great amount of inertia, is shown by

the ability to conquer fatigue when we are so tired that we can "hardly drag" the body along. The possibilities in the realm of effort have yet to be sounded.

The chief difficulty in the endeavor to trace these possibilities is the obscurity which still conceals the relation between mind and motion, or thought and the body. Consciousness is itself in constant activity or change, but in its higher aspects is essentially awareness of, or thought about change, rather than change itself,—for example, the observation of acid consuming a block of marble. The mind is in that case aware of an activity which it cannot stop, but which it can speculate about even after it has ceased. Activity and consciousness are conceivably co-incident with the genesis of life itself. It is not that we exist because we are conscious, but that we are conscious because we exist;* not that we exist because we act, but that we act because we are. The statement that we know by experience means that we know through both action and thought. Our universe is both a live universe and a conscious universe, and we cannot penetrate beyond these fundamental characteristics. It is not wholly true that "as a man thinketh so is he," but also as we act so we are. "Conduct is three fourths of life," says Matthew Arnold. We can far more readily undo the effects of thought than the consequences of action. It is conceivable that God himself contemplates varying possibilities, but that one of them becomes this world-experience of ours when he issues the creative fiat, when he acts, and thereby makes it real.

Activity may for a time lie outside of consciousness, and come to consciousness later. All activity is conceivably teleological; that is, it is directed by consciousness toward a chosen end. But it may then become chiefly subconscious, involuntary, mechanical, so that the mind observes its play upon consciousness with all the zest that novelty brings. Activity is ultimate in some form, I repeat, else were the universe dead. For even if all external or physical energy should become quiescent, if all active thinking should appar-

* See the February Arena, page 166.

ently cease, and should start again, activity in some form must have persisted to set the great machinery once more in motion. Absolute rest is as truly inconceivable as absolute cessation of consciousness. The terms consciousness and activity therefore include what we mean by the eternal life and cognition of God.

Activity also implies succession, change. It is real only in the time-sequence sense ;* whereas, thought may function independently of past, present, and future. Activity is the ultimate energy of the universe in exercise ; while thought plays round about it and delights in its motion. Activity implies causation, and on the physical side is bound by its antecedents and environment ; thought exists in the world of freedom, and upsets all sequences in its far searchings.

"A living being is, at the very least, a center of sensation and reaction," says Professor Seth.† We are not merely bound by activity, we are made free by will. "Whatever determines attention, determines action," says the new psychology, but attention may be determined from within ; it is not limited alone by the physical movements that play upon our organisms. "If a thing carries out its own nature, we call the thing active," says Bradley ; but its own nature may involve a wide field of freedom. The theosophist assures us that the character of a man is the product of his karma, or his past actions ; but it does not tell us how and where karma began ‡ ; as we could not originate through karma, there must be a self that acts. Thus all inquiries tend to confirm our belief both in cause and effect, thought and act ; self and its conscious world of feeling, thought and volition.

-We do not know either pure thought or pure act, because we cannot become other than self to observe these most intimate emanations of selfhood. "Volition," says Professor Seth,§ "is the action of the subject, and, as such, it cannot be

* See Bradley, "Appearance and Reality," chapter VII.

† See "Man's Place in the Cosmos," chapter III.

‡ See an able discussion by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld beginning in "The Exodus," February, 1899.

§ "Man's Place in the Cosmos," page 113.

phenomenalized. . . . To ask to know the will as a presentation is to ask to know it, *as it is not*." The feeling of effort is a direct cognition; the power to originate it is original, ultimate. It would obviously be impossible to discover whether the subjective aspect of consciousness exactly corresponds to, is limited by, or conditions the brain process, unless we could examine each series separately, then compare them.

On the hypothesis that the brain cells are partly psychic, we have at least a plausible theory of bridging the chasm between thought and deed. For the activity of the cell would then be voluntary, and the will of man might through this means regain control over subconscious cells which had once been voluntarily directed. According to this hypothesis, the process of self-control is chiefly that of inducing each individual member of the cellular republic to function for the good of the centrally directed whole—a sort of cellular trust, the economy of harmonious combination.

On the inner side an act is first a general thought process, interested attention, love, or desire, then a motor image. This mental picture becomes the guide to certain actions because of its association with the habits as they were acquired, or its direction of certain cells. I am conscious first of a desire, of something I wish to do. Then of the necessary process by which to realize it, or try to realize it. With the impetus in this chosen direction, or the seizure of a given motor image, a plan of action, it is conceivable that this synthetic motor picture is impressed or stamped upon the psychic substance or mental aspect of the cells, in the proper region of the brain, and that the definite outline or impression of the picture which thus takes shape in the responsive psychic substance is in turn impressed upon, or gives shape to the nerve substance, the radiant matter of the physical cell, causing cell discharge, the change of power from a state of tension to a state of activity. But our conscious control ends with the idea or motor picture; we are not aware of the cell discharge. "It is a general principle of psychology," says Professor James,* "that consciousness deserts

* "Psychology," II., pp. 496, 497, 567.

all processes where it can no longer be of use." According to this "principle of parsimony in consciousness, the motor discharge *ought* to be devoid of sentience. . . . The terminus of the psychological process is volition, the point to which the will is directly applied is always the idea."

All attempts to supply the connection between volition and physical act, are, therefore, hypothetical; we cannot slacken the process and observe the actual effect of the motor image. We find ourselves acting before we learn to act voluntarily.* We know that we can exert ourselves long before we try to discover what the sense of effort is. The amoeba did not have to experiment to discover that it could act. Even on the supposition that atoms are partly or wholly psychic, activity must have been present prior to any subjective attempt to act, anterior to volition. On this hypothesis there is still a mysterious transition from psychosis to physical movement, and the problem remains, How have we brought about this great centralization of psycho-physical individuals, how does each individual economically combine the two aspects? Let us, therefore, try to carry our analysis a stage further.

One of the first scholars to propose a theory of the interchange between mind and matter was John Bovee Dods, † whose lectures on "Electrical Psychology" attracted widespread attention in this country half a century ago. According to this theory, electricity is the creative agent of God, the ultimate energy out of which all chemical and physical forces and substances have been evolved, and by which all planetary and stellar relationships are sustained. The will of God gives direction to electricity, sets up motion, whereupon all development proceeds; and all life is maintained by the involuntary or subconscious results of the creative fiat or divine volition. By a similar process, the mind or will of man commands and uses the body through the gradual transmission from will, or mental energy, electric action, nerve vibration, and muscular contraction, to movement. *All action*

* See James, "Psychology," II., 487.

† "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology"; New York, S. R. Wells, 1870.

is fundamentally mental, and electricity is the agent of transfer. God does not act directly upon the physical world, but there is a gradation or transition from spirit to matter, electricity being the connecting link. The human mind does not act directly upon the body, nor does the body immediately affect the mind. The nerve current is electrical and is capable both of setting up nerve vibration on the one side, and a thought process on the other. Thus are all sensations conveyed, and here in this intermediary world all diseases or disturbances originate and are cured. Thought can call energy out of this all-containing inter-world, and through its concentration can control the voluntary functions of the body.

That there is such a gradation of forces is evident from all our knowledge of nature. Nature does not leap, but gradually passes from stage to stage by almost imperceptible degrees. One cannot draw abrupt lines between the colors of the spectrum, because there is infinite blending and shading. Distinct colors can be distinguished without discovering all the shades that unite them. We have seen that in the same way, one may, by persistent introspection, discover certain definite stages in the psycho-physical process, although the intermediary stages, from sensation to perception, and from perception to thought, utterly elude the subtlest analyses.

As an evidence that electricity is at least one of the intermediary forms of energy and is closely allied to spirit, the fact may be noted that some spiritual healers are conscious of an electric current resulting from the process known as silent or mental treatment. This current may sometimes be combed from the hair with a "snap."

The theory of Dr. P. P. Quimby, the originator of mental healing in this country, carries the intermediary process a stage further. In his terminology the intermediary substance is "spiritual matter,"* which partakes of the qualities of both spirit and matter. Thought-images, fears, and suggestions

* This interpretation of Dr. Quimby's theory is based upon a study of his unpublished MSS. of 1859-1865.

are impressed on this very responsive substance, and result not only in processes of subconscious thought, but in bodily change. The description of the symptoms of disease has power over the nervous, anxious mind, and is transmitted to the ever-ready spiritual matter, or subconscious activity. Ideas or suggestions grow like seeds in a fertile soil — *if the mind believes them*. To cure a patient by the mental process, one must first change the mind, both consciously and subconsciously, or, in other words, change the spiritual matter through a wiser process of thought; then the body will respond.

Following the clue given by Dr. Quimby, some of his patients and those who have had access to his manuscripts, have advanced a stage farther still. In order to state the facts in intelligible terms, let us suppose that Mr. Dods's proposition is true, namely, that all action is fundamentally mental. We then have upon our hands a universe of motion directed by mind: co-eternal thought and activity. Or, in other terms, a universe of ether, and such substances as may be still finer than ether, upon which mind is capable of impressing its ideas, thus making them dynamic. By the reverse process, matter affects mind. If there are finer substances than ether, it is probably upon the finest that thought is thus impressed, and from which it derives the material of physical sensation. Or, assume that all substances are one, if you will, and spirit the energy that directs them. A dynamic spiritual impulse or idea, therefore, gives rise to motion in a given direction; it originates vibration in a sea of substance, as the ringing of a bell sends forth its waves of auditory motion. In thought transference, the vibration is obviously far more rapid than the swift ether-waves known as light, or the still more rapid wave-flight of electricity.

On the above hypothesis there is no real chasm between mind and matter, but matter in motion and mind in action owe their energy to spirit. Spirit is not a vague, unsubstantial somewhat; it is the ultimate basis of all substance; its activity is, if you like, the finest wave motion, and its power is

the greatest in the universe. The two aspects of life which we have been considering, consciousness and activity, are two aspects of spirit. As an acute philosopher puts it,* "spirit is the only thing that can make effort or exert intrinsic power." As a partaker of spirit, man is a "creative first cause"; that is, he "begins and effects changes."

My conclusion is, that each person must experiment in the inner psychological laboratory in order really to know how spirit controls mind, and mind acts upon matter. It is practically impossible to convince the physiologist that there is a higher nature, that telepathy is natural to man, and that the spirit can heal; he must first discover these powers in his own life. Until then, he is likely to believe in the "chasm" between "non-interacting" mind and matter. He who knows the truth on this important subject is not the theorist, but he who daily uses the powers he seeks to understand.

The highest office of thought is to direct action, the highest office of action is to make it contributory, not to self, nor even to society alone, but to the whole, including inmost spiritual coöperation with God. We are limited in temperament that we may perform our individual functions. Emerson says, "The only sin is limitation," and Bradley, "The world is the best of possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." The value of just this mystery, this limitation that surrounds our activity, is its incessant emphasis of the one great lesson of life — concentration. There is power enough for each to do his work, but it must be traced to its fountain head, mastered, and redirected from within, in that remarkable genesis of action which we cannot fully comprehend.

Perhaps the most comprehensive statement is, that the genesis of action is in the creative idea. There is somewhat in human creative genius which refuses to be analyzed. "Talent," says Lowell, "is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." The limitations of

* R. G. Hazard, "Causation and Freedom in Willing"; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889.

action and thought are not those of matter, but those of genius ; and human genius has not yet revealed its full power. And Emerson has the final word for us :

“We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. . . . It is his if he will. He may divest himself of it ; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution.”

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[The article on the Vedanta, intended for publication in this issue of The Arena, is reserved for the August number.—ED.]

THE LIVING OF LIFE.

If when the Spring hath kissed the Earth so warmly
That, smiling, it breaks forth in blushing flower,
Thou dost not feel, each year, Life's deepest yearning,
And Love's ecstatic, magic-wielding power,
Thou hast not lived.

If when each Season comes in turn so strangely,
Unfolding Nature's laws in beauty shrined,
Thou art not thrilled with full, profound conviction
That these are thoughts of an Eternal Mind,
Thou hast not lived.

If Music never spoke to thee so sweetly,—
A poet's thought, some dream of painter's eyes,—
But thou hast found thy soul in rapture trembling
And taking wing, as 'twere, to Paradise,
Thou hast not lived.

If Friendship whispered not to thee so fondly
But that thou wast a brother to thy friend,
Uplifting and enshielding him in trouble,
So far thy power and fortune might extend,
Thou hast not lived.

If thou hast never loved a soul so deeply,
That for its peace thou would'st not glad have died,
If thought or mem'ry of that loved one's vision
Hath not e'er since thee blest and purified,
Thou hast not lived.

If Duty ne'er hath called to thee so strongly
That thou would'st not have battled on its side,
And, standing bravely all alone if need be,
Defied what fortune might for thee betide,
Thou hast not lived.

If joy or grief of man hath left thee coldly,—
The pain of beast, the song of bird above,—
If thou hast not the tender heart-throb, pitying,
Proclaiming kinship of a deep world-love,
Thou hast not lived.

If thou hast schooled and trained thy soul so nobly,
Exalting it with each refining grace,
That thou might'st yield each thought and each emotion
In consecration to the human race;—
If thou hast grasped the truth of God so clearly
That thou dost see Him in each atom's strife;—
If thou hast ear for what all Nature's speaking :
That Life is Love and Love is quivering Life,
Then hast thou lived,
Then hast thou lived.

LOUIS R. EHRRICH.

Colorado Springs, Col.

LITTLE ISNAGA.

A CUBAN STORY.

IT was in the country mansion of old General Isnaga, among the hills, that the expedition under Gurié was organized.

Two Americans—I was one of them—had landed secretly, and joined by several Cubans, had penetrated to the fastnesses where the general dwelt in such seclusion. He had earned his title in the regular army, from which he had retired long before to become a successful sugar planter ; but this greatness, too, had passed. Political troubles had come ; the rebellion of 1895 had been born.

The general's mother had been a Cuban ; his own sympathies were with the land of his birth. He became a suspect. A raiding party decimated his property, burned his cane-fields, and reduced his *ingenio* to a ruin. He scarcely escaped with his life to this remote refuge, where, ill and old as he was,* he still exerted himself for the benefit of the cause he had espoused. But not only in purse had the general suffered ; he had given his heart's blood. One of his sons was serving under Calixto Garcia ; two had fallen with the brave Maceo. One only—a lad of fifteen, a delicate fellow, the idol of his parents—remained to him.

The plan was for Colonel Gurié to pass with a small force over the hills to combine with Lacerda, the two together to protect the landing of a load of ammunition from an American steamer which was waiting off the coast. The last council was held the night before departure in a great *patio*, to the lurid light of torches. I shall never forget the appearance of the old general—a tall, emaciated figure, loosely dressed—as he stood there, while, with eyes blazing, and words as fiery as the flambeaux, he spoke of the wrongs of his countrymen and exhorted us all to stand as one for her defense. While his father was speaking, I caught sight of

Fernandito's face. The boy was standing behind some others, but, taken out of himself by this burst of eloquence, he leaned forward so that the light accentuated every feature of his sensitive, refined countenance. His breast was heaving, his nostril swelling with emotion, his dark, melancholy eyes flaming. The instant his father paused, he sprang forward in front of Colonel Gurié, and flung himself at the general's feet.

"Father!" he cried, passionately, "father, let me go, too, with Cousin Alfonso."

The general recoiled a step.

"My God, Fernando! are you mad? You are a child, and the only thing your mother and I have left to us. *Basta*, peace — say no more."

"I am not a child," the boy retorted, vehemently, "or if I am in years, in heart I am a man. If it is good to serve one's country and to perish for her, let me go too. Let my brothers not make me ashamed."

The general's face became strangely changed. His very solicitude for the boy made him hard.

"Hush! Let us hear no more of this. Go back into the house to your mother," he commanded, harshly.

The boy arose, threw at him one glance, in which mortified passion and reluctant submission were strangely mingled, and withdrew. We did not see him again. At dawn the reveille was sounded and the company — one hundred and fifty of us — mounted our horses and filed away behind Colonel Gurié through the tangled forest.

The fourth evening we were bivouacking in a wood. *Oules* had been spread, huts hastily constructed, and hammocks slung, while in the center blazed the camp-fires, whence appetizing odors were pleasantly wafted to the nostrils of the hungry troopers. Suddenly the gun of a sentinel snapped, and at the same moment, several of the Cubans started to their feet, crying out, "*Alto! quién va?*"

The next moment two horses, dripping with foam and sweat, dashed crazily into the midst of the camp, almost riding

down the fires. Upon the foremost rode Fernandito Isnaga ; the second bore a negro servant of the Isnagas.

The boy dropped, half laughing, half crying — for he was unspeakably exhausted by his forced ride — at Gurié's feet.

"You cannot send me back now, Cousin Alfonso," he declared with hysterical triumph ; and to all the colonel's reiterated enquiries he returned only this answer. The negro was questioned in his turn. "The *chiquito* ran away," he explained. "I could not turn him back, I could only follow."

There was nothing to do but to keep them ; the way back was too long and too dangerous to order them home ; but Gurié was troubled. More than once I heard him mutter under his breath : "What will his mother do ? what will his mother do ?" The runaways were fed and sent to bed. The next day Fernandito was rated and given an old Winchester, which, in addition to the *machete* which he already wore, seemed to render him at once a man and a soldier.

No eyes of lover before his mistress ever glowed with a deeper ardor than those of this boy in the passion of this new possession. He hung over it, caressed it, and spent the entire day polishing it. He was assigned a position near to me, and, indeed, privately put under my supervision. This did not displease me, for I had taken an immense fancy to this engaging boy. Never was there a more sunny and artless nature. Fatigue, privation, discomfort of all sorts, called from him no complaints. On the contrary, he seemed to feel a joy in taking a man's share in all the toil, and at evening, when we stretched ourselves, and those of us who had them smoked our cigars, he would amuse us all with his whimsical fancies.

"See ; this is the way the *Gringos* * dance," he would announce ; and illustrate his words with a few stiff-starched, stately turns, up and down. "And this is the way the *Mambis* dance," he would add ; and then would follow such a fantasia upon the can-can as would make us all convulsed with

* *Gringo*, a term originally applied in Spanish America, to English and Americans, is in Cuba extended to the Spaniards. The *Mambi* is a son of the soil.

laughter. But he had also long moods of abstraction, when his fine face would assume a profound melancholy, as if some foreshadowing of his own destiny were upon him.

Our journey was becoming longer than we had anticipated. A detachment of regulars was out after Lacerda, who had been compelled to fall back toward the interior. This same circumstance also embarrassed our movements, for we were obliged to make long detours to avoid places where the enemy was supposed to be. More than one of us was inclined to echo little Isnaga's impatient query: "When shall we meet our foes?"

It was the sultry afternoon of a very sultry day. Twice already we had had deluging showers, and the great thunder-heads were gathering for another. We had been riding — rather carelessly and indifferently I must confess — through open country and were making for a palm grove at no great distance, where Gurié proposed camping for the night. Over in the valley beyond, we hoped by the next day to meet with some detachment of Lacerda's army, and through them to be enabled to join him. Suddenly, down a lane through the cane-fields, a scout sent out by Gurié came riding furiously.

"The *Gringos*, the *Gringos*, the *Gringos*!" he shouted.

"Where!"

"A body of them is out behind Tunera, and another is coming this way."

Orders were hurriedly given and we set forward at a gallop for the grove. Overhead the artillery of heaven rumbled and echoed. There was a swooning breathlessness over all the land, as if it fainted before the approaching tumult. Just as we reached the edge of the copse, the sudden rain fell — fell as rain in the tropics only can fall — and in a moment we were drenched. But within the grove there was to be little shelter and no repose. It would have been madness to expose ourselves in the open beyond, and Gurié made hasty preparations to defend himself in this spot.

Some of the men were set to felling trees which, falling across the road, made a rough barricade; others were detailed

to dig a ditch behind the barricade, wherein we might entrench ourselves ; others again, removed the horses and such baggage as we had, to the rear ; and every moment the rain poured more overwhelmingly. Fernandito Isnaga was by my side. Gurié would have sent him to a place of safety at the rear with the camp servants and equipage, but the boy indignantly rebelled. I watched him as he manfully toiled with the others, his face pale and bespattered, his lips firmly closed, his eyes glowing. As it became dark the rain held up a little. We were served a little dry food as we stood, and ordered on guard behind the barricade to wait for the Spaniards. Not a shot was to be fired until Gurié gave the word. And so we sat or crouched, wet, weary, and impatient. That the storm was not over, constant grumbles of thunder, accompanied by an occasional flash of lightning, gave evidence.

Suddenly we heard them,—the plunk, plunk of hoofs in the miry soil. At the same instant a fresh tempest burst over us, greatly accentuating the nervous tension of the hour. Such thunderous crashes, such coruscation of lightning, I have never before or since experienced. It seemed at moments as if hell itself yawned.

In these lurid intervals we could distinctly see dark moving bodies not very far away. One flash revealed two mounted officers within twenty rods of the barricade ; we could even hear their voices as they spoke to each other. They evidently had no idea of our proximity, and regarded the prostrate trees as due to accident ; but these obstructed further advance. Still Gurié gave no word. Fernandito leaned closer to me. He was drawing his breath in fierce, convulsive gasps.

“I must shoot or scream,” he whispered agitatedly.

“Be a man ; true men keep cool in action,” I returned, none too cool myself. I put my arm round him and drew him to me—he was trembling violently, his whole frame convulsed by his supreme excitement—and so we rested while slowly the hysteria wore away. But never have I passed a longer

night. A faint gray light was creeping over the heavens and the storm had ceased, when the welcome signal from Gurié reached us.

"Now, all together!" and the next moment a volley belched from every cranny of the barricade.

"Another; higher," came the command.

The Spaniards — who had been like us waiting for morning — were totally unprepared for this ambushade, and could not easily recover themselves. Their ranks were in confusion. We sprang up and poured upon them volley after volley, while their fire — such as they gave us — was entirely wild. The front rank was pressing back upon the rear; a small field-piece, which they had been endeavoring hastily to bring into position, adding to their embarrassment. Every instant the confusion became more inextricable.

"Charge!" shouted Gurié. But, before any of us could obey, something happened. In the excitement of the attack, I had not noticed that Fernandito had slipped away. At this moment he reappeared mounted upon his father's gray horse. He was coatless and hatless, while his tumbled and spattered hair gave him the appearance of a fiery hobgoblin. In his hand flashed his memorable, untried machete.

"*Viva Cuba libre!*" he screamed shrilly; and the next moment, defying all order, horse and rider cleared the barricade. In an instant we were all after this apparition. I have no very clear idea of that engagement. It is a confused phantasmagoria of noise and blood, of ferocious fighting and heroic dying; while, darting hither and thither, seeming to be everywhere at once, the very incarnation of that superlative struggle, dashed that gnome-like figure, shrilling its war-cry.

We fought a desperate hand-to-hand encounter; but we won. We beat back the gunners and seized the field-piece, and, turning it, trained it on our foes.

Defeat became a rout. The Spaniards — those that were left — became totally demoralized. They flung away impeding accoutrements and fled whithersoever they could. And

the more venturesome of our men — Fernandito Isnaga at the head — pressed them close.

“Halt!” commanded Gurié. “Return all. Fernando Isnago, come back!”

But the boy seemed not to hear him. There was upon him a species of delirium, a heroic frenzy which burns in the blood of every Isnaga, and has bred a race of patriots.

“Come back!” thundered Gurié. The next moment we saw the fugitives group themselves for a moment, and turn for a Parthian farewell. A line of fire broke from them, centered upon one figure,—a line of fatal fire.

We saw Fernandito reel in the saddle and then fling his arms upward.

“*Viva Cuba libre!*” he screamed once more; and dropped like a plummet to the ground.

Ah well, that is the end. The rest of our expedition belongs to history. We buried with military honors the last of the Isnagas upon the spot where he fell; but for two days afterwards—until we joined Lacerda, in fact—the great gray gelding was led riderless; for it seemed to all of us a desecration to mount into that saddle.

There are some plants which take generations to perfect, and which come slowly to their full stature and fruitage. There are others—the boy poets of the world, the boy musicians, the boy heroes—which rush to an exotic maturity; which flower early, gloriously, and pass quickly—like a sign across the heavens.

Their years are few, but the fruition is so entire, so rounded, so all-sufficing, that one feels that the short span has not been a mutilation but a fulfilment, and that a century could not have rendered it more complete. Of such was little Isnaga.

JULIA P. DABNEY.

Brookline, Mass.

BLOSSOM TIME.

Oh, welcome the season of birds and of blossoms!
When the earth is arrayed in its vesture of white,
And the soft air is laden with perfume of flowers,
And just to exist is a joy and delight.
Oh, the rapture of living, of loving, and being;
The beauty of life, in our hearts seems to grow,
Nature rekindling, brings back our life's springtime,
And quickens our pulses, be they ever so slow.

What pleasure to wander at will through the orchards,
Through apple-bloom showers that sift softly down
Their rosy-tipped petals, thick strewn on the greensward,
Like miniature snow-drifts they lie on the ground.
And all this delight may be had for the seeking,
For all nature asks is a soul to perceive
God's message of love, in all works of His hand,
And His lessons of truth in our hearts to receive.

ANNE B. WHEELER.

Newton, Mass.

UNDER THE ROSE.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE MORMONS

The author of the article, "A Word for the Mormons," in this issue, is not a Mormon, although he has lived for years in Utah, and is familiar with the conditions whereof he writes. While in some respects Mr. Curtis places Mormonism in a very different light from that in which it was presented by Mrs. Ruth Everett in her article in the February Arena, it will, on closer examination, be found that these articles really complement each other. Mrs. Everett's point of view is that of a woman who came in contact with one side of Utah's "peculiar institution," and who felt and reported with distinct feeling the evil and wrong of polygamy as it affects woman. Mr. Curtis's article is a plea for fair play, from the standpoint simply of a liberal thinker in religion as in politics. The facts he cites are certainly important to all who care for full and unprejudiced statements of fact, before making up their minds for or against Mormonism, which, as Mr. Curtis shows, is not essentially polygamous, and has indeed claims to attention as a social and religious force of remarkable power and influence.

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SILVER AT THE MARKET RATE

Events crowd thick and fast in our political history, and the whirligig of time brings its revenges. Time was, and that not very long ago, when the name of Horace Boies of Iowa was a name to conjure with. His triumphal election to the governorship of Iowa, on the democratic issue of "a tariff for revenue only," in what had always been regarded as a republican stronghold in the middle west, pointed to the availability of this sterling and veteran democrat as a presidential candidate. With the subsidence of the tariff issue and the rise of the currency issue, Mr. Boies and the issues associated with his success were relegated to the rear by

the politicians. Democratic to the core, he yet believed that insistence on the restoration of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, or any other arbitrary ratio, might prove unwise. In the present issue of *The Arena*, he states clearly and plainly what has every appearance of being a practical plan for the achievement of the end sought by all genuine bimetalists, regardless of party. If the currency issue is to be the issue for 1900, it certainly will be important to bring it before the voters in a way that will command confidence. At all events, Governor Boies's idea is worth thinking about. It will be remembered that the late Secretary Windom advocated a similar plan, which was defeated by the influence of the banks. A prominent advocate of the sixteen-to-one ratio has been invited to reply to this article in a later number of *The Arena*.

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IMPERIALISM IN OUR COLLEGES

When men like Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews at Brown University, Dr. Bemis at the University of Chicago, and Professor Commons at Syracuse University, were turned out of their places and practically blacklisted because their teaching of economic truth gave offense to vested interests, the people who are aware of the bias involved in the very foundations of sectarian colleges were not surprised. Mr. Rockefeller's influence, so potent in the Baptist church, seems to be as potent in the Baptist university at Syracuse, as in his own university at Chicago. It has been our boast, however, that institutions of the higher learning, established and endowed by the people, and especially those western colleges, which owe their foundations in large part to grants of the national domain, might fairly be regarded as the ultimate and enduring strongholds of truth in modern society, uninfluenced by any motive or interest except the diffusion of knowledge; and it has been hoped that in our state universities, as in our public schools, no personal, partisan, class, or religious interference would be tolerated. During the last month, however, the Kansas State Agricultural College at

Manhattan has been the scene of a disgraceful attempt to overthrow the able and dignified administration inaugurated under President Thomas E. Will when the people's party came into power in that state, two years ago. The subsequent election of a republican administration has turned the attention of the spoilsman toward this most popular and useful institution, and in the guise of trumped-up charges against the populist members of the Board of Regents, a determined attack has been made on the whole policy of enlightened, vigorous, and up-to-date teaching of economics. Prof. Edward W. Bemis, the victim of Mr. Rockefeller's gas trust in Chicago, is singled out for attack again, because, forsooth, he has been giving the students of his class in economics the benefit of his investigations of the facts concerning municipal ownership in American cities; investigations carried on during the last five years at the cost, not only of constant thought and study, but also of painstaking and arduous personal examination of conditions, facts, and figures, which involved his traveling thousands of miles, and obtaining first-hand statistics from officials actually in charge of various municipal services, either in person or by letter. The evidence already brought forward, on the pretended investigation of these Kansas regents, has already disgusted all fair-minded people of whatever political faith. They have, however, achieved their disreputable ends, and the republican majority in the Board has signalized its accession to control by countermanding the invitation of the president of the college to Col. W. J. Bryan to deliver a commencement oration. This whole attack will undoubtedly serve, as did that upon Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, a few years ago, to emphasize the absolute importance of keeping our educational institutions entirely free from the possibility of political or sectarian manipulation. Moreover, people are beginning to see that the vital importance of freedom in teaching, so quickly asserted when a state institution is attacked, should be recognized in regard to all education. The time has surely come for development beyond the mediævalism of allowing

institutions of learning to be controlled by ecclesiastical influence of any school or sect. A Baptist university or a Congregational college is just as much a contradiction in terms as a "Rockefeller university." In this country, at this time, surely we are far enough advanced to understand that all education, whether primary, secondary, or advanced, should be "by the people, of the people, and for the people," just as surely as that intention is insisted on in our republican form of government. No single man in recent years has done more for the teaching of real Christianity,—Christianity as taught and practised by Christ as opposed to the Christianity of the churches,—than has Dr. George D. Herron of Iowa College, at Grinnell. It was the recognition on the part of a public-spirited parishioner of Dr. Herron, that made it possible for him to occupy the first chair of Applied Christianity instituted in America or any other country. The loyal sympathy and unswerving support of President Gates of that college, and of other friends of practical Christianity, has lately been called forth in his defense. He had been the target for attack by a trustee of the college, who denounced Dr. Herron's teaching as anarchical and revolutionary, but this effort to secure his removal has happily failed.

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DIRECT LEGISLATION

A feeling that, after all, the most immediate need is a reform in political methods, which will make other reforms possible, seems to be growing. The union reform party, which, during its career as a state party, has exerted remarkable influence in the direction of purifying Ohio politics, was expanded into a national party in the conference at Cincinnati, March 1 last. The platform adopted is a brief and distinct demand for the initiative and the referendum. In the preamble to this platform, it is declared that all efforts for relief through political action must continue to be fruitless as long as the people are disfranchised; "they must be invested with the power to make their own laws before they can have laws made in their own interest." Reformers of various schools took part in the conference, and, while re-

serving to themselves the right to individual opinion on all questions of legislation, they united for the accomplishment of this end: "The enfranchisement of the American people, and the establishment of a government in which the will of the people shall be supreme." Mr. R. S. Thompson, Springfield, O., was elected chairman of the national committee. He will be glad to furnish all interested with fuller information in regard to the party and its platform. A symposium on this subject will appear in next month's Arena, and it is understood that the question will receive conspicuous attention at the reform conference at Buffalo in July.

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Twenty days after publication of the
MRS. EDDY'S May Arena containing articles by Horatio
PHOTOGRAPHS W. Dresser and Josephine Curtis Wood-
 bury, stating facts, and giving names, dates,
 and references to evidence in Mrs. Eddy's own handwriting
 which go to show the real character of this Christian
 Science leader's pretensions, suit was brought against
 The Arena Company for alleged infringement of copy-
 right in publishing a portrait of Mrs. Eddy, which accom-
 panied the articles. The suit was brought, not by Mrs.
 Eddy, but by H. P. Moore and J. C. Derby of Concord, N. H.,
 who are understood to be business partners or employees
 of the Christian Science prophetess, and acting under
 her instructions. In regard to the serious indictment of
 "Eddyism" contained in the articles themselves, Mrs.
 Eddy remains significantly silent, although invited by me
 to avail herself freely of the pages of The Arena for
 the presentation of any reply to the charges, she may
 wish to make. Nor does she in the suit now brought
 attempt to question the truth and accuracy of any of the
 statements made in The Arena concerning her pretensions.
 On the contrary, her only reply to these charges seems to be
 the claim for loss and damages in the sale of her alleged
 photographs (at one dollar for the plain, and two dollars for
 the tinted variety), alleged to have been caused by The
 Arena's honest and innocent attempt at a presentation of

her features. The suit was evidently intended simply to injure, if not to suppress the sale of *The Arena*. In this, however, Mrs. Eddy's friends have failed, as the demand for the May number had exhausted the supply early in the month, and the portrait has been replaced in the editions issued since the suit was brought by an explanation of its suppression. The *Arena's* readers will not be misled by this action on the part of Mrs. Eddy's representatives, as the real issues raised in the articles still remain to be met. The charge of infringement of copyright is emphatically denied, every care having been taken to produce a portrait of Mrs. Eddy without violating her copyright. Our readers understand that the publication of the articles that have aroused so much attention was entirely devoid of personal feeling, and impelled simply by a sense of public duty. We should not wittingly infringe in the slightest degree on even Mrs. Eddy's legal and ethical rights to exclusive control of her alleged photograph. Meantime, the inference is being widely drawn that if the Christian Science leader has no better answer to the explicit charges made by *The Arena's* contributors than the action taken, she can hardly complain if the public concludes that the charges are unanswerable.

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A CORRECTION Col. George W. Warder of Kansas City objects to a phrase in a recent review of his book, "*The New Cosmogony*," in *The Arena*, from which it might be implied that *all* the propositions in his book were paralleled in Mr. Dods's book. Such an implication would not be just to Colonel Warder, nor, indeed, would it convey the reviewer's meaning. While several of the propositions in his book are similar to those in Dods's work, this is not true of all the propositions put forward by Colonel Warder; and his book, indeed, deals with many other theories than that in regard to electricity being the connecting link between mind and body.

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

IMMORTALITY

The greatest victory over an adversary is won when the opponent is attacked and conquered at the point of strongest resistance. This is the method of Professor James in his admirable essay, "Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine" (cloth, 16mo, 70 pp.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). The hypothesis of physiology is, that thought is a function of the brain. The natural conclusion from this is, of course, that individual consciousness ceases when the brain ceases to live. But the physiologist is unable to show how thought is produced in the brain, and his assumption that the productive function is the only function, is quite uncalled for, since he cannot penetrate the mental world to see what lies beyond consciousness as limited by matter. It is possible that there is also a permissive or transmissive function whereby other intelligence is brought to the brain. Indeed, the facts of thought transference and other data of recent psychical research, make the acceptance of a broader hypothesis imperative. For all we know, our present life may be a dream life, as compared with the higher, more real life veiled by the brain. If intimations of that richer life already point to a nature in us which functions independently of matter, may we not logically conclude that this part will continue to live? But would not this higher world be overcrowded by immortal spirits? No, says Professor James, this is not a serious objection; spirits do not own an aristocratic monopoly of space—there is room enough for all, for a democracy of spirits. "Human history grows continuously out of animal history. . . . If any creature lives forever, why not all?—why not the patient brutes? . . . Each new mind brings its own edition of the universe of space along with it, its own room to inhabit; and these spaces never crowd each other. . . . The Deity that suffers us, we may be sure, can suffer many another queer and wondrous and only half-delightful thing."

**PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH**

By far the most plausible argument for spirit return yet published is Dr. Richard Hodgson's report of the famous medium, Mrs. Piper (Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Part XXXIII., 618 pp., \$1.50; Part XXXIV., 150 pp., 40 cents; 5 Boylston Pl., Boston). Mrs. Piper has now been under scientific observation for thirteen years; her trances have been remarkably genuine, no evidence of dishonesty having been discovered, and the results have been strikingly satisfactory. To be sure, complete failure has sometimes been the result, and the messages purporting to come from spirits have often been obscure and disjointed. But a marked improvement in the trances began with the development of automatic writing in 1892, and Dr. Hodgson, unquestionably the most acute student of psychic phenomena, the one least likely to be deceived, and the last man to yield until an hypothesis has been absolutely proved or disproved, found himself compelled to renounce the mere telepathic for the spiritistic hypothesis. This change of attitude on Dr. Hodgson's part, brought about better results in the trances, until the evidence became conclusive that several distinct personalities had made themselves known through Mrs. Piper. One of these spirits was formerly a member of the Psychical Society and a friend of Dr. Hodgson, and has not only convinced the latter of his identity, but has proved his continued existence to other friends, and communicated facts known only to himself and his friends in the flesh. Every objection to the reality of these communications is rationally discussed by Dr. Hodgson, who accounts for the uncertainties and difficulties of spirit return in a highly satisfactory way. To all who are repelled by the claptrap of ordinary spiritualism, so-called, but who still believe there is truth in the higher spiritism, these reports are recommended as the most serious attempt yet made to reduce this truth to a scientific basis. Other investigators have had experiences not less remarkable, but Dr. Hodgson's testimony has singular value, from the very fact of the change produced in his convictions.

**MUNICIPAL
MONOPOLIES**

The problems brought to the fore by the development of the modern municipality, and the endeavor to solve them, is calling into coöperative service the highest skill and energy in administration, engineering, and finance. This fact indicates not only the character of the new order, but also the lines of its evolution. "Municipal Monopolies" is the title of a collection of papers by American economists and socialists, edited by Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D., Professor of Economic Science in the Kansas State Agricultural College (cloth, 12 mo., 691 pp. \$2.00; T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York). What Dr. Albert Shaw's works on municipal government in Europe did for the furtherance of the popular understanding of the conditions of this development abroad, the present volume does for the understanding of conditions in this country. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the public has awaited until now, anything like a full and authentic presentation of the facts necessary to a comprehension of this problem as it concerns us in America. In some sense an outgrowth of the awakened attention and increased interest in municipal affairs, to which Dr. Shaw's works so largely contributed, the present work has been planned and carried out with the most painstaking and conscientious endeavor to obtain and present in a systematic and available shape, statistics plainly sought and set forth, not to support any preconceived theory, but to let in the light on places and points, concerning which, for the most part, we have long had to grope in the darkness of ignorance. The introductory paper on Water-Works, by Mr. M. N. Baker, associate editor of the "Engineering News," brings out admirably the importance of the whole problem and the spirit in which its various phases are emphasized throughout the volume. It will surprise many people to know that in 1897 more than one-half of the water-works in our cities were owned by the municipalities in which they are situated. At the beginning of the century, all but one of the sixteen plants in operation were under private ownership. During the century 205 works

changed from private to public ownership, while only twenty changed from public to private. One eighth of all the private works built have changed to public ownership, while only about one seventy-fifth of the public works have changed to private ownership. "The only proper basis for both public and private rates," Mr. Baker declares, "is the cost of service rendered"; and that, surely, is a fundamental idea in the new economy, and one applicable to all other service of a public and quasi-public character. "In the final analysis," this writer continues, "the whole matter of good city service, be it water-works or otherwise, depends upon the people to select, or by staying away from the polls, fail to select, their public servants." Probably for the first time in our political history, the actually personal and vital interest of every citizen in good government, which means, after all, efficient and economic administration, is brought home to the individual. Politics can no longer be regarded as a mere trade, nor the duty of the citizen evaded. An important point in favor of municipal ownership and operation of municipal monopolies is that the municipality can, in most cases, raise the necessary capital at a lower rate of interest than can a private company. This point, in fact, is emphasized throughout the work, especially in the chapters devoted to gas, electric lighting, and street railways. Prof. John R. Commons, late of Syracuse University, and Prof. F. A. C. Perrine of Leland Stanford, discuss electric lighting, drawing largely, however, on the admirable series of papers contributed to *The Arena* on "The People's Lamps," by Prof. Frank Parsons; Dr. Max West of the Agricultural Department at Washington, describes and discusses New York City Franchises; while the telephone, and legal aspects of municipal problems generally, are luminously considered by Prof. Frank Parsons. Various phases of electric light, gas, street railways, and telephone matters are dealt with by Professor Bemis individually. Perhaps the most suggestive of these chapters is that by Professor Bemis on Regulation or Ownership, in which the arguments pro and con are clearly set forth.

P. T.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

Boston Home Journal: The "monthly review of social advance," Paul Tyner's *Arena*, maintains most of the features that under another régime gave the *Arena* a wide reputation. There are many articles of advanced thought, written by men of high scholarship. Altogether, *The Arena* is live and readable, it is bound to be a factor of literary and socialistic importance.

Whitman, Mass., Times: The *Arena* for February shows its tact and ability to interest its numerous readers with an excellent selection of reading well suited to the ages and tastes of its hosts of readers. The *Arena* has a reputation for thoughtful subjects handled by the best talent in our country. It caters to the appetites of thoughtful people, and gives them something to think about, and to become familiar with the thoughts of the age. It fills a vacancy left open by other magazines and has a large class of readers, without a rival to contend with.

Miss Selina Solomons, Berkeley, Cal.: I congratulate you heartily on taking charge of *The Arena* and earnestly trust it may become a power for good in your hands. We are certainly in dire need of one first-class reform periodical of a high literary standard.

Lewis G. Janes, Cambridge, Mass.: It gives me great pleasure to give *The Arena* cordial greeting under its new arrangement. I am glad to see that its platform is broader than any "ism." So long as it hitches its wagon to the star of Ideal Truth rather than to any man-invented panacea for human ills, it will surely deserve success.

Ex-Gov. Alva Adams of Colorado: Most of our friends who have gone east to work and do business have been phenomenally successful. I believe and hope that that will be your fate as editor of *The Arena*.

American Nonconformist, Omaha, Neb.: There is an article in the March number of *The Arena* that ought to be read by every laboring man in America. It is the plain, unvarnished statement of a suit at law wherein Fred R. Ketcham was plaintiff and the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co. was defendant.

Joseph A. Bray, Pitkin, Col.: I want to congratulate you on the great improvement made in *The Arena*, and the progressive thinkers of this country on their acquisition of a review that is truly representative and worthy of them. The people need such a review as *The Arena* has become. . . . I am glad to see the metaphysical and social and political reform ideas being more closely linked together as at present, through the medium of its pages.

W. H. Porterfield, San Diego, Cal.: Permit me to express to you my sincere appreciation of the great improvement in *The Arena* in the past few months. The articles by H. W. Dresser are especially good and especially helpful. What social reformers of today need, more than anything else, I believe, is a fuller development of their optimistic tendencies, and a larger and stronger determination to believe in the ultimate redemption of the race.

Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, Bensonhurst, N. Y.: The March *Arena* is certainly very fine. Mr. Dresser's article, "An Anglo-Saxon in the East," is dramatic in its intensity of power, and Ivan Tonjoroff in his "Clash of Races" summarizes in a remarkable manner the condition of affairs in Europe. You have every reason to be very proud of the magazine.

Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Chicopee, Mass.: I wish to say that in the matter of selections for the pages of *The Arena*, you are keeping fully up to the high standard set by your predecessors. I believe you to be a sincere and earnest reformer, and trust you will be able to realize your ideals in *The Arena*.

Rev. W. D. Simonds, Madison, Wis.: I am very glad to notice the constant improvement that is taking place in *The Arena* under your management. The tone is calmer, more judicial, and the last number would not suffer in comparison with the best issues of the magazine in the past. May all deserved success be yours.

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MUNICIPAL EXPANSION.

Mr. Douglas's article in the December issue on Boston's experience in this direction will be followed by similar accounts of work done in other large cities, with timely and thoughtful consideration of the possibilities of municipal expansion, its direction, methods, limitations, and results. Mayor Jones of Toledo, Governor Pingree of Michigan, and other distinguished exponents of the municipal reform movement will contribute articles on various phases of the subject.

WORK AND THE WORKER.

THE ARENA, under its present editorship, distinctly repudiates the un-American and illiberal spirit which seeks to identify all reform with what is called "class consciousness." The labor movement in this respect has been hampered and hindered for years by unfortunate and unnecessary antagonisms designed primarily, not to remove evils and improve the condition of the worker, but to excite and keep alive through passion, prejudice, and pugnaciousness, on the sides of both labor and capital, a state of feeling far removed from that calm reasonableness essential to the mutual understanding and fair adjustment of differences. Class appeals, whether demagogic or plutogogic, are not less offensive and short-sighted than that blind partisanship which sees all the virtues monopolized by one party and all the vices by the other. In no sense the "organ" of labor organizations or of capitalistic organizations, THE ARENA trusts to forward the realization of a higher and better social order for all alike. While reserving perfect freedom to criticise men and measures put forward as representative of the labor movement, it will be found always the faithful and earnest friend of the worker in the larger sense, and of all labor organization that shall stand for development of the true American spirit. Among papers of special interest to workers within and without the ranks of organized labor, already arranged for and to appear early in the coming year, will be a cogent and comprehensive review of the blacklisting cases growing out of the great railway strike and a clear-cut account of the mine boss in Pennsylvania politics—both articles being of startling interest and suggestiveness.

BUSINESS AND LIFE.

Another mine of immense interest which THE ARENA is working up in original fashion for the delectation of its readers during the coming year is the examination of the various great businesses of the country in their more distinctly human aspects. Important service, it is believed, may be accomplished by bringing out facts which, showing the close relation between occupation and character, life and work in the individual and the mass, will in some degree counteract the tendency to separate "business" from the human side, making it a cold, calculating, soul and body consuming pursuit of self. In our own country, as in England, there is especial need for emphasizing the gospel of work, preached by Ruskin and Morris—of showing the gains and losses not entered on business ledgers, but after all more important than the debits and credits so carefully looked after, and, whether we are conscious of them or not, inevitable as the rising and going down of the sun.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

While keeping its readers fully abreast of the progress of scientific discovery and invention, *THE ARENA* will not hesitate to leave the beaten track in these lines to bring before the world early intelligence of the fruits of certain study and experiment, likely, indeed, to revolutionize the world's thought and the world's industry in certain directions. For obvious reasons, the precise nature of these discoveries cannot as yet be more than hinted; it will suffice now to suggest that they have to do with an investigation of the properties of our atmosphere and of the possibilities of etheric vibration, going far beyond anything heretofore dreamed of. Another branch of the new science with whose advance *THE ARENA* is in close touch is that "psychological physiology," so called, already developed to such an extent as to demand urgent consideration in all sociological work especially in the education of the young and in the treatment of the defective and delinquent classes. Several articles on psychometry particularly suggestive of that fascinating borderland where the psychic and the physical meet, the work of Charles B. Newcomb, the gifted author of "All's Right with the World," will appear early in the year, to be followed by similarly interesting articles from the pens of others.

PHILOSOPHY AND METAPHYSICS.

In the pages of *THE ARENA* the newest development of metaphysical thought which carries it beyond a small and privileged class and makes it the possession of the people at large, will find peculiarly fitting expression. No longer the mysterious plaything of the theologian or the scholar, the Science of Being is now made the sure and solid basis for a new art of living—of living in the wholeness and balance that means life indeed; healing diseases of the body politic, as of the body corporate; raising individuals and nations out of weakness into strength; not merely alleviating or patching up evil, but eradicating it and uplifting the race in character, power, and happiness. The claims of the New Thought, to which both the editor and his associate have given so much attention in the past, will in the future receive such fairness and fulness of attention in the right relation which *THE ARENA's* broad scope makes possible, that all interested in the metaphysical movement, from whatever standpoint, will find the review indispensable.

FICTION AND POETRY.

Serious and substantial in the main, and so didactic in large degree, *THE ARENA* will, however, record a most decided advance in the matter of its literary standard calling by example, as well as by precept, for the wider recognition of the purest and best quality, style, and form in the literature of the day. In addition to its essays on questions of the day in literature and life, every issue will contain a short story of exceptional merit and one or more poems that must commend themselves to lovers of good verse. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson's poem "Up and Down," in the October number, and "The Children of the Sea" and "The Death of Bruno," published in December, may be taken as promise of the poetical treat in store for *ARENA* readers. In the January number, Lucy Cleveland, winner of the *Herald* prize for short stories and a fiction writer of power and brilliancy, will have a story of rare charm and originality called "The Thousand and Second Knight." In every case *THE ARENA's* story will be a strong and attractive feature; bold to the startling point in originality of theme and treatment.

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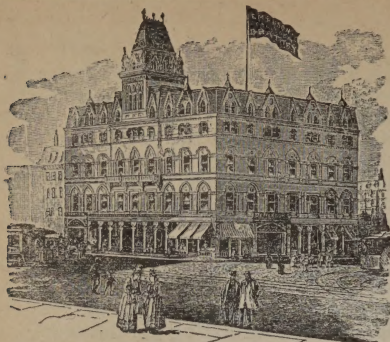
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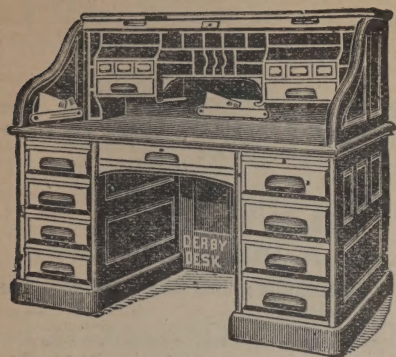
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GREETINGS FROM FRIENDS.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, Denver: I was afraid that the brave Arena had gone into the hands of the Philistines. Nothing has pleased me more than the fact that you have rescued it from the hands of the Spoiler. It is a great thing to be able to do the right thing at the right time. The Arena has been my magazine from the beginning; I shall do what I can for its circulation in Colorado; it is the most powerful of missionaries. I wish you success and happiness in your wider field of work.

Col. William J. Bryan: I am glad that the Arena is not lost to the reform cause.

Prof. John R. Commons, Syracuse University: I am glad to know that you are in charge of the Arena, and wish you the greatest success.

Henry D. Lloyd, Winnetka, Ill.: I was very much interested to hear that you had taken up the Arena. It was too good a champion in the cause of the people to be allowed to disappear, and I am sure that in your hands it will show new life.

James H. Barry, Editor of the Star, San Francisco: I hope you will have the utmost success with the Arena, which has always stood high in the opinion of the thinking people of the country.

Thomas J. Middleton, Waxahachie, Tex.: I have been with you Under the Rose, felt the glow of your proffered hand, and listened attentively to all that you said in your October number. Now I want to know more of you. . . . I have every issue of the Arena, and of course you will know by that that I appreciate it. I do sincerely hope and believe the people will enable you to succeed in the biggest field for usefulness in this country, as I look at it.

Dr. J. D. Buck, Cincinnati: I am very glad indeed to know that you are in the Arena, and I hope with all my heart that you will hold the fort. I think I know about what you will do with it, and you have my cordial sympathy. I will do everything in my power to hold up your hands. . . . In the Arena you have a worthy field, and permit me to say that I believe you quite competent to cover it. The socio-political work in which I know you to be engaged and deeply interested, based upon the New Psychology, is the work of the immediate future, transcending all others, I believe, in importance. How large it is, few yet realize. . . . I place

my reliance on what I regard as your unqualified sincerity, and this, backed by your spiritual perception, becomes one with the forces which are surely shaping the destinies of the Coming Race. . . . The Golden Rule is a good enough slogan, and the single aim of the uplifting of humanity a single purpose. With such a "policy" for the Arena, you are "buying stock in a rising market" as sure as you live.

Annie L. Muzzey, Joliet, Ill.: I was delighted to receive the dear old Arena under your flag. . . . It is going to be a great success. . . . The irresistible atmosphere of power breathes already through its editorial greetings, and hosts—visible and invisible—are rallying to your support.

J. A. Edgerton, Commissioner of Labor, Lincoln, Neb.: I am overjoyed to learn that the Arena is to be revived and that you are to be at the head of it. Its suspension cast a gloom over us all. I have been taking the Temple, and have been much attracted by your views. In the Arena you have a splendid means of presenting them to the world. . . . I look forward to a great future for you and your magazine.

John Emery McLean, Editor of "Mind": Please accept our hearty congratulations on your triumphant fresh start of the reform locomotive, and our best wishes for the new engineer's success.

Prof. Clay Herrick, Hudson, Ohio: I write to express my gratification at the news that the Arena will be continued, and to wish you god-speed in the new and grand work upon which you have entered. I was greatly grieved when I learned it was possible that the Arena would suspend publication, for I regard it as one of the greatest instruments for good in this country today. Enclosed find my check for \$2.50 for renewal of my subscription.

Rev. S. Linton Bell, Marblehead, Mass.: I sincerely hope that the magazine will meet with great success. The current number is a capital one.

F. F. Bowen, Danville, Va.: I must express to you my gratification at the reappearance of the Arena, which I thought dead—killed by the great money octopus. When I had notice some weeks ago of its suspension, I was sad indeed to think that this great friend of the masses, foe to wrong and oppression, champion of liberty and free speech, was no more. Today I received my

October number, have read your generous and cordial greeting in "Between Friends," and thank you, on my part, for it, extending to you in spirit across the distance a patriotic hand grasp. I am with you heart and soul in the great fight.

D. N. Dunlop, New York: It is with great pleasure that I welcome the Arena under your editorship. Your talk "Between Friends," Under the Rose was simply delightful. You strike the right key-note. . . . I thank you for that hand grasp, and wish the work all success under your guidance.

O. C. Flanagan, Grand Rapids, Mich.: I have the honor to be a subscriber and reader of the Arena, and I note with delight its re-

appearance after its brief but painful silence. Permit me to bid you god-speed in the work to which you have set your heart and hand. If you make of the Arena what your noble predecessors have, you will continue to bestow upon mankind, a benediction of no mean importance and value. May it prosper under your guiding hand is my hope.

Albert Griffin, Girard, Kansas: I rejoice to know that the publication of the Arena has been resumed; I have just read the October number with interest. I hope that the great work that it has been doing will continue, with increasing results. I am glad to see from your editorial that you are not a one-idea man.

PRESS OPINIONS.

Boston Transcript: Paul Tyner of Denver has purchased a controlling interest in the Arena, the radical review founded in Boston by B. O. Flower about ten years ago, and within a week the delayed October issue will appear under Mr. Tyner's editorial direction. The new editor's name is familiar to Arena readers as a frequent contributor of articles on sociological subjects, and he has written much for the Independent, Lend-a-hand, the Congregationalist, New Unity, Coming Light, Twentieth Century, Metaphysical Magazine, as well as for such English monthlies as the Humanitarian and the New Science Review. Before going west five years ago, Mr. Tyner had been engaged in newspaper work in New York for twelve years, beginning as a reporter on the World under W. H. Hurlbert in 1880, and attaining some reputation as a book reviewer and special writer for the daily papers. After a training in economics under Prof. Richard T. Ely at the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Tyner engaged in important sociological investigation in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and California. As special agent of the Ohio Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1894, he made a report on the sweating system in Cincinnati, which was materially instrumental in securing remedial legislation. In Denver he has devoted himself with some success to the mission of municipal reform. Mr. Tyner is the author of several successful books, including "The Living Christ," a plea for practical Christianity; "Cash or Credit?" an essay on the currency question; and "Through the Invisible" and "The Cap-

tains Dream," stories. As editor of the Temple, a monthly magazine published in Denver and devoted to the optimistic philosophy known as the "new thought," Mr. Tyner has done much to popularize and make practical the modern metaphysical movement, broadening its basis and emphasizing its larger application. Under the new editorship, the Arena's old policy will be developed and strengthened, so as to make the review indispensable to the large army of independent thinkers whose sympathies are with the social advance movement of the day.

Columbus, Ohio, Despatch: The Arena, which was threatened with suspension when John Clark Ridpath got out from under, has managed to escape that indignity. The October number is just at hand, nearly a month late, but breathing the well-known air of the Chicago platform.

Industrial Advocate (Denver): The despatches announce that Paul Tyner has purchased the Arena which has done a great deal of good work in reform circles, but has always been handicapped by the fact that the printing was done by non-union people. For this reason, no matter how meritorious the articles that appeared in the magazine, it never found favor and circulation among the members of labor organizations. It has been on the boycott list of the American Federation of Labor for years. Under the direction of Mr. Tyner this will all be changed. He has been associated in the editorship of the Industrial Advocate for some months, and no greater friend of union-

ism is to be found in the United States. Denver people who have come to know Mr. Tyner will regret his departure, while congratulating him on advancement. All join in wishing the Arena under his management the most abundant success.

Chicago New Time (Nov.): It is a genuine pleasure to announce that the Arena not only lives, but that it has passed into strong hands. Mr. Paul Tyner, the gifted reformer and editor of the Temple of Denver, has purchased a controlling interest in the Arena, and it will be conducted under his editorship. From what can be learned, a conspiracy was formed to wreck and discontinue the Arena, or to divert it from its mission as a reform magazine, but happily the scheme has been frustrated, and the publication is in the control of a man who may be relied on to deal valiant blows in behalf of the liberties of the people. In the future, as in the past, the Arena promises to be an absolutely independent review, appealing confidently to the friends of radical reform, and discussing the questions of the day with a cogency and comprehension that will commend it to all who are eager to keep abreast of the times.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Voice: The new editor has had much experience in his line, and brings broad scholarship to his new field.

Farm, Field, and Fireside, Chicago: The Arena appears again, only a little late, and with its familiar and attractive look, and usual full list of stimulating articles on live topics.

Jackson (Mich.) Patriot: We heard many expressions of regret a couple of months ago when the announcement was made that the Arena had suspended publication. It had earnest friends, and they awaited its monthly appearance with a great deal of interest. The old company, it appears, paid up all indebtedness, and stopped issuing it with the September number. After an interval of some five weeks, the October number came out and was warmly welcomed by its old friends, and now there is a confident assurance of its continuance under new management. Paul Tyner, editor of the Temple of Denver, Colorado, a reformer and writer of great power and ability, has purchased a controlling interest in the magazine, and will devote to it his brilliant intellectual faculties and literary attainments. Judging from the October number, the first one issued under his editorial charge, the Arena will be as

forceful, elevated, and readable as it ever has been; indeed, we shall be disappointed if it does not improve under Mr. Tyner's control. We welcome the return of the Arena to what we believe will be a greater field of usefulness than ever, and confidently predict for it a great success.

Coming Nation, Ruskin (Tenn.): There was deep sorrow in the hearts of the friends of reform when, some few weeks since, the Arena suspended publication. It is, then, with great pleasure, that we announce its continuance under new management. Mr. Paul Tyner, editor of the Temple of Denver, a reformer of great power and ability, has purchased a controlling interest in the Arena, and will devote to it his brilliant literary powers. The Arena has ever wielded a strong influence for the progress of humanity, and it is a matter for deep congratulation, that it should continue its fight against iniquity and oppression. The Coming Nation rejoices in the return of the Arena to the ranks, and looks forward confidently to Mr. Tyner scoring a great success as its editor.

Montreal Gazette: "The Specter of Imperialism" is the significant heading of a brace of articles in this October Arena—"A Menace to Freedom," by Solomon Solis-Cohen, M. D., and "Our Duty to the Philippines," by Elbert D. Weed. Those who would like to hear a strong plea for either course, in the crisis with which our neighbors are brought face to face, may read these articles with advantage. Englishmen may note that the Imperial movement in the United States is practically sustained by phil-Anglican sentiment. This fact makes it as difficult for an Englishman as for an American, to keep the ethical purport of either policy consistently before him. The use of opprobrious terms, such as "Jingo," also confuses the question. In "America and the European Concert," Mr. Frank E. Anderson shows that, in so far as it indicates the desire or necessity of a more direct interest in Old World problems, "Imperialism" is not a new departure.

Quincy (Ill.) Journal: We surely hope that Mr. Tyner will make a success of the Arena—for if any publication has been true to the people, and wrought grandly for the uplifting of humanity, that publication is the Arena. The Journal wishes for it abounding success under Mr. Tyner's management.



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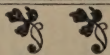
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